TV COMIC annual

A POLYSTYLE PUBLICATION

TV COMIC annual

1971

The potty pirates are about to do battle. To see the fun, turn to the inside back cover.

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POPEYE

OH, I ADORE MEN IN SPORTS CARS!

IZZAT SO?

V-ROOOM!

SO...

I'LL TAKE THE SPORTS JOB!

'ONEST AL'S 3RD HAND CAR SALES

OKAY, BUD!

PHOOEY! I'M TOO BIG FER THE DURN THING!

AW, WHAT'S UP? CAN'T YER GIT INTO TER VEHICLE? ARF! ARF!

GASP! CLEAROFF, DOPE!

ARF! ARF! ARFITTY! ARF!

SO TA THINK IT'S FUNNY, DO TA!

WELL, LAUGH THAT ONE OFF!

BAM!

OOPH!

SORRY TOU'RE SORE ABOUT ALL THIS, BRUTUS... JUST T' SHOW YER WHAT A FRIEND I IS... I'LL HELP YER INTO YER CAR!

KER-RASH!

THERE! HOW'S THAT BRUTUS? ARF! ARF!

HE! HE!

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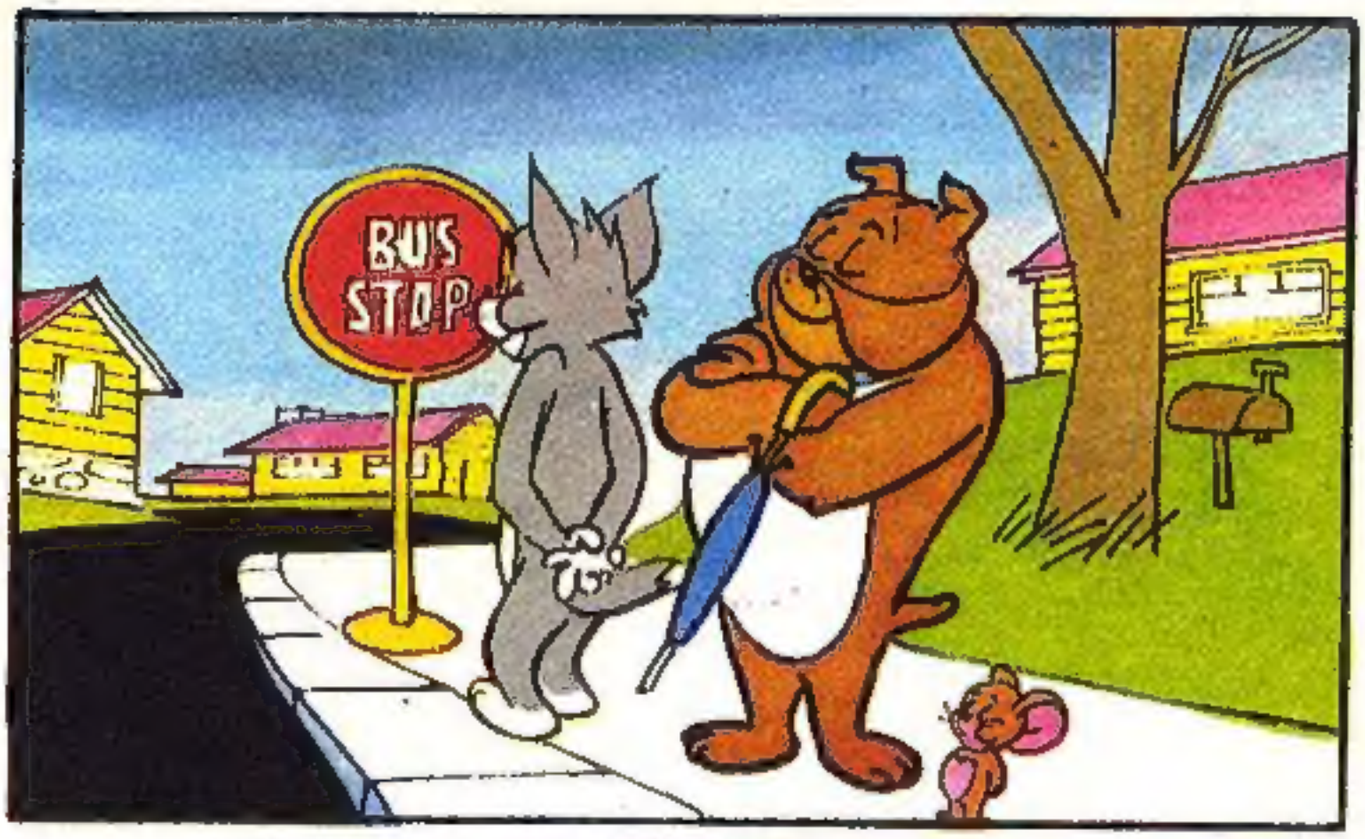
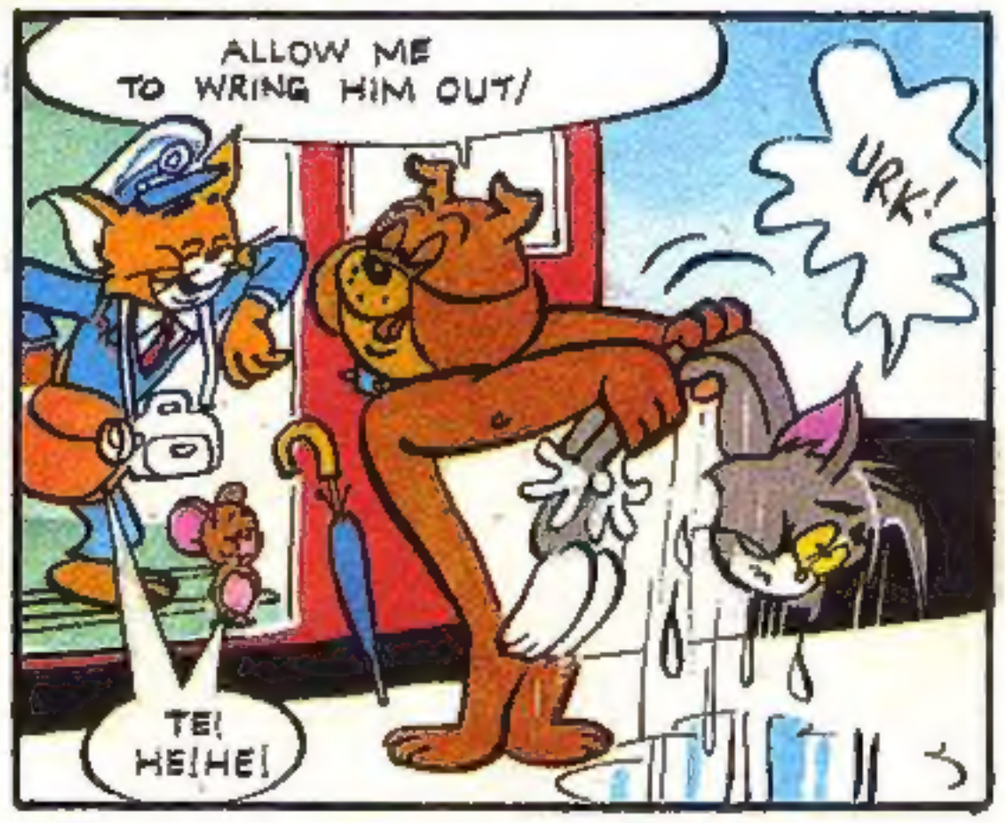
TOM and JERRY





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THERE! HE'S DRY ENOUGH NOW! HAW! HAW!

I'LL HAVE MY REVENGE!

BUS CONDUCTORS WANTED APPLY

IDEA!

NEXT DAY...

AH, HERE COMES THE BUS JERRY!

BUS STOP

SORRY, NO DOGS ALLOWED ABOARD WITHOUT THEIR MASTERS!

WELL OF ALL THE !!...

AS IT HAPPENS... JERRY IS MY MASTER!

I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

IT'S TRUE, TOM, AND I'LL PROVE IT!

BEG BUTCH! THAT'S RIGHT... BEG!... GOOD BOY!

I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

NOW BITE THE CONDUCTOR'S TAIL LIKE A GOOD DOG!

YOWL!

HEY!!

... AND FINALLY KICK HIM OFF THE BUS!

I GUESS THAT LITTLE LOT PROVES I'M MASTER OF A VERY OBEDIENT DOG, TOM! TEE HEE HEE!

HOUNDED OFF MY OWN BUS! BAH!

DOCTOR WHO

FREDRIC SIMBA, THE SOLE SURVIVOR OF A SHIPWRECK IN THE CARIBBEAN, IS WASHED ASHORE ON A TINY ISLAND. HE GROWS TO LOVE LIFE ON THE UNINHABITED PARADISE AND SOON DOESN'T BOTHER TRYING TO ATTRACT THE ATTENTION OF PASSING SHIPS...

SIMBA BEGINS TO DEVELOP AN UNCANNY POWER OVER SEA CREATURES...

STEADY, MY BEAUTY, STEADY!

A POWER WHICH AFTER SEVERAL YEARS BECOMES INCREDIBLE...

PHEEEEEEEP!

SEE HOW THEY OBEY!

ALAS, SIMBA TURNS HIS GIFTS TO EVIL PURPOSES...

PHEEEEEEEEEP!

SOON THEIR CARGO WILL BE MINE!

... AND MANY A SMALL CRAFT COMES TO GRIEF PASSING HIS ISLAND...

DURING THE SUMMER MONTHS, DR. WHO ACCEPTS BRIGADIER LETHBRIDGE-STEWART'S INVITATION TO ENJOY A CRUISE ON HIS PRIVATE YACHT...

IT'S NICE TO HAVE A FEW WEEKS AWAY FROM THE WORRIES OF U.N.I.T.

LOOK AT THAT CHARMING ISLAND BRIGADIER... WHAT A PEACEFUL PARADISE!

THE DOCTOR COULDN'T HAVE BEEN MORE WRONG...

© BBC tv 1970

QUICKLY, MAN...! YOUR RIFLE!

I'LL PUT PAID TO THIS MONSTER FREAK!

AT THAT MOMENT...

PHEEEEEP!

THEY'LL NOT SLAY MY BEAUTY...I'LL CALL FOR HELP!

AND SO...

GREAT SCOTT!.

THE BRIGADIER AND DR. WHO ARE LIFTED FROM THEIR SHIP...

UH!

HEY!

BRING THEM ASHORE. MY BEAUTY!

HERE YOU WILL STAY UNTIL YOUR VESSEL HAS BEEN STRIPPED OF ANY SUPPLIES THAT ARE OF USE TO ME.

MY FAITHFUL SQUID WILL BE ON GUARD, SO DON'T TRY TO ESCAPE!

WHAT DO WE DO NOW? THAT FELLOW MEANS BUSINESS!

♫ PHEEP! ♫

MUST YOU FOOL AROUND WITH THAT INFERNAL THING?... *A FLUTE* IS HARDLY GOING TO GET US OUT OF THIS MESS!

IT MIGHT, ACTUALLY! I'VE AN EXCELLENT EAR FOR MUSIC!... IF I CAN REPRODUCE THE NOTES THAT FELLOW USES TO CONTROL HIS CREATURES *WE MAY BE ONTO SOMETHING!*

SO, A LITTLE LATER...

♫ PHEEP! ♫

I THINK I'VE MASTERED A FEW OF THE NOTES. I'LL GIVE THEM A TRY!

THE SQUID MOVES SLOWLY FOR THE YACHT...

PHEEP!

PHEEP!

OBEYING THE SHRILL WHISTLES, THE CREATURE SETS ON ITS OWN MASTER...

PHEEP!

AAH!

BY JOVE! I'VE DONE IT! IT'S ATTACKED THE YACHT!

THE DOCTOR CALLS ON THE SQUID TO RELEASE THEM...

PHEEP!

PHEEP!

PHEEP!

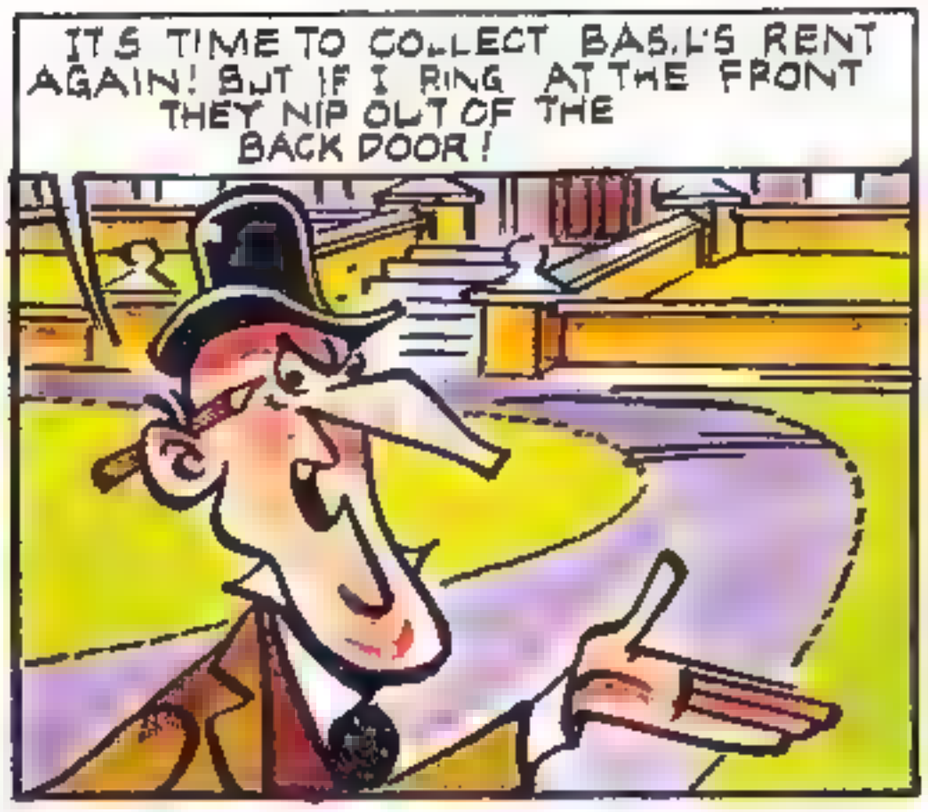
PHEEP!

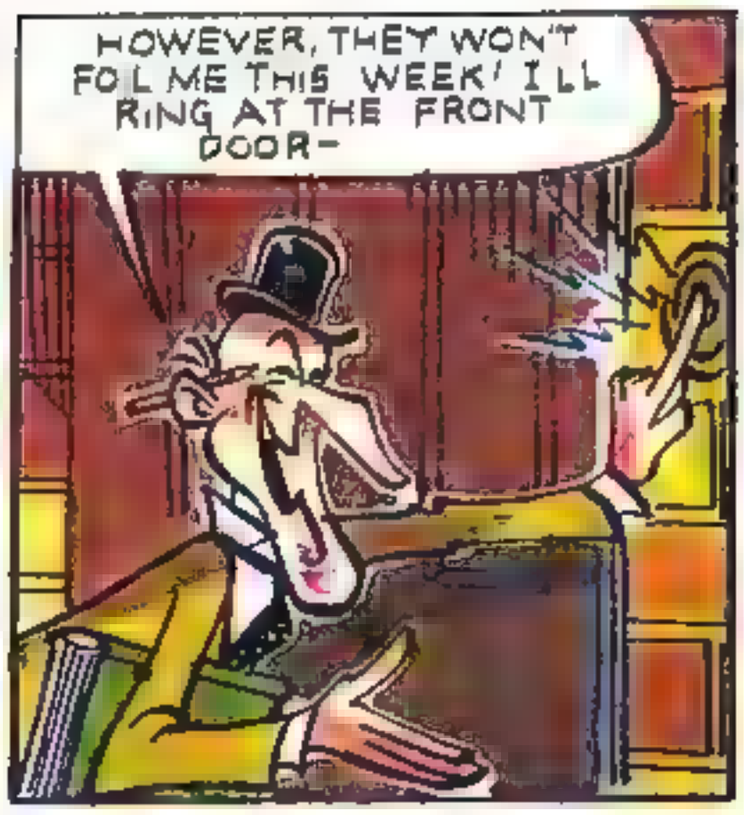
LATER, ABOARD THE YACHT...

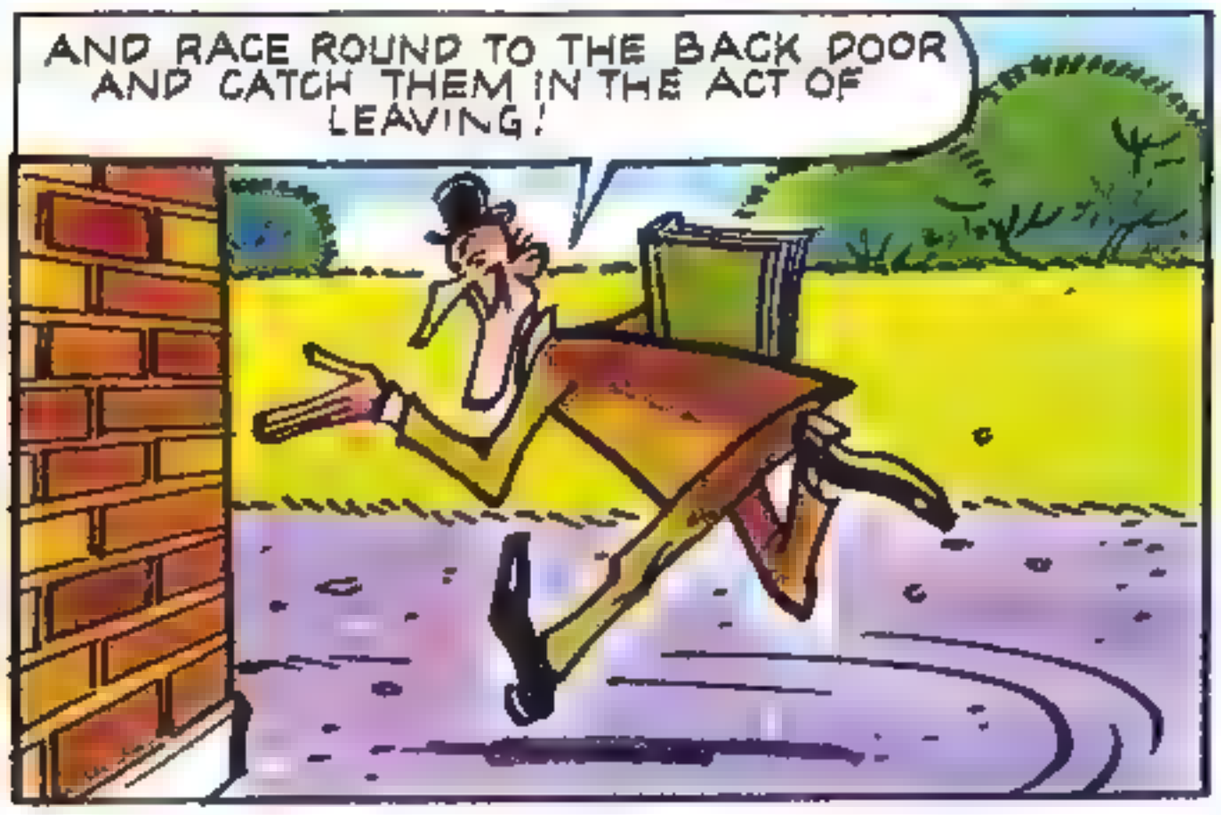
YOU'LL HAVE A FEW THINGS TO ANSWER FOR BACK ON THE MAINLAND... AND IT'S NO USE CALLING FOR YOUR SEA CREATURES TO HELP YOU...

... THEY HAVE A NEW MASTER!

BASIL BRUSH

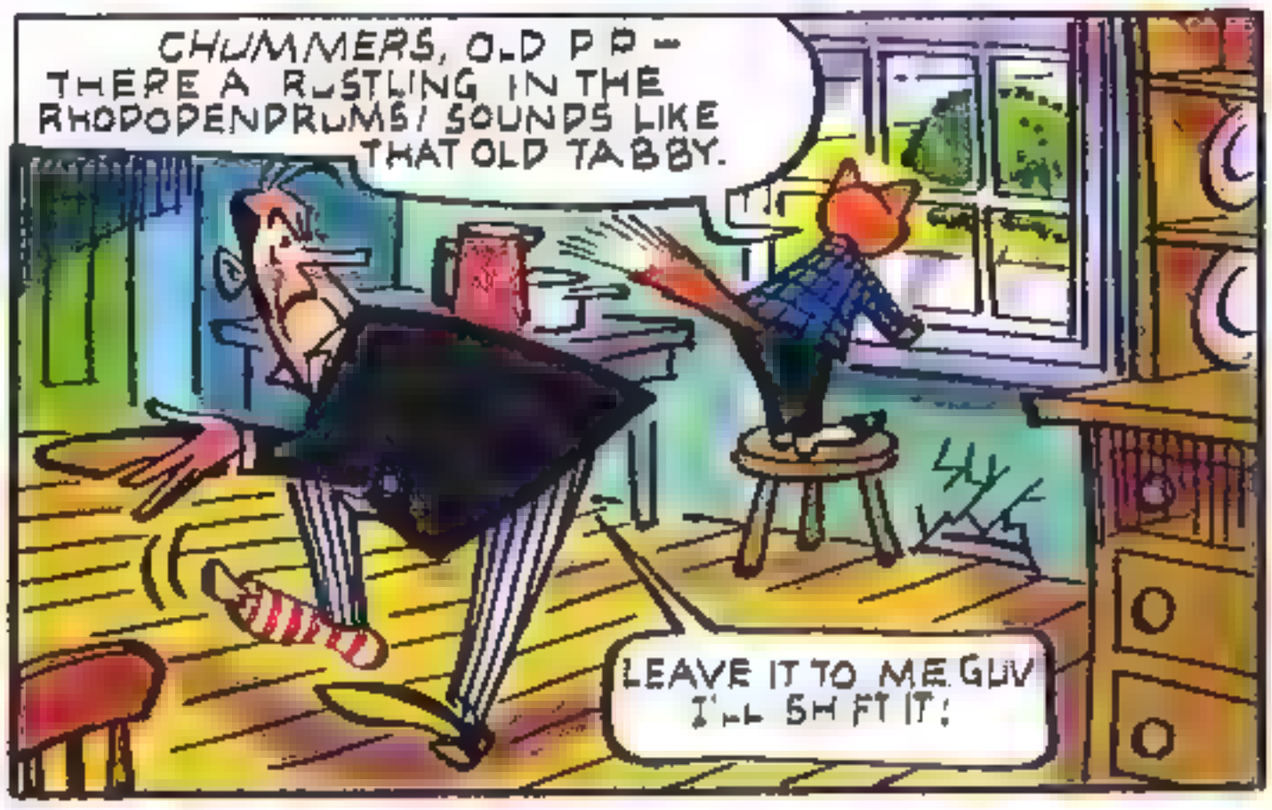

IT'S TIME TO COLLECT BASIL'S RENT AGAIN! BUT IF I RING AT THE FRONT THEY NIP OUT OF THE BACK DOOR!

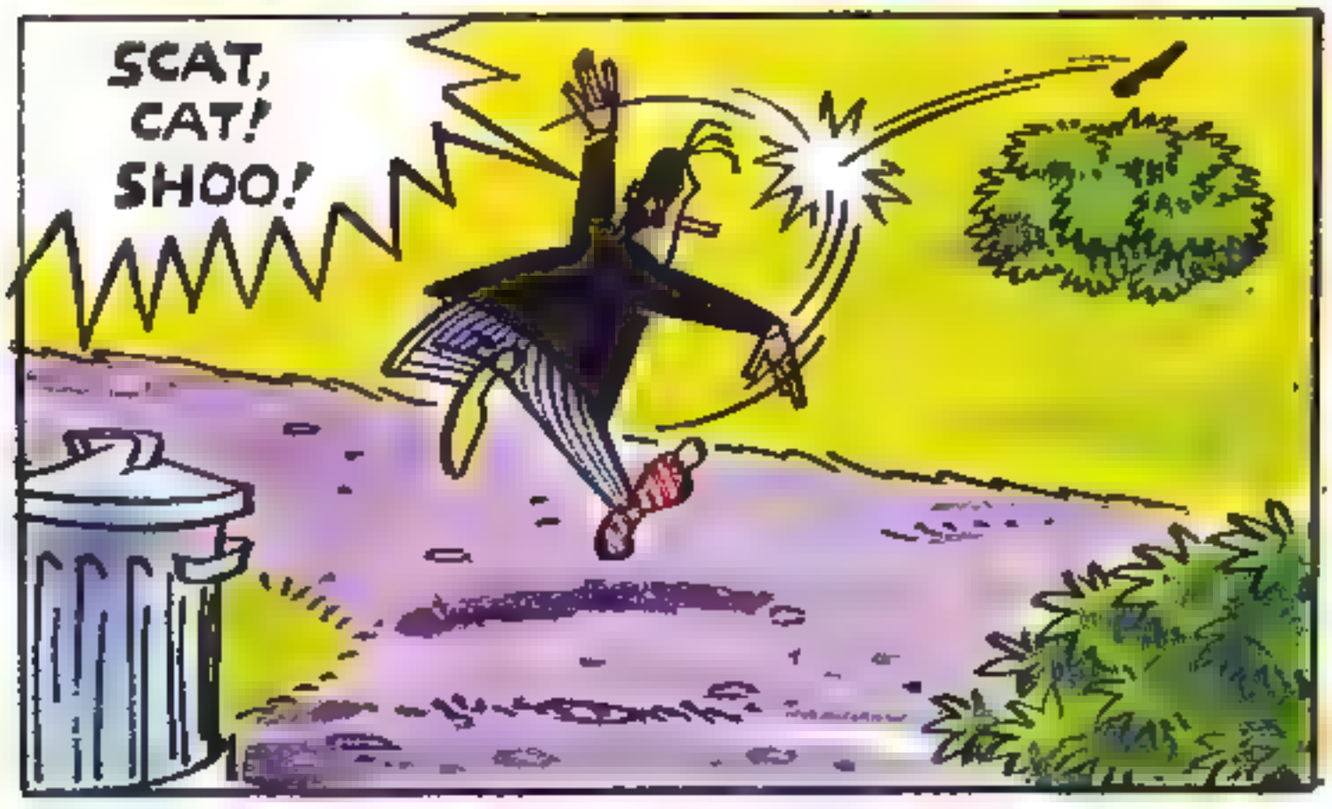

HOWEVER, THEY WON'T FOIL ME THIS WEEK! I'LL RING AT THE FRONT DOOR-


AND RACE ROUND TO THE BACK DOOR AND CATCH THEM IN THE ACT OF LEAVING!

THAT'S STRANGE, CHUMMERS! THERE'S NO ONE HERE! I COULD HAVE SWORN THAT I HEARD THE BELL!
PROBABLY AN ICE CREAM VAN, GUV! THEY'RE EVERYWHERE!

THE CUNNING RASCALS! THEY'RE NOT COMING OUT- THEY MUST'VE SEEN ME NIPPING ROUND!


CHUMMERS, OLD PP - THERE A RUSTLING IN THE RHODODENDRUMS! SOUNDS LIKE THAT OLD TABBY.
LEAVE IT TO ME GUV I'LL SH FT IT!


SCAT, CAT! SHOO!

OOF!

THERE WASN'T ANYTHING THERE, GUV! MUST'VE BIN THE WIND!

YOU MIGHT AS WELL STAY IN THE KITCHEN, CHUMMERS IT'S TIME FOR MY TEA AND CRUMPETS.

GRR! IT GETS WORSE EVERY WEEK - THEY NEVER USED TO THROW THINGS AT ME! I'LL NIP IN THROUGH THIS WINDOW AND TRAP THEM!

WHAT COULD THAT BE?

SCUFFLE!

SCRAPE!

I'D BETTER INVESTIGATE! ONE CAN'T TAKE ANY CHANCES WITH ALL THESE BURGLARS ABOUT!

SPLAT!

EEEK!

VERY STRANGE! THERE'S NO ONE HERE! TODAY IS FULL OF STRANGE GOINGS-ON!

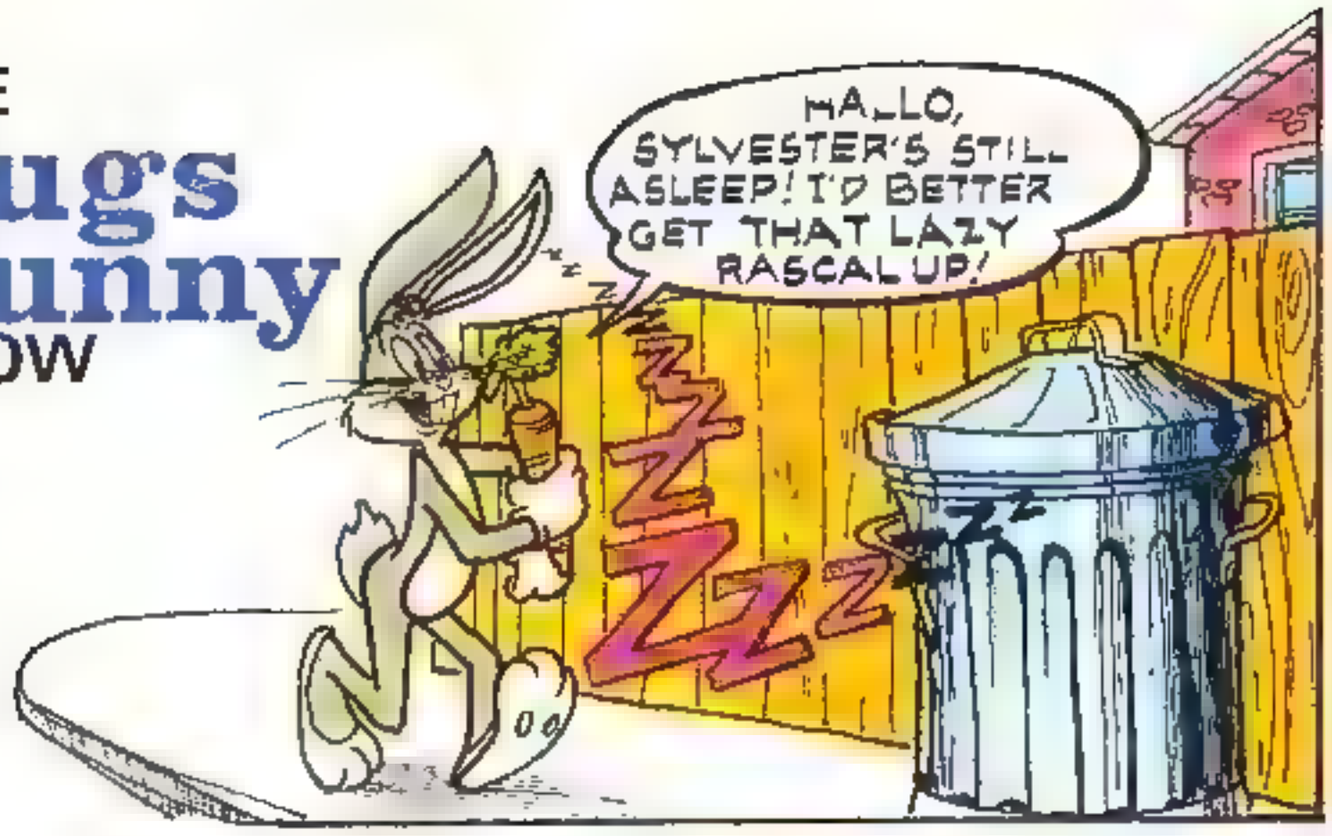
BASIL AND I HAVE HAD OUR UPS AND DOWNS, BUT HE'S NEVER TURNED VICIOUS BEFORE. HE'S ALWAYS BEEN A GENTLEMAN!

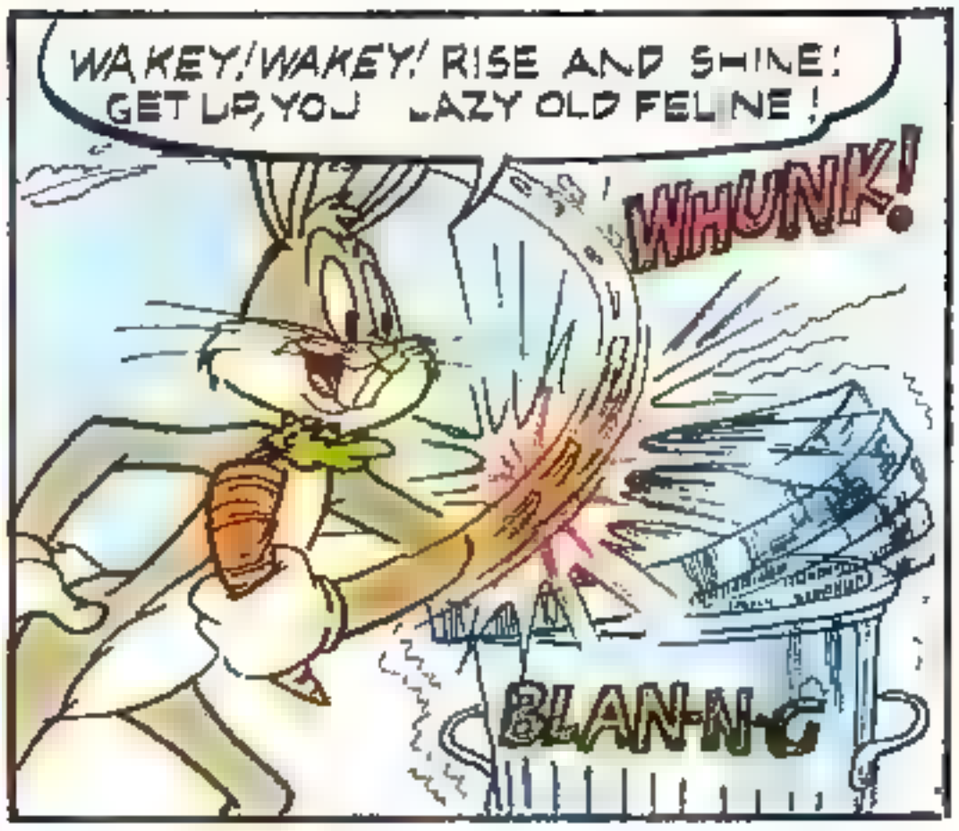
I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE BEFORE THEY LOCK ME UP IN SOME SECRET DUNGEON! MAYBE THEY'LL HAVE CALMED DOWN BY NEXT WEEK!

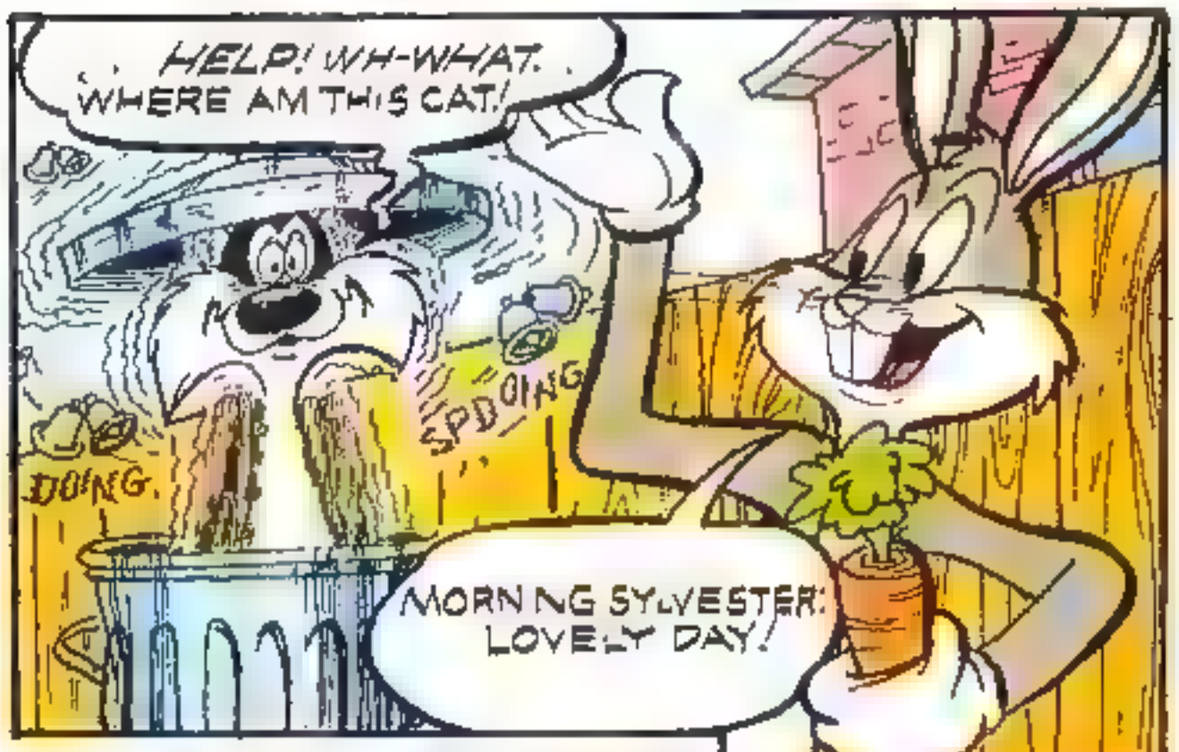
I SAY, CHUMMERS - I DO BELIEVE THAT IS OUR RENT COLLECTOR! THE VERY WEEK THAT WE HAVE THE LOLLY HE DOESN'T APPEAR TO WANT T

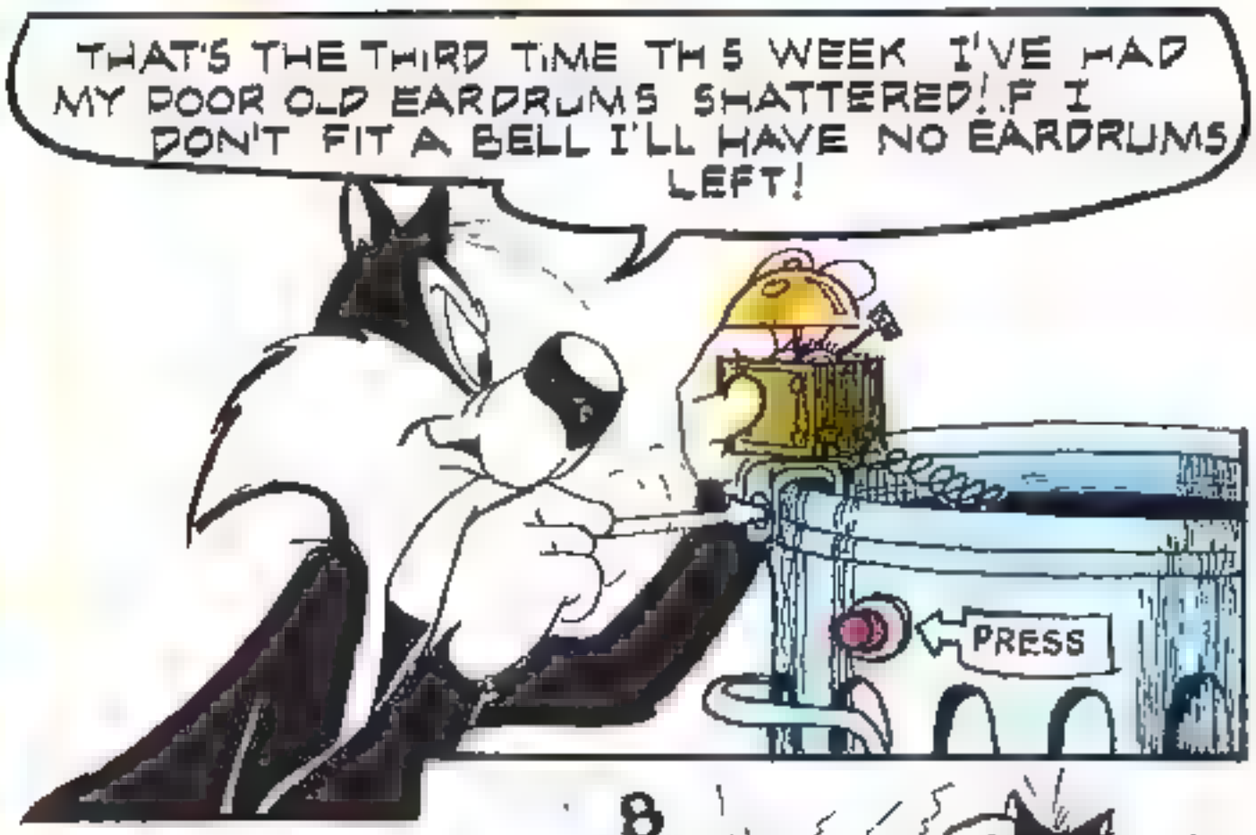
THERE'S JUST NO ACCOUNTING FOR SOME FOLKS, GUV!

THE Bugs Bunny SHOW

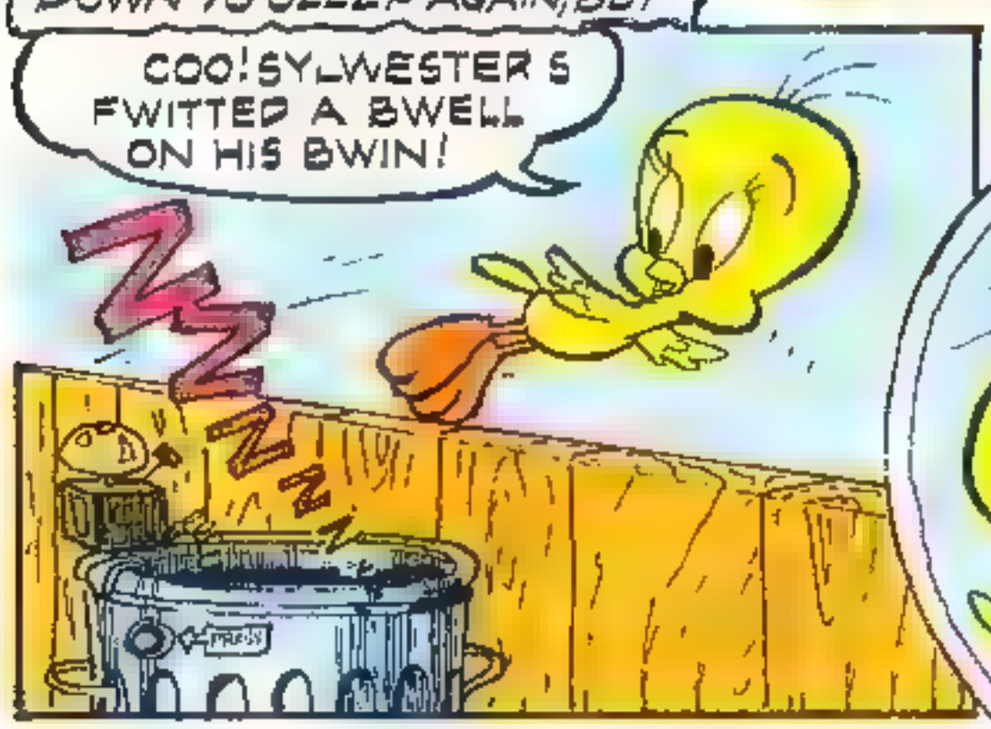


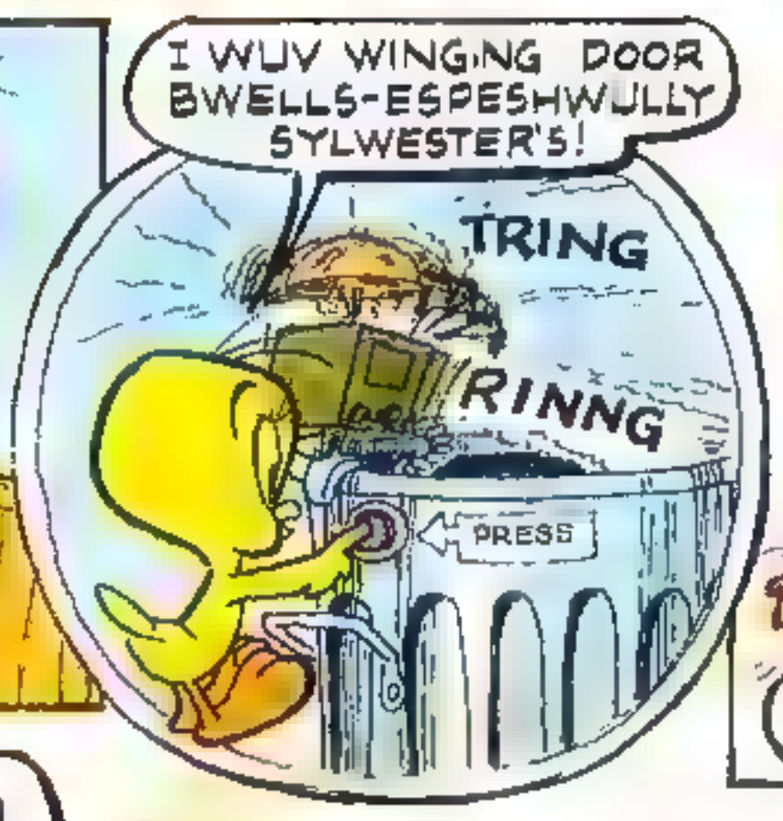


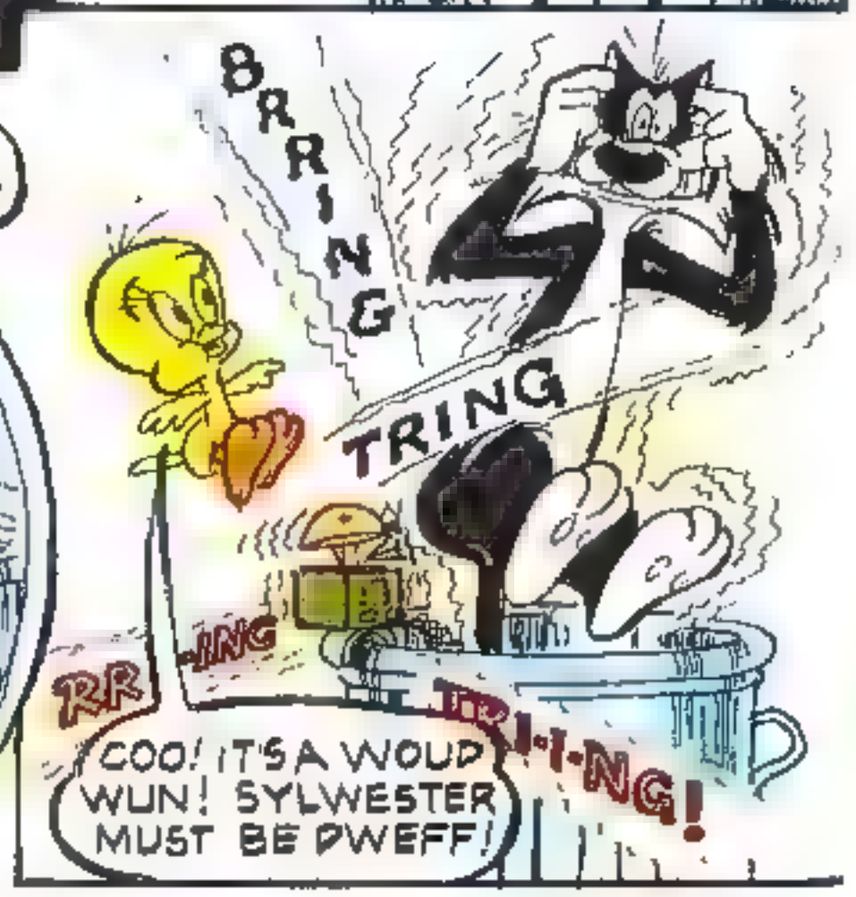


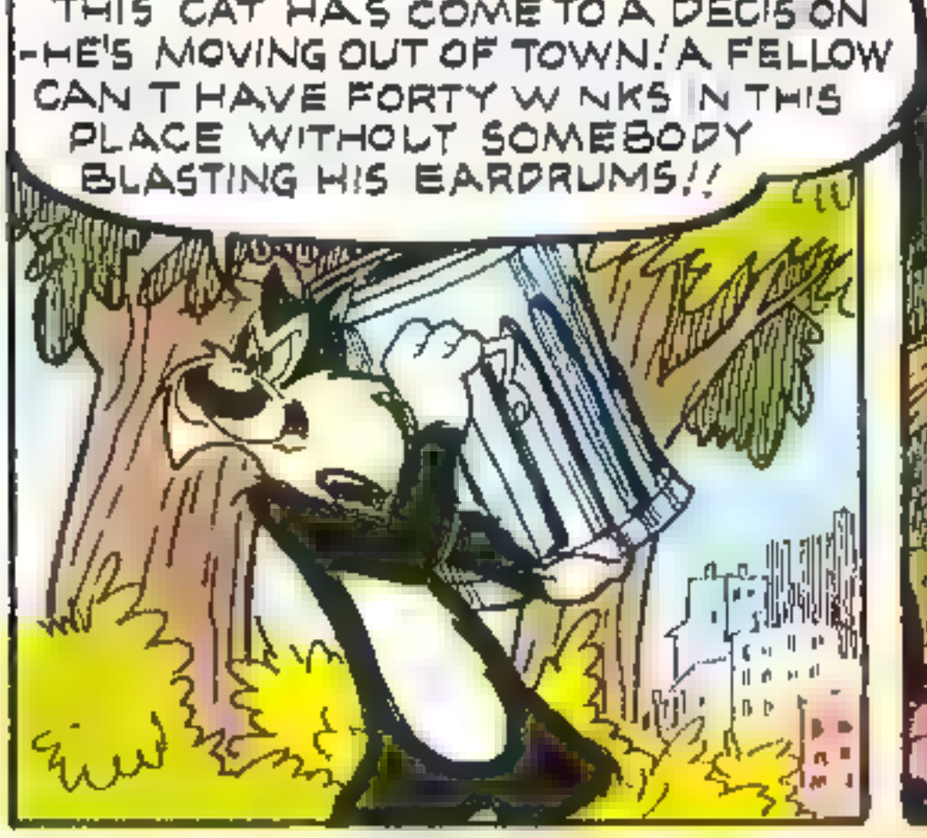


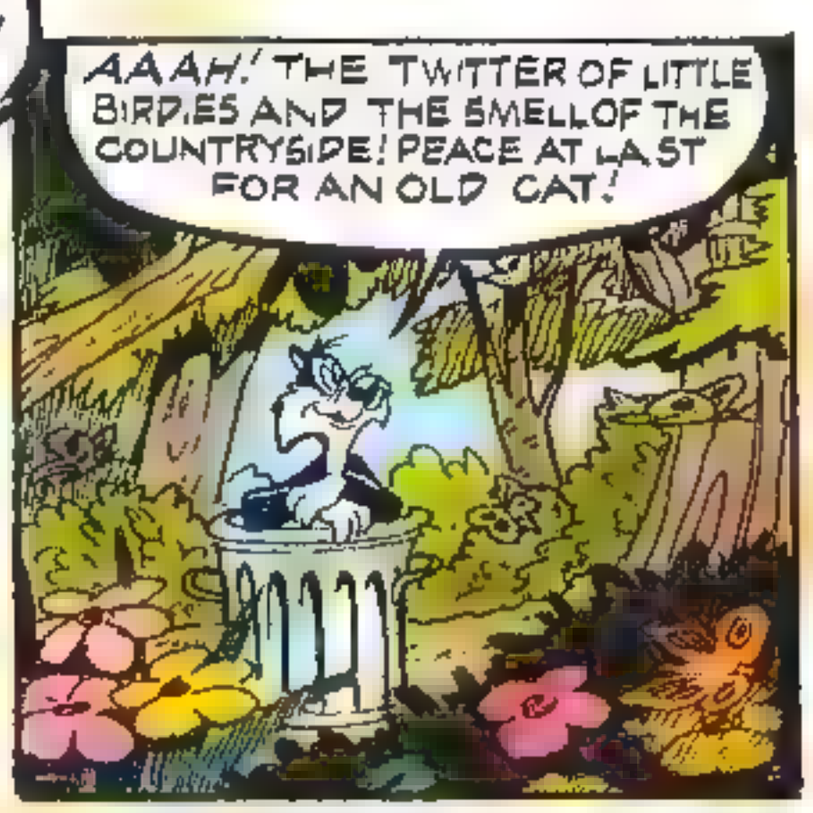
AND SO SYLVESTER SETTLES DOWN TO SLEEP AGAIN, BUT-

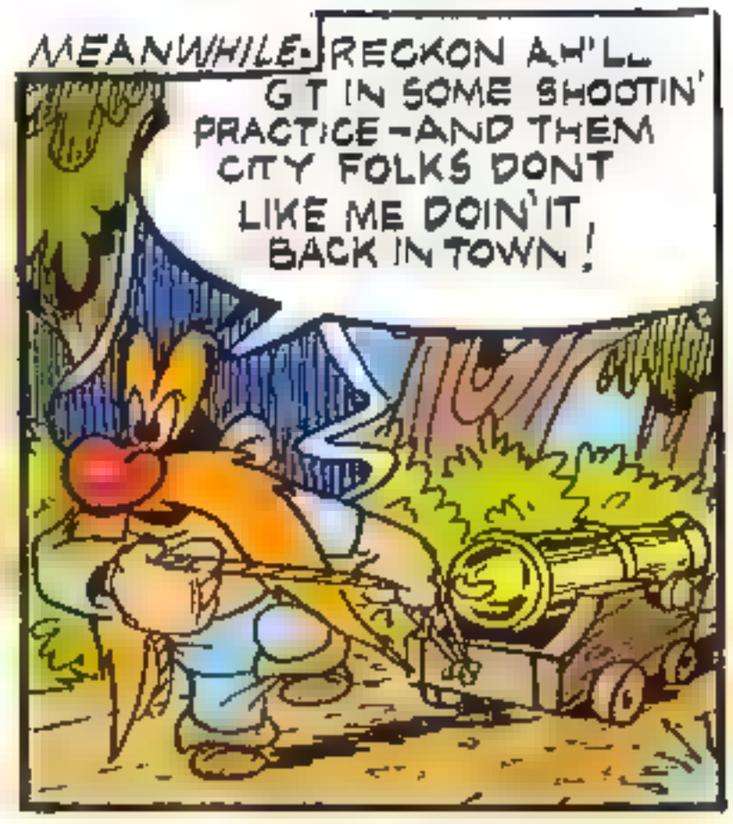







THIS CAT HAS COME TO A DECISION -HE'S MOVING OUT OF TOWN! A FELLOW CAN'T HAVE FORTY WINKS IN THIS PLACE WITHOUT SOMEBODY BLASTING HIS EARDRUMS!!





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HOW'S THAT, MISTER? BET YOU COULDN'T DO BETTER!

COCKY YOUNG WHIPPERSNAPPER!

KLANK!

AH'LL DO BETTER THAN THAT, SON! AH'LL SHOW YOU SOME REAL SHOOTIN!

?

GOSH! THAT'S SOME TIN CAN!!

BOOM

FIRE!

YEEOIKS!

KLANG

PRETTY FANCY SHOOTIN, EH, KID? A BLISTERIN GOOD BULL'S-EYE!

I TH NK THERE'S SOMEONE IN THAT BIN, CAP'N.

SAY, WHAT ARE YOU A-DOIN' OUT HERE IN THE COUNTRY?

SCHPLUTTER! YOU'RE SO RIGHT, SHIR! I FEEL I MUSHT ADAPT MYSELF TO THE COUNTRY LIFE! ONE MUSHT CHANGE!

NEXT DAY...

THAT'S IT OVER FOR ANOTHER YEAR. ONCE A YEAR I GO AND VIS T MY COUNTRY COUSINS!

GREAT DOPEY DUCKS! DO MY EYES DECEIVE ME, OR IS THAT STLVESTER DOWN THERE? JUST WAIT TILL THE FELLAHS HEAR WHAT HE'S DOING WITH THAT STRAW!!

SCKEE-EECH

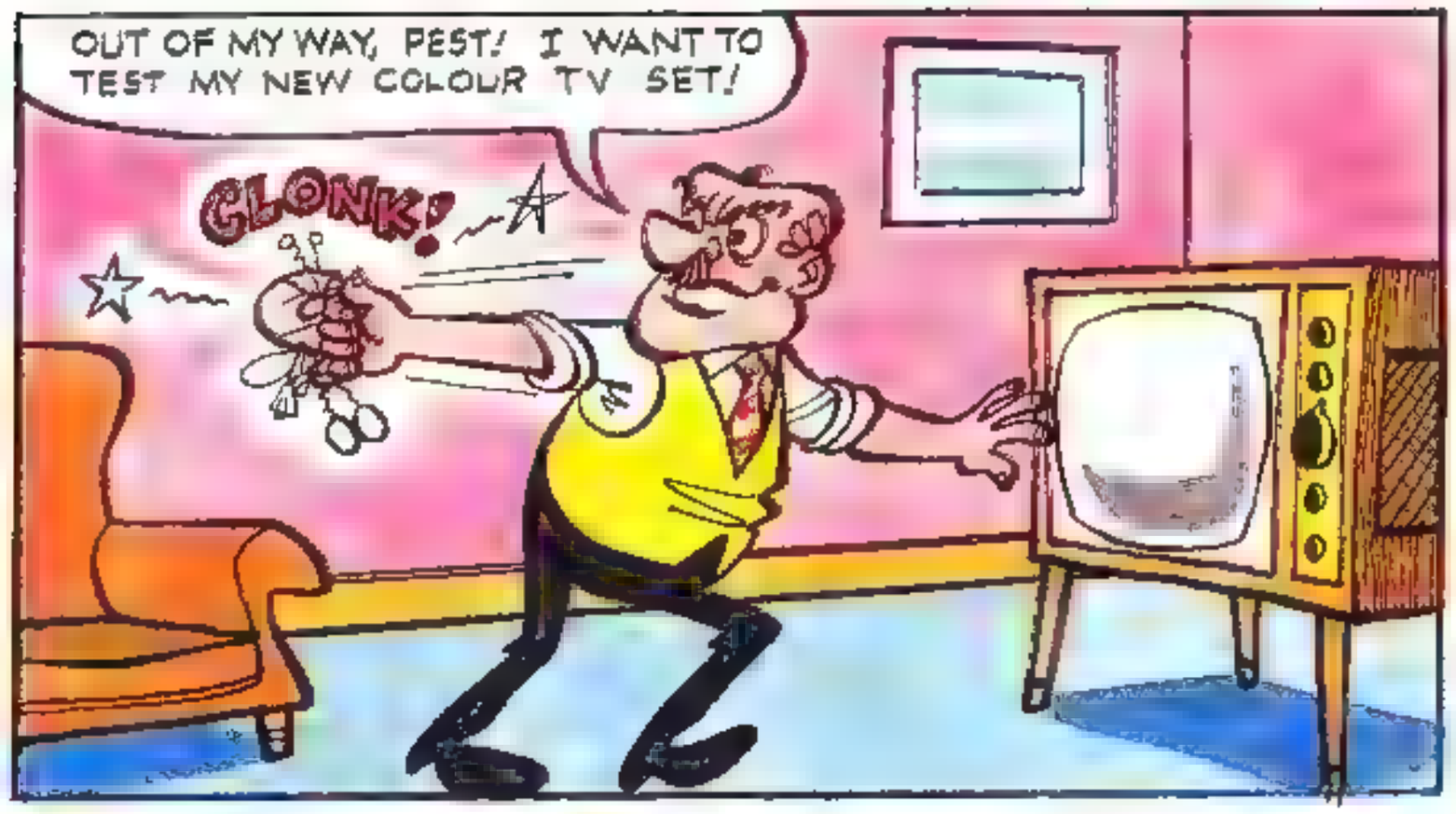
YOU'LL NEVER BELIEVE IT, FRIENDS! THAT CAT'S GOING LOCO, I TELL YOU-PLUMB LOCO!

WELL, SPLICE ME MAINBRACE! THAT CAT'S DONE WHAT HE SAID-HE'S ADAPTED HIMSELF TO THE COUNTRY L,FE!

A STWAW DUSTBWIN!

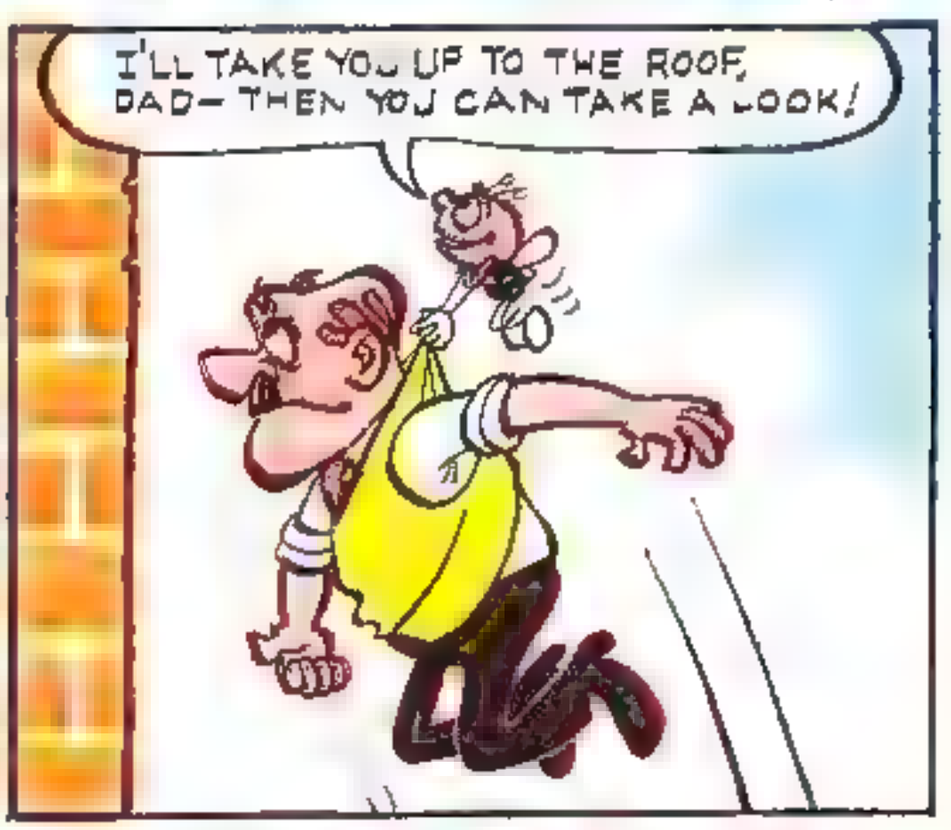
ROTTEN SPOILSPORT! I WON'T MAKE MUCH NOISE BASHING THAT THING WITH A CARROT!

MIGHTY MOTH


OUT OF MY WAY, PEST! I WANT TO TEST MY NEW COLOUR TV SET!
CLONK!

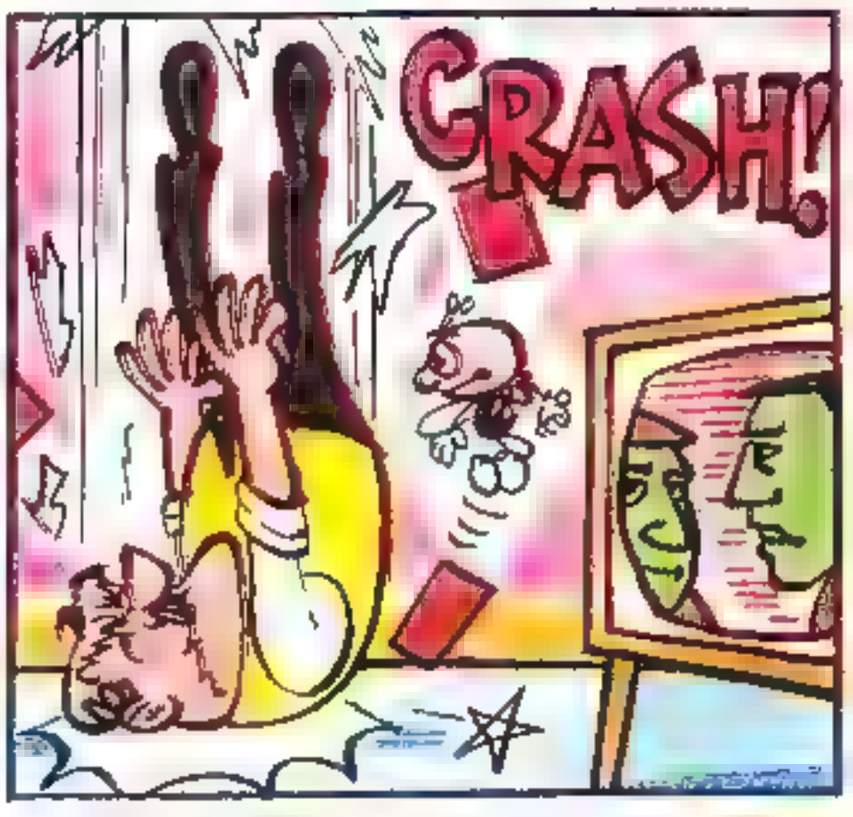
BAH. SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH THE SET! THAT MAN'S ALL GREEN!

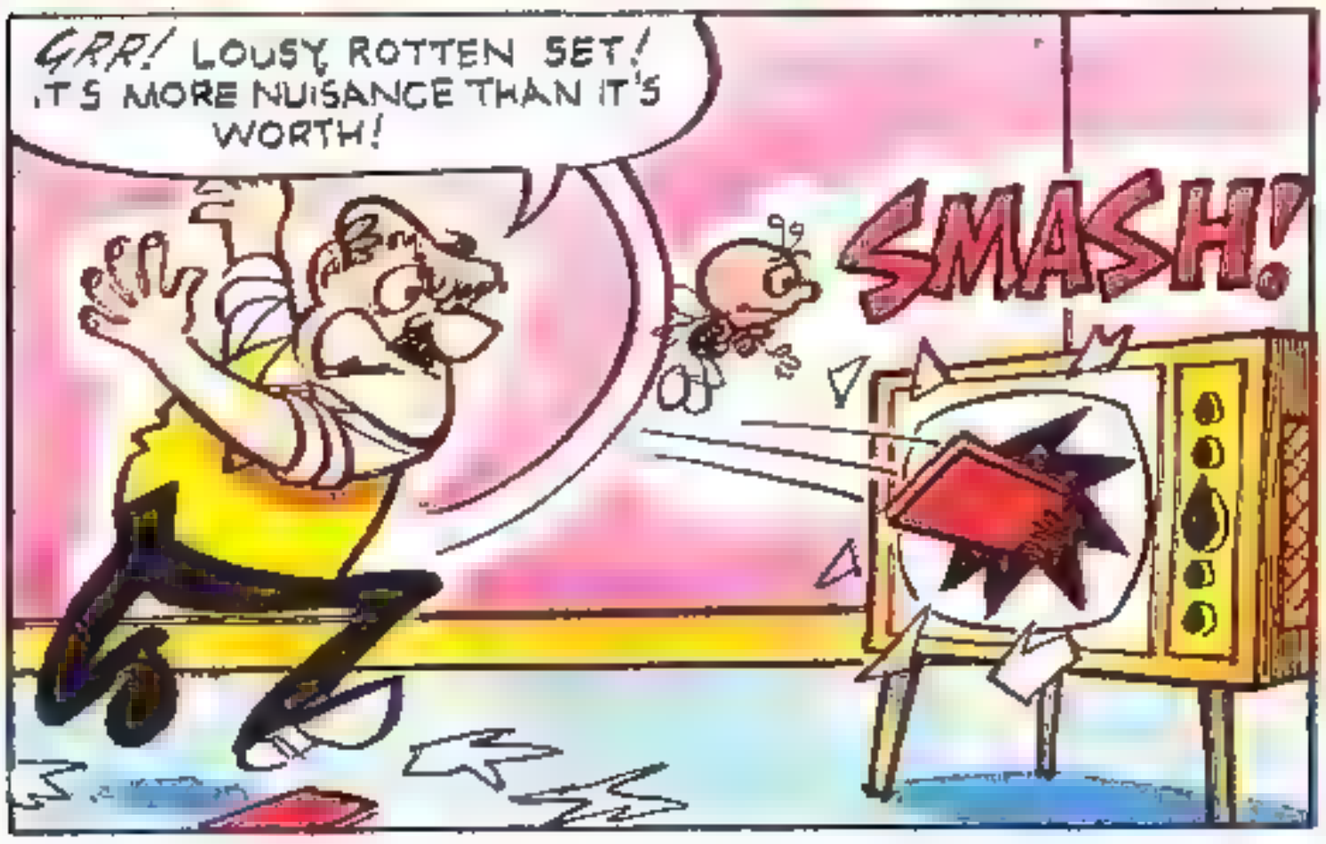
MAYBE THE AERIAL'S NOT LINED UP PROPERLY!

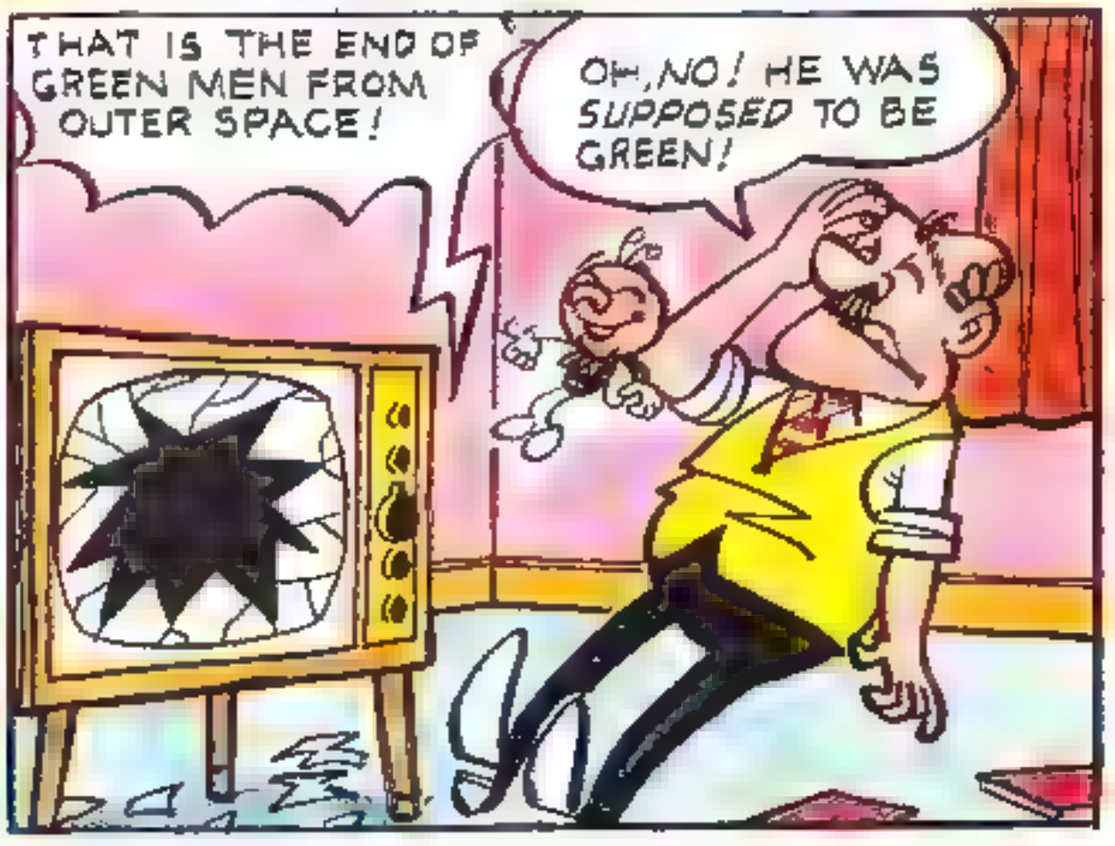

I'LL TAKE YOU UP TO THE ROOF, DAD— THEN YOU CAN TAKE A LOOK!

SO...
HOW IS IT NOW, MOTHY?
HE'S STILL GREEN, DAD!

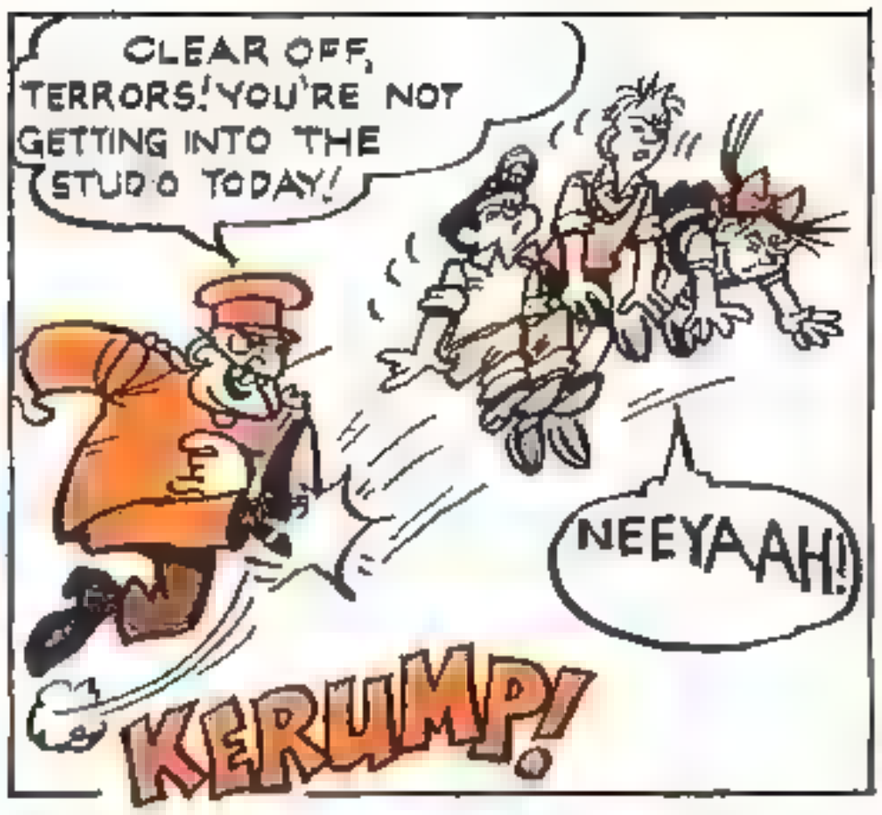
HELP! I'VE SLIPPED!

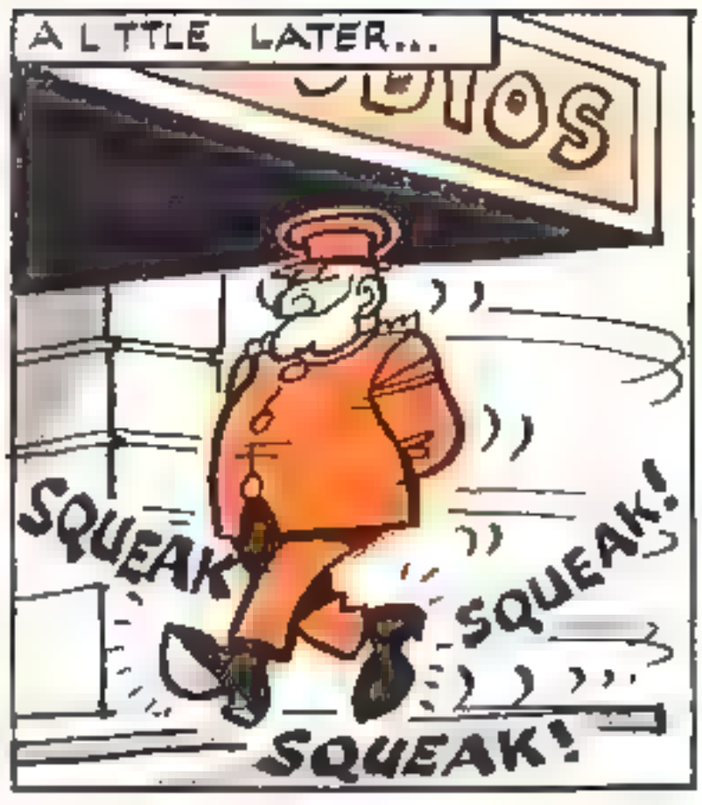

CRASH!

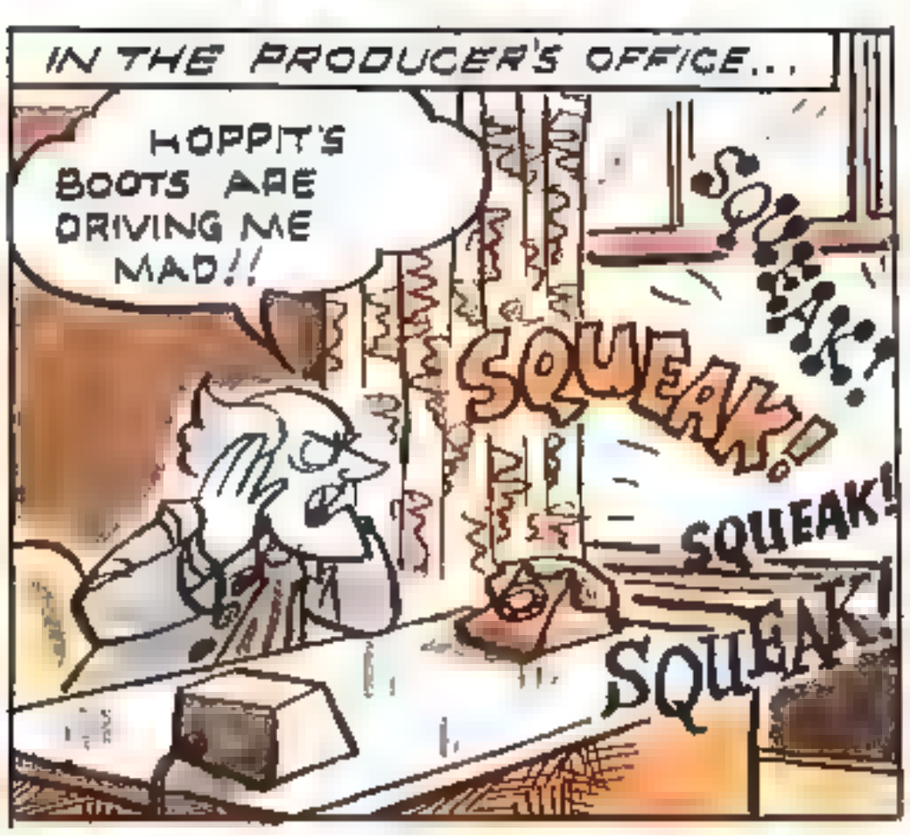

GRR! LOUSY, ROTTEN SET! IT'S MORE NUISANCE THAN IT'S WORTH!
SMASH!


THAT IS THE END OF GREEN MEN FROM OUTER SPACE!
OH, NO! HE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE GREEN!

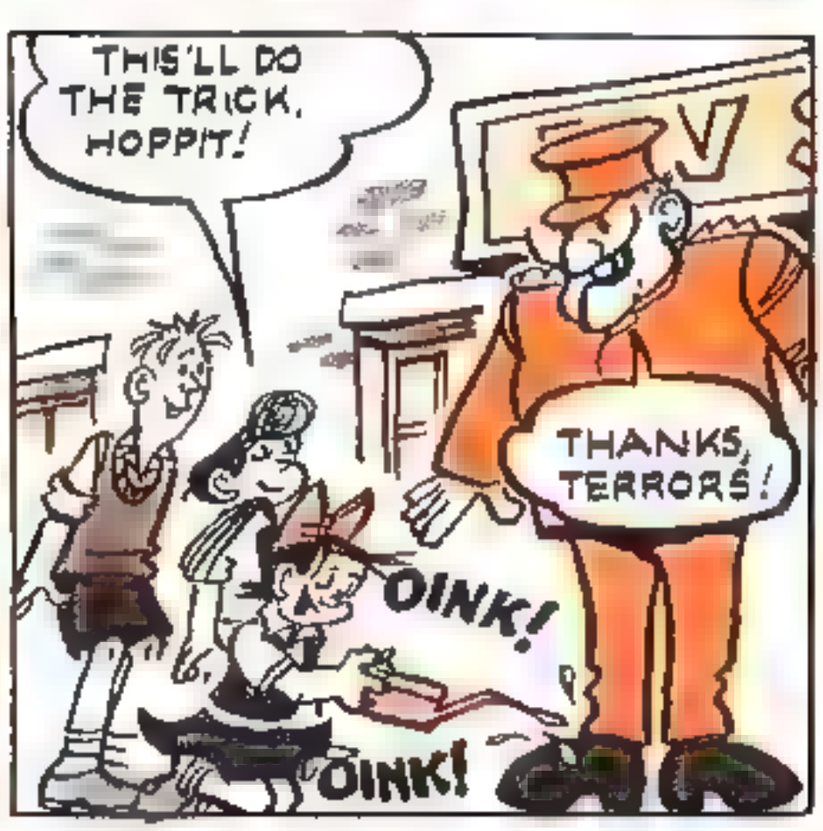
TV Terrors

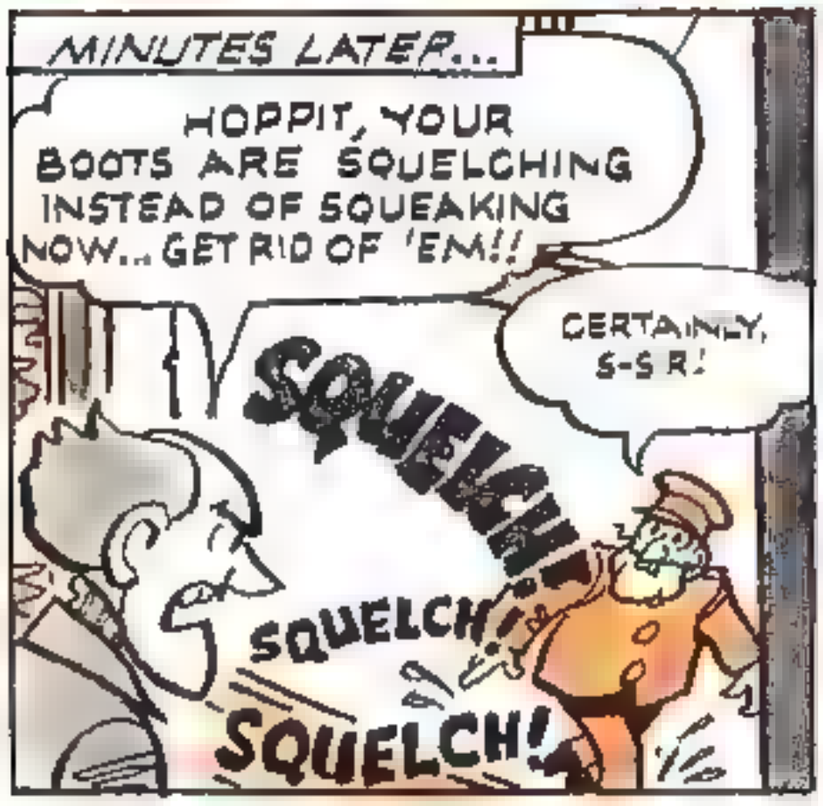

CLEAR OFF, TERRORS! YOU'RE NOT GETTING INTO THE STUDIO TODAY!
NEEYAAH!
KERUMP!


A LITTLE LATER...
SQUEAK!
SQUEAK!
SQUEAK!

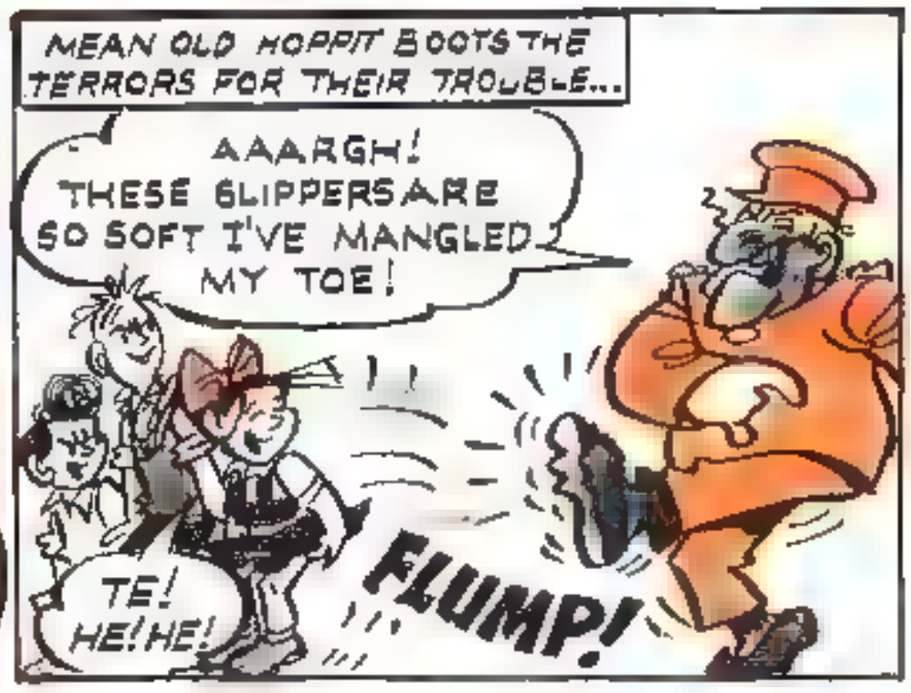

IN THE PRODUCER'S OFFICE...
HOPPIT'S BOOTS ARE DRIVING ME MAD!!
SQUEAK!
SQUEAK!
SQUEAK!
SQUEAK!

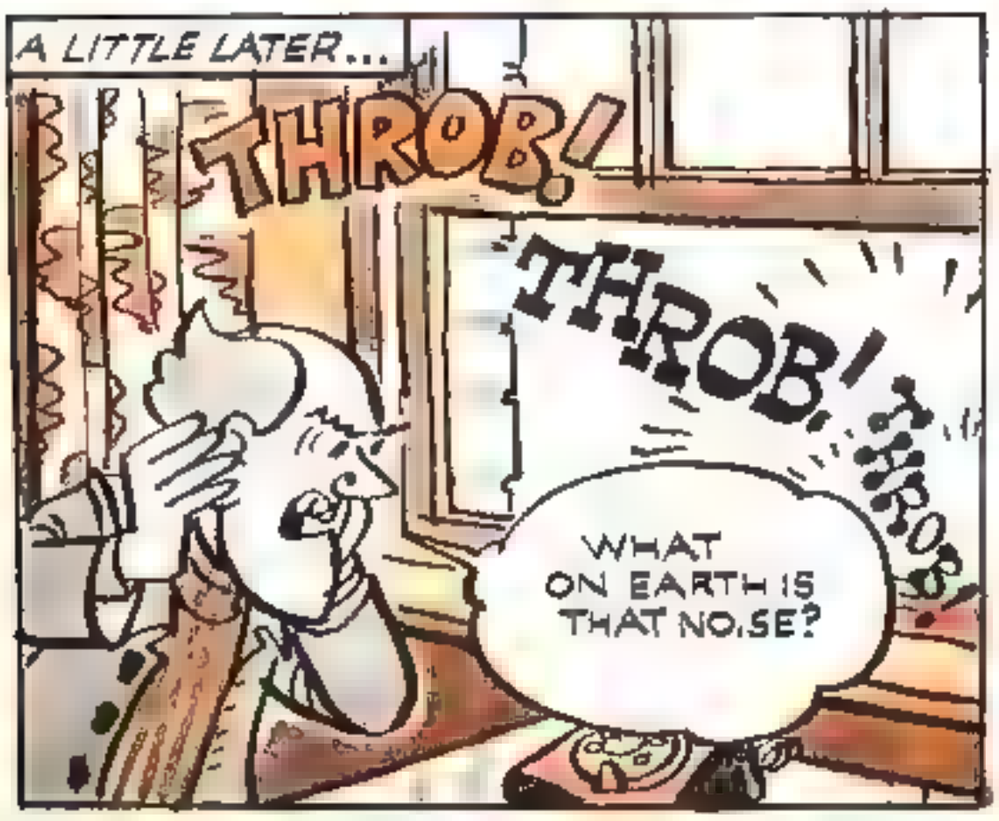
DO SOMETHING ABOUT THOSE SQUEAKING BOOTS OR YOU'RE FIRED, HOPPIT!
Y-YES, SIR! R-RIGHT AWAY, SIR!


THIS'LL DO THE TRICK, HOPPIT!
THANKS, TERRORS!
OINK!
OINK!


MINUTES LATER...
HOPPIT, YOUR BOOTS ARE SQUELCHING INSTEAD OF SQUEAKING NOW... GET RID OF 'EM!!
CERTAINLY, S-S-R!
SQUELCH!
SQUELCH!
SQUELCH!

TRY THESE, HOPPIT! THEY WON'T MAKE ANY NOISE AT ALL!
GOOD THINKING!

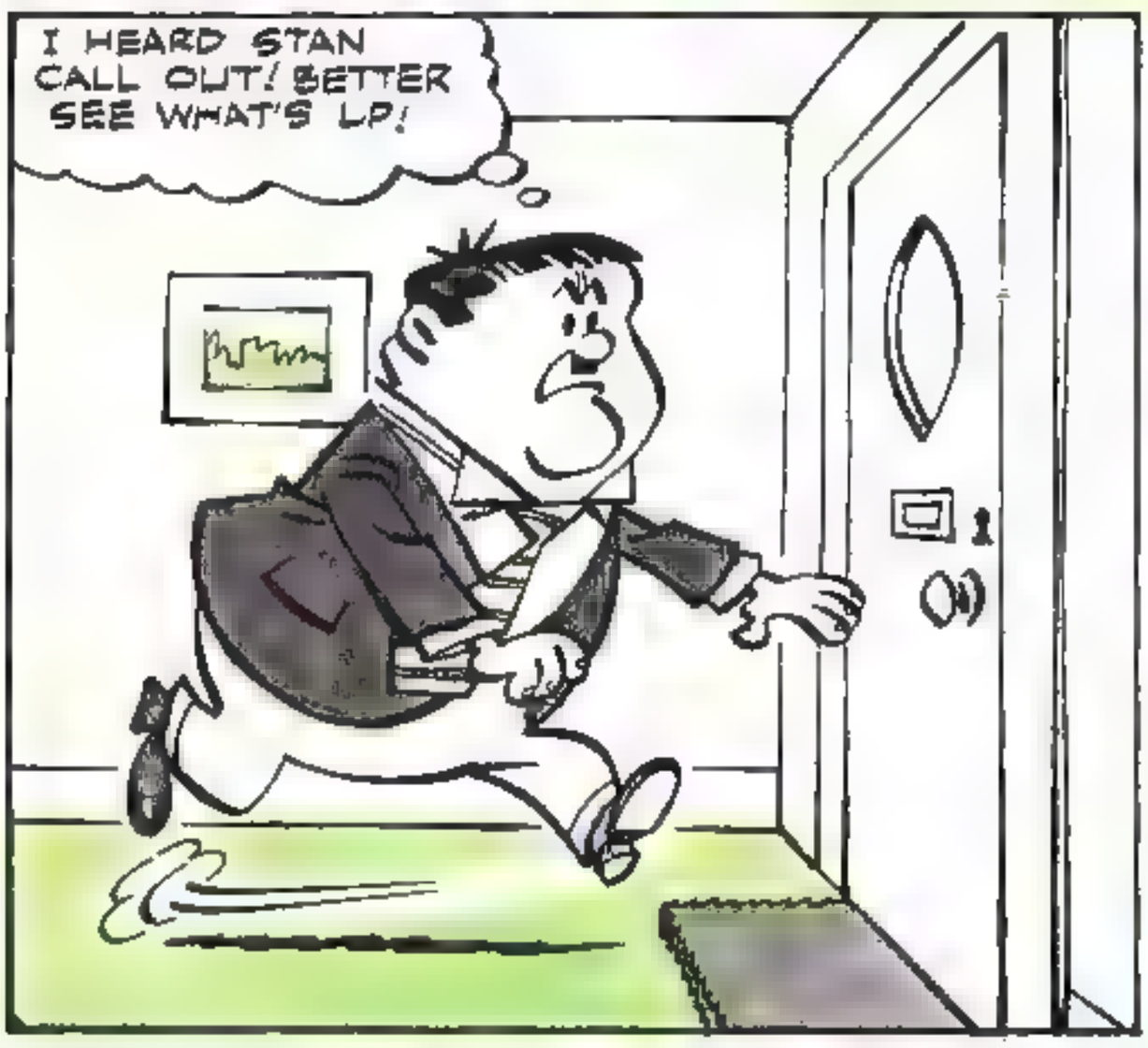

MEAN OLD HOPPIT BOOTS THE TERRORS FOR THEIR TROUBLE...
AAARGH! THESE SLIPPERS ARE SO SOFT I'VE MANGLED MY TOE!
TE! HE! HE!
FLUMP!

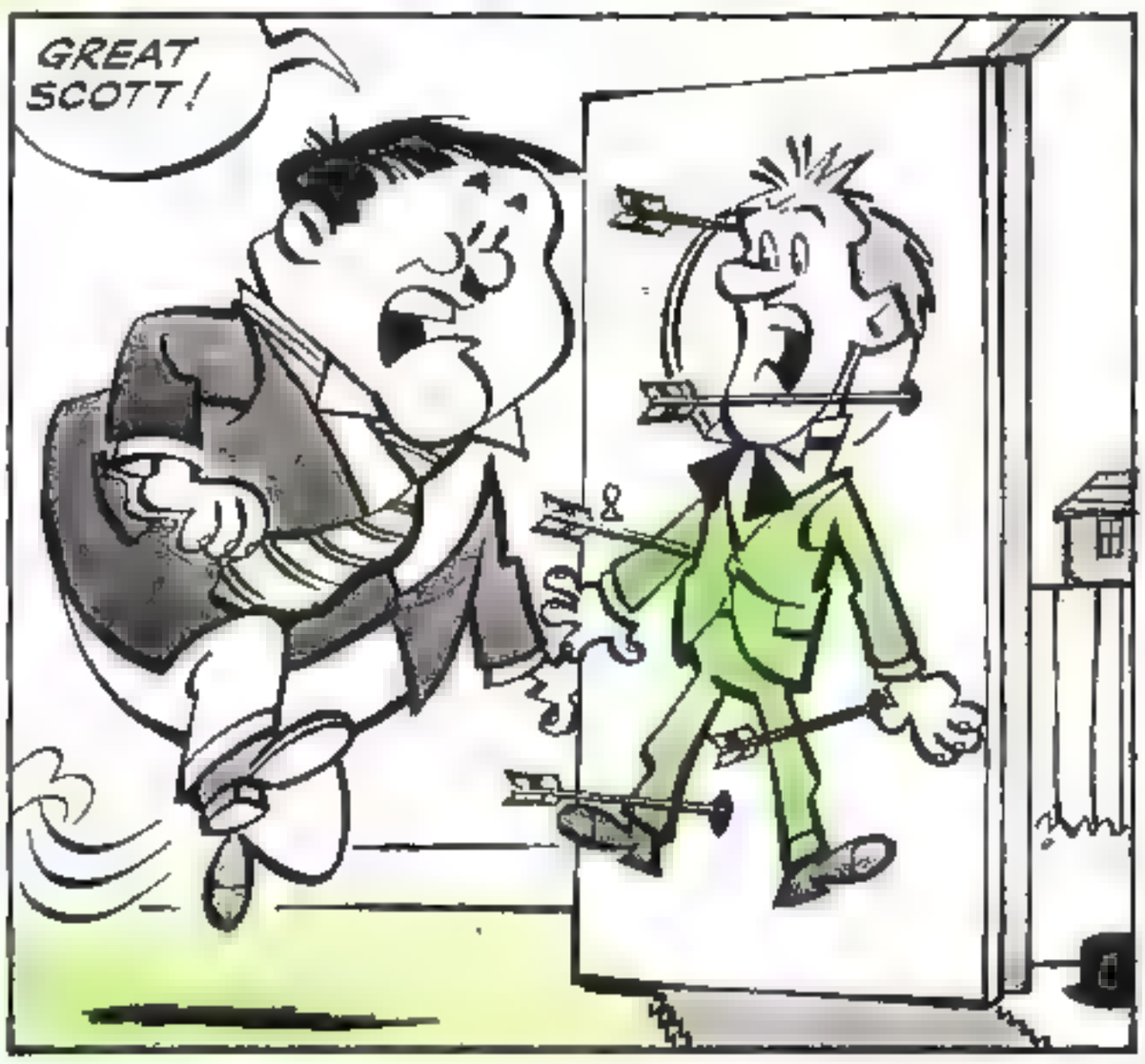

A LITTLE LATER...
THROB!
THROB!
THROB!
WHAT ON EARTH IS THAT NOISE?

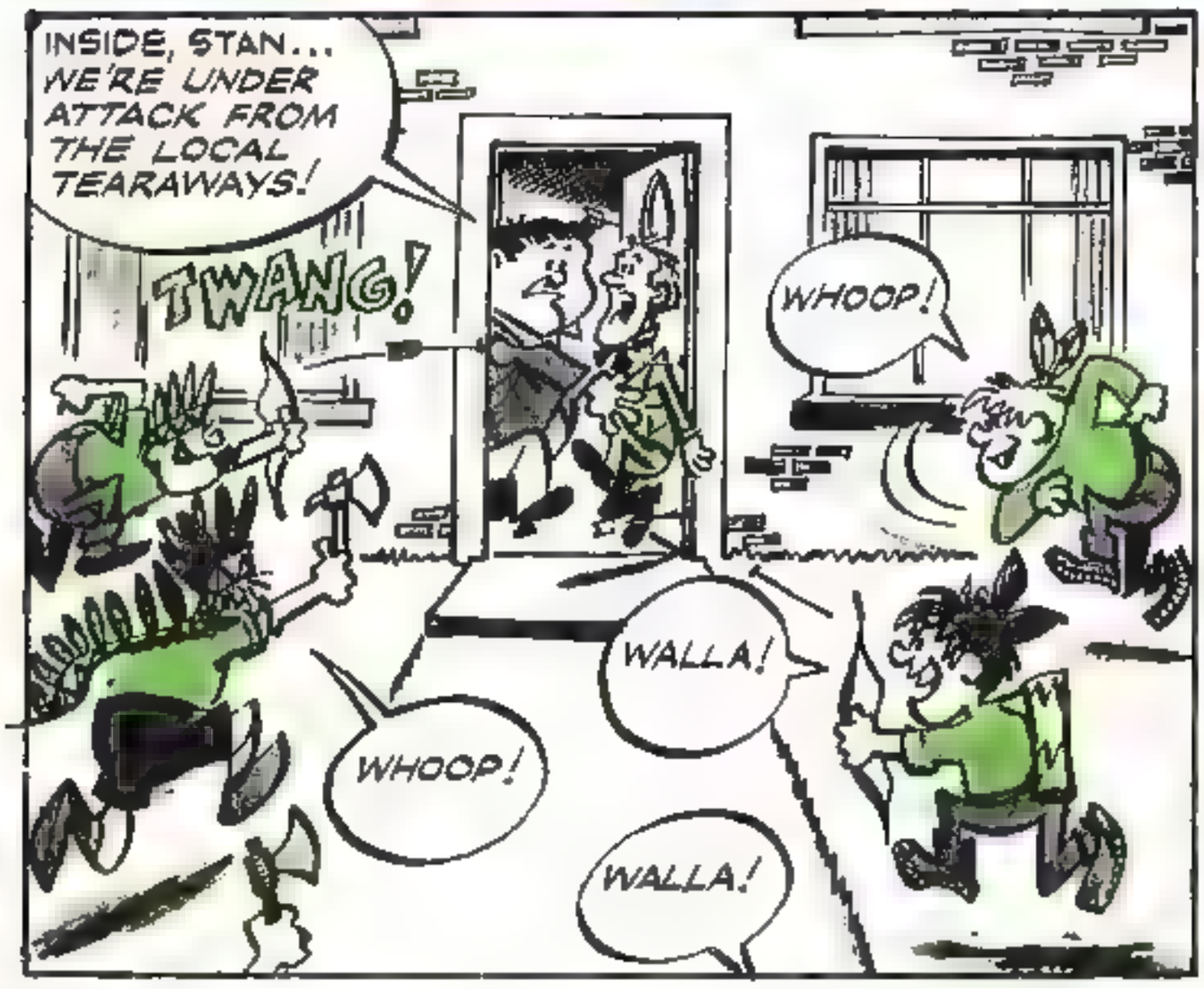
OH, NO!
HE! HE! HE!
SORRY SIR!... I'M STANDING STILL BUT MY FOOT'S STILL MAKING A NOISE!
HA! HA! HA!
THROB!

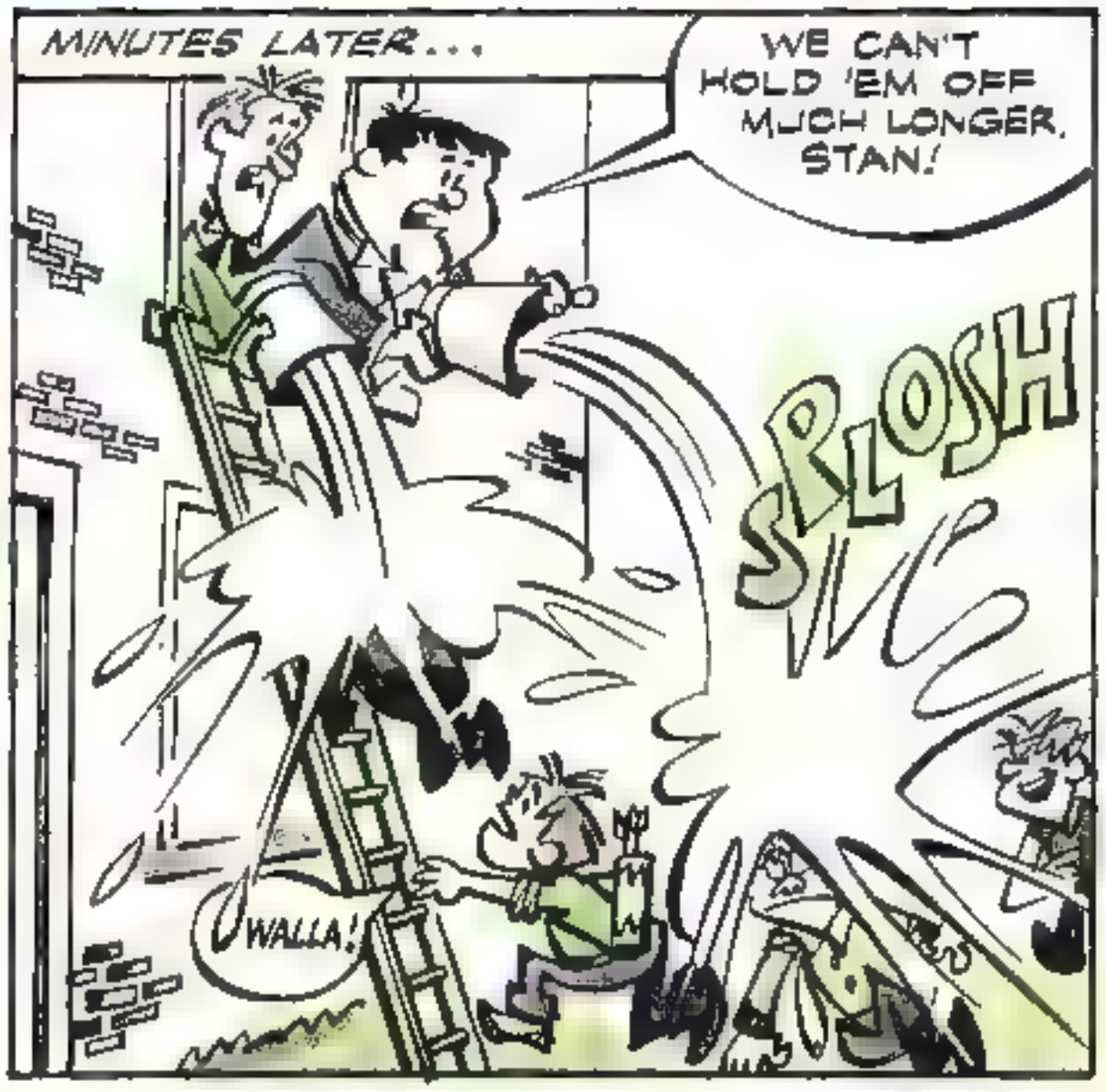
Larry Harmon's

LAUREL and HARDY









© 1970. Larry Harmon Pictures Corporation.

OLLIE IS RIGHT!..

OKAY, KIDS! YOU WIN... NOW WHAT SAY WE SMOKE THE PIPE OF PEACE AND BE FRIENDS?

SO...

NOW ME SMOKE UM!

HAK! SPLUTTER!

ENCOURAGING OUR SWEET LITTLE CHILDREN TO SMOKE, EH? *WAIT TILL THE OTHER MUMS HEAR ABOUT THIS!*

SO...

WE'LL SHOW THAT MR. HARDY!

YOU BET WE WILL!

THERE THEY ARE!

GULP! THOSE WOMEN LOOK AS THOUGH THEY'RE COMING FOR US, STAN!

WHOOP!

WALLA! WHOOP! WHOOP! WALLA!

WALLA

WE'VE MADE PEACE WITH THE KIDS, *BUT NOW THEIR MUMS ARE ON THE WARPATH! HELP!*

BONK

JOHN'S MORE'S

ANIMAL MAGIC

Two Giants

The Giant Anteater

The Giant Anteater is a most remarkable-looking animal. Of course it's very difficult to find enough ants for the ant-eaters to eat, but they get along very well on finely minced meat.

BROUGHT YOU SOME VERY NICE MINCE THIS MORNING.
FRIGHTFULLY NICE OF YOU.
HOW MANY ANTS COULD YOU EAT AT A SITTING?
ABOUT FORTY OR FIFTY THOUSAND IF I WAS PECKISH.
SORRY I HAVENT ANY ANTS.
GET FRIGHTFULLY TIRED OF ANTS, YOU KNOW.
FANCY EATING ANTS ALL THE TIME.
FANCY EATING POTATO CRISPS ALL THE TIME.

The Giant Panda

The Giant Panda is a very rare animal indeed. It comes from the forests of Tibet and China. Its favourite food is bamboo.

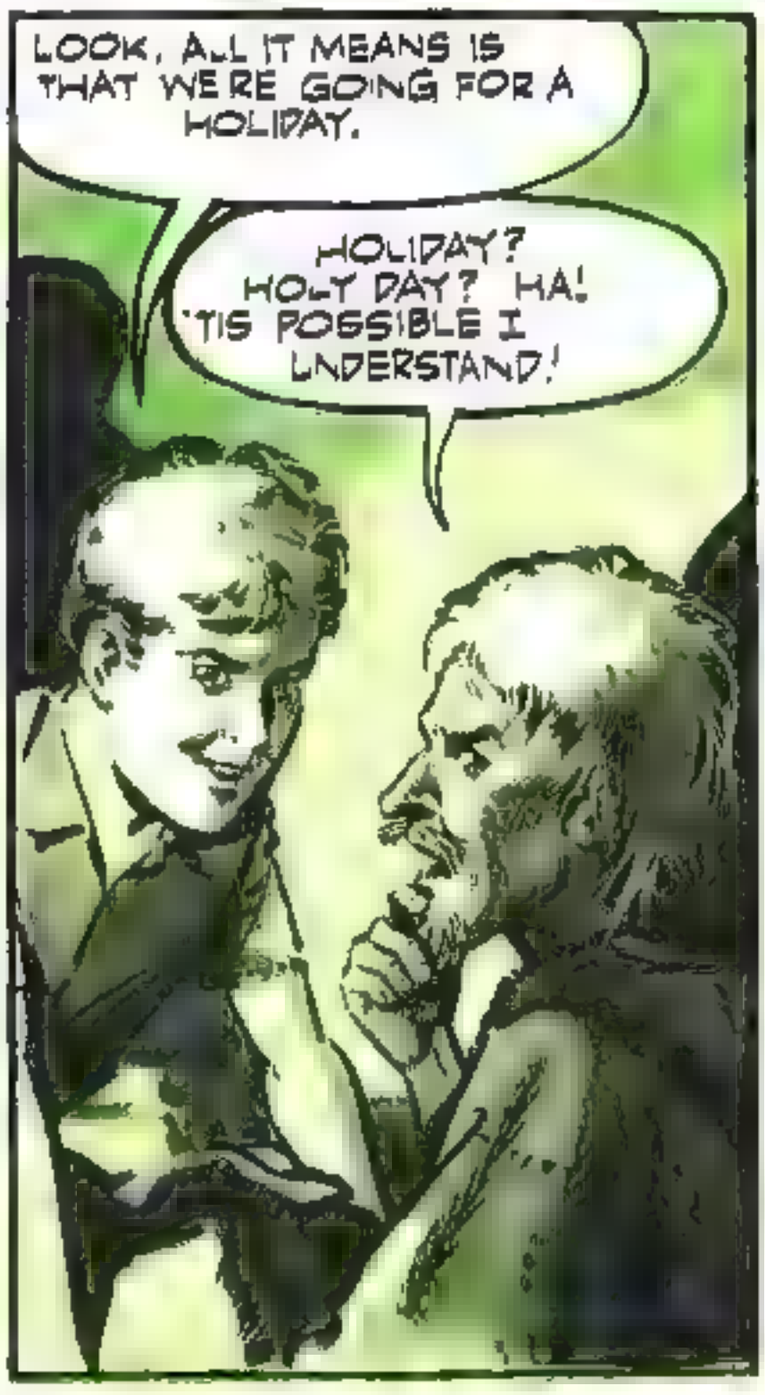
WHAT IGNORANCE!
LOOK, DAD, THERE'S A BEAR WITH TWO BLACK EYES!
WHY IS IT EATING THOSE FERNS?
WHAT IGNORANCE!
I'VE GOT ONE OF THOSE AT HOME BUT I LIKE MY TEDDY BEST!
WHAT IGNORANCE!
IT DOESN'T DO ANYTHING EXCEPT EAT FERNS!
WHAT IGNORANCE!
I DON'T THINK IT CAN DO ANYTHING ELSE!

CATWEAZLE

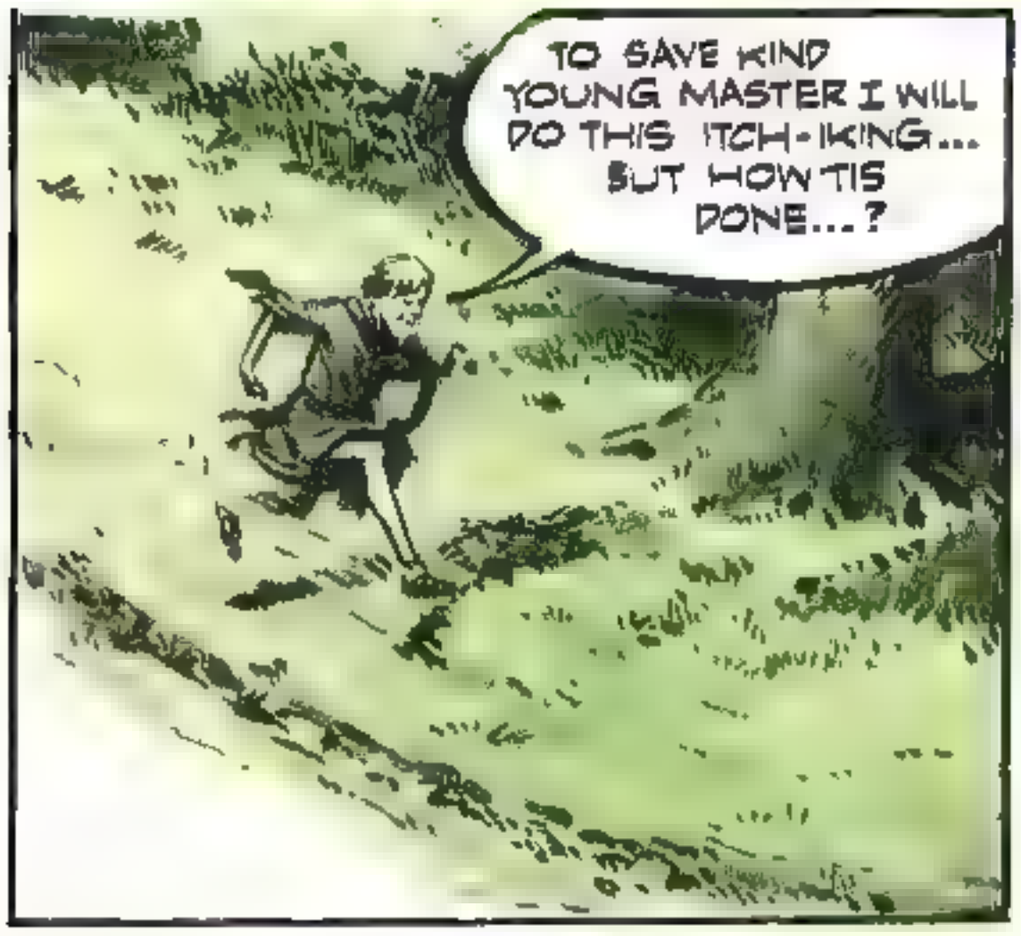
The Norman Invasion!

CATWEAZLE, THE WIZARD FROM 1087 WHO HAS ARRIVED IN 1970, IS STARTLED ONE MORNING WHEN HIS FRIEND, YOUNG CARROT, CLIMBS DOWN INTO THE WATER-TANK WHERE HE IS LIVING — WHICH CATWEAZLE CALLS 'CASTLE SABURAC' — CARRYING A LARGE BAG OF FOOD...

HERE Y ARE, CATWEAZLE, ENOUGH GRUB TO LAST YOU FOR THREE DAYS, BECAUSE ME AND MY PALS ARE HITCH-HIKING TO HASTINGS FOR THE WATER CARNIVAL!



CATWEAZLE'S MIND FLIES BACK TO 1066...
BUT THIS HASTINGS IS FULL OF NORMANS! GREAT DANGER IS THERE FOR THE BOY... I MUST FOLLOW HIM...



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I IKE! I IKE! COME HITHER, DEMONS OF THE ROAD...

BUT A SPEEDING CAR - A 'DEMON' OF THE ROAD TO CATWEAZLE - WHIZZES BY SO CLOSE THAT THE WIZARD HAS TO DIVE INTO A BUNCH OF STINGING NETTLES...

FOUL NOIST FIENDS! 'DIDST NEARLY CUT MY LEG OFF...

AS CATWEAZLE CLIMBS OUT OF THE NETTLES A LORRY DRIVER PULLS UP BESIDE HIM...

WHAT'S THE MATTER, CHUM?

I DID BUT TRY THIS ITCHY-IKING! AND NOW I ITCH ALL OVER!

WHERE DO YOU WANT TO GO?

KIND CHARIOT, 'TIS NORMAN HASTINGS I WISH...

OKAY, MATE, HOP IN THE BACK!

SO CATWEAZLE ARRIVES ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF HASTINGS, WHICH IS AS FAR AS THE LORRY GOES...

O SHAMEFUL SEA! WATER I HATE! 'TWAS THOU THAT D'DST BRING THOSE NORMANS!

SUDDENLY, TWO HAPPY HIKERS PASS BY...

WE'LL HAVE SOME FUN HERE, MABEL. TOMORROW, DURING THE CARNIVAL, SOME FELLERS DRESSED AS NORMANS ARE GOING TO LAND ON THE BEACH FROM SMALL BOATS!

OH, GOODY!

TOMORROW...? NOT YET THEY COME...? THEN AM I BACK IN TIME... BEFORE MY TIME... AND TIME IS MINE TO STOP THEM!

THAT NIGHT CATWEAZLE PREPARES HIS SPELL...

NOW WILL I HUNT THE LEAPING SNARK. NOW WILL I FIND THE POISON ONES! A PLAGUE SHALL TAKE THOSE NORMANS ON THE MORROW!

NEXT DAY..

'TIS STRANGE! 'TIS PASSING STRANGE! THIS HASTINGS I KNOW NOT. BEFORE MY TIME, METHINKS!

WHEN THE CARNIVAL 'NORMANS' APPEAR...

THEY COME! THEY COME! NOW WILL SAXON ENGLAND I DEFEND. MY SPELL IS READY!

SO CATWEAZLE RACES ALONG THE BEACH DISTRIBUTING HIS 'PLAGUE'...

FROGS, SNAKES, NEWTS, TADPOLES, BY MY MAGIC I COMMAND YE...BEPLAGUE THOSE NORMANS!

THERE HE GOES!

I'LL GET HIM, I WILL... FLINGIN' A FROG IN MY LUNCH!

I'LL HELP YOU, MATE!

EVEN 'FATHER NEPTUNE' WHO HAS COME TO OPEN THE WATER CARNIVAL, IS PLAGUED BY FROGS...

WHAT... WHAT... WHO THE... WHO DID THIS...?

THE GENTLEMEN IN THE DRESSING GOWN, O KING.

THE 'NORMANS' ALSO SUFFER AS THE FROGS LEAP AROUND THE BEACH...

URG! HORRIBLE THINGS!

URRRRK! GERROFME!

YEOW! NEARLY DOWN MY NECK!

CARROT IS AMAZED WHEN SUDDENLY HE SEES CATWEAZLE BEING CHASED BY THE ANGRY MOB...

CATWEAZLE! HOW DID **YOU** GET HERE? AND WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING?

NAUGHT BUT MY DUTY, YOUNG MASTER, BUT METHINKS THEY DO NOT LIKE ME!

YOU OLD IDIOT! THEY'LL DUCK YOU IN THE SEA IF THEY CATCH YOU. YOU'LL HAVE TO HIDE IN OUR BATHING HUT!

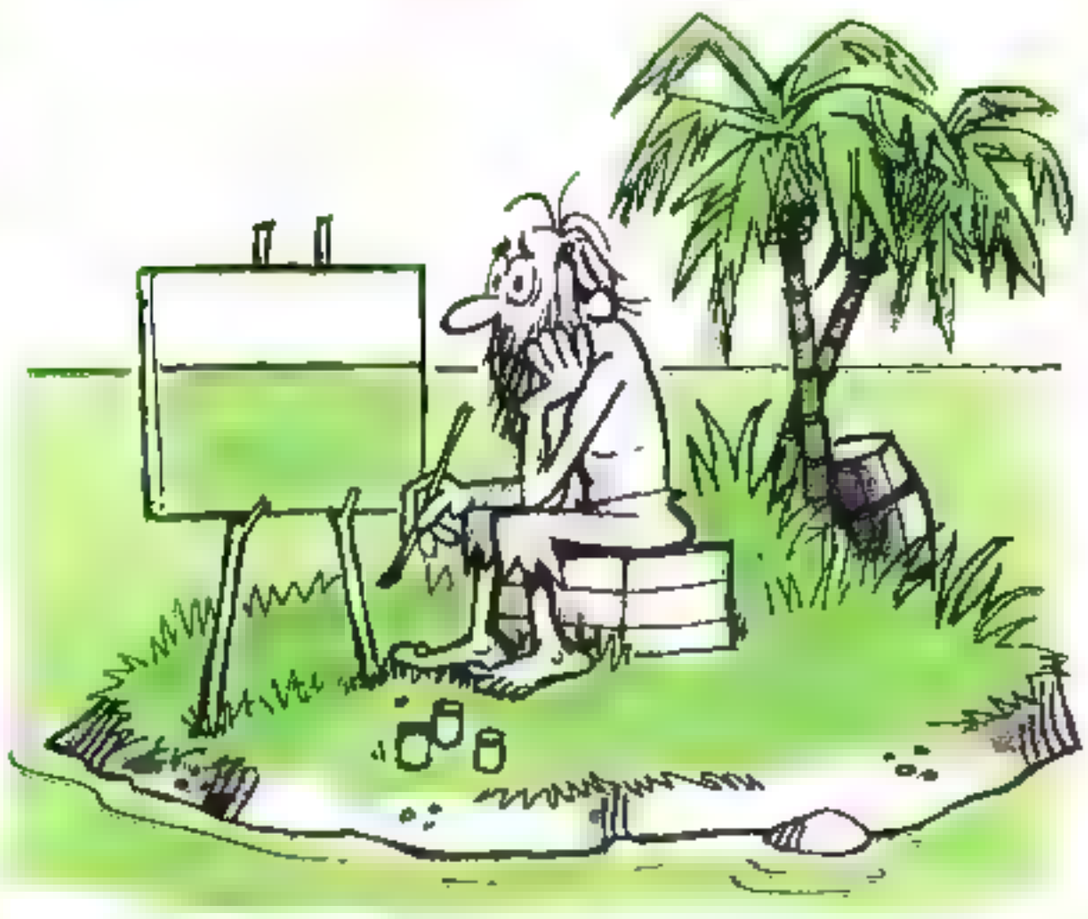
IN THERE... AND *STAY* THERE! I'LL CLOSE THE DOOR!

POOR OLD CATWEAZLE, HE DOES CAUSE SOME FUN. THIS IS THE BEST NORMAN LANDING I'VE EVER SEEN. HE'LL HAVE TO STAY IN THERE TILL AFTER DARK!

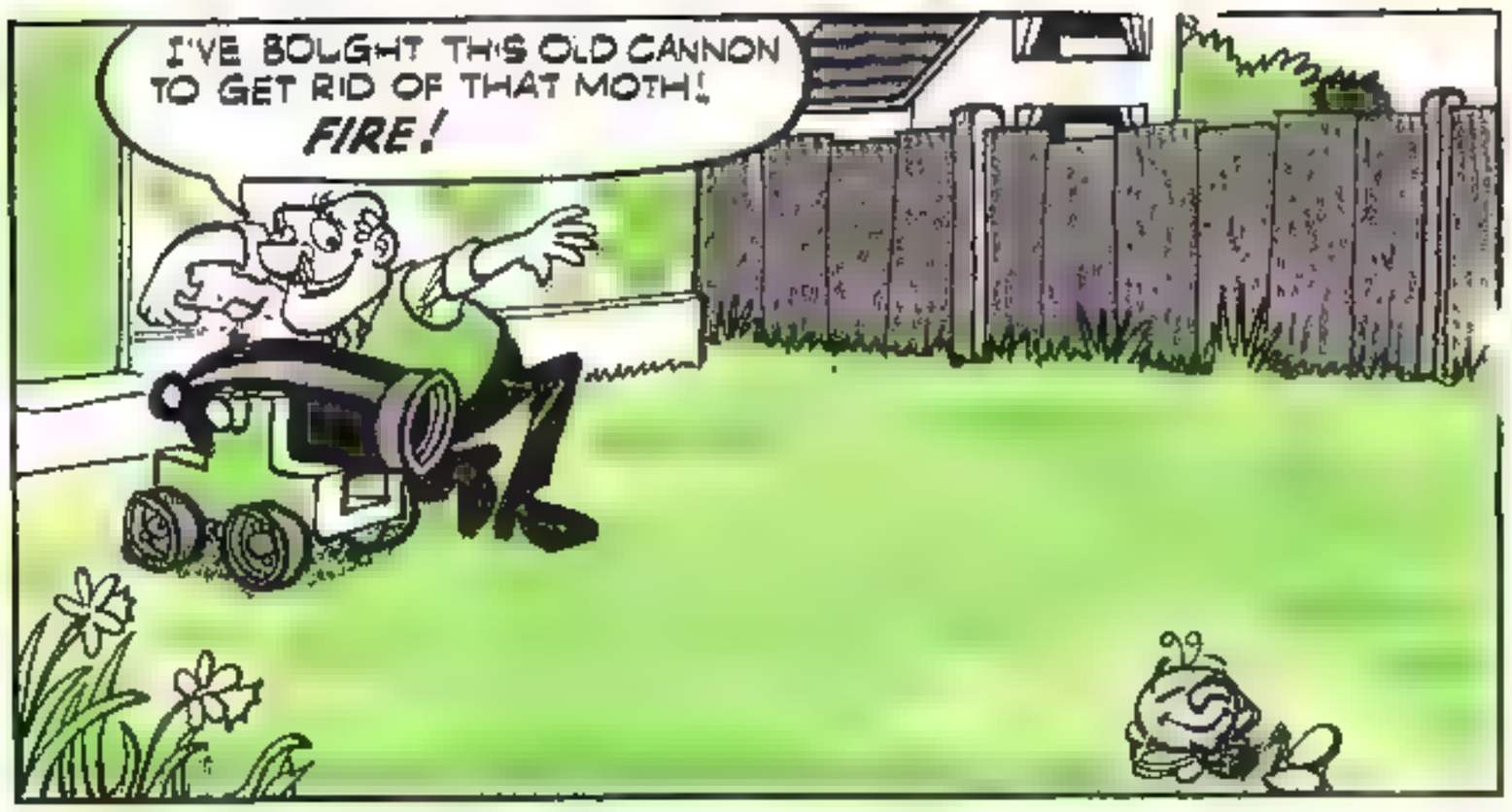
COWARDLY SPAWN! DIDST HIDE IN MY POCKET? AND DOST NOW CRAWL OUT TO REPROACH ME. SPEAK, PUFF-FACE!

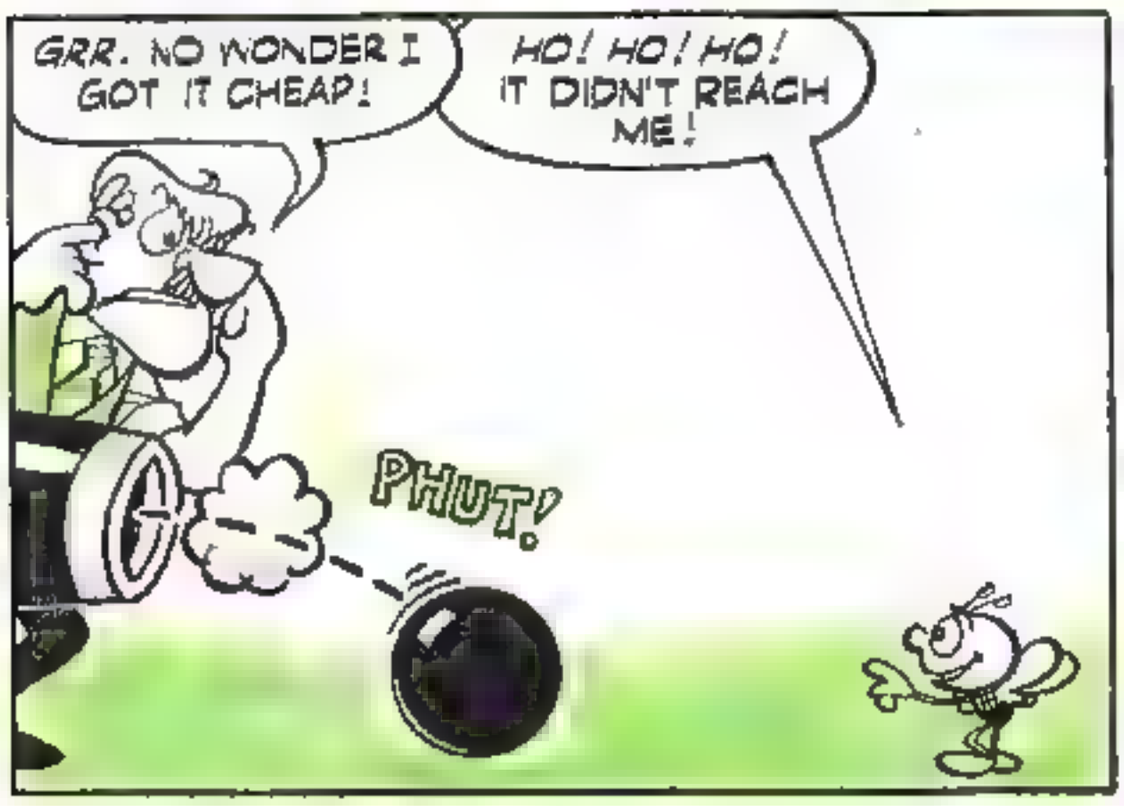
CROAK!

PICK OF THE JOKES

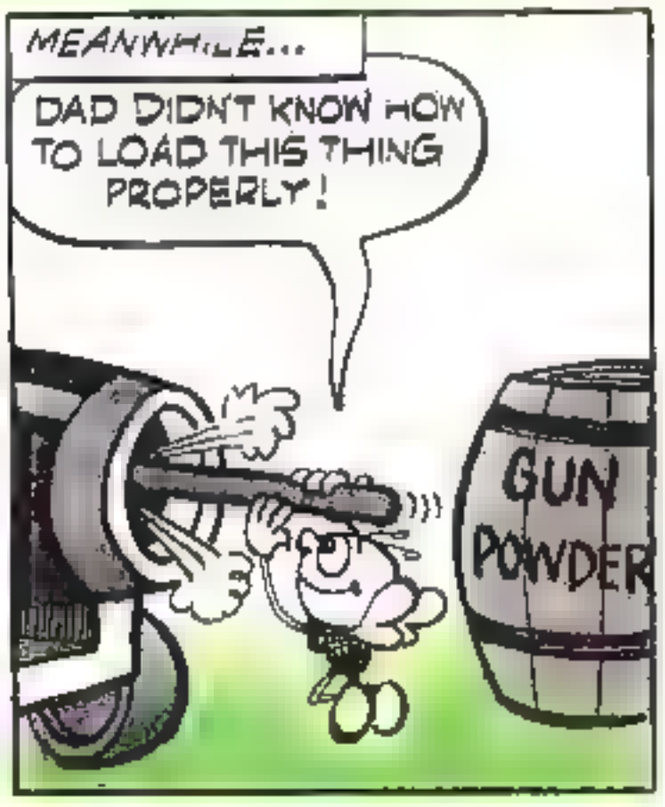


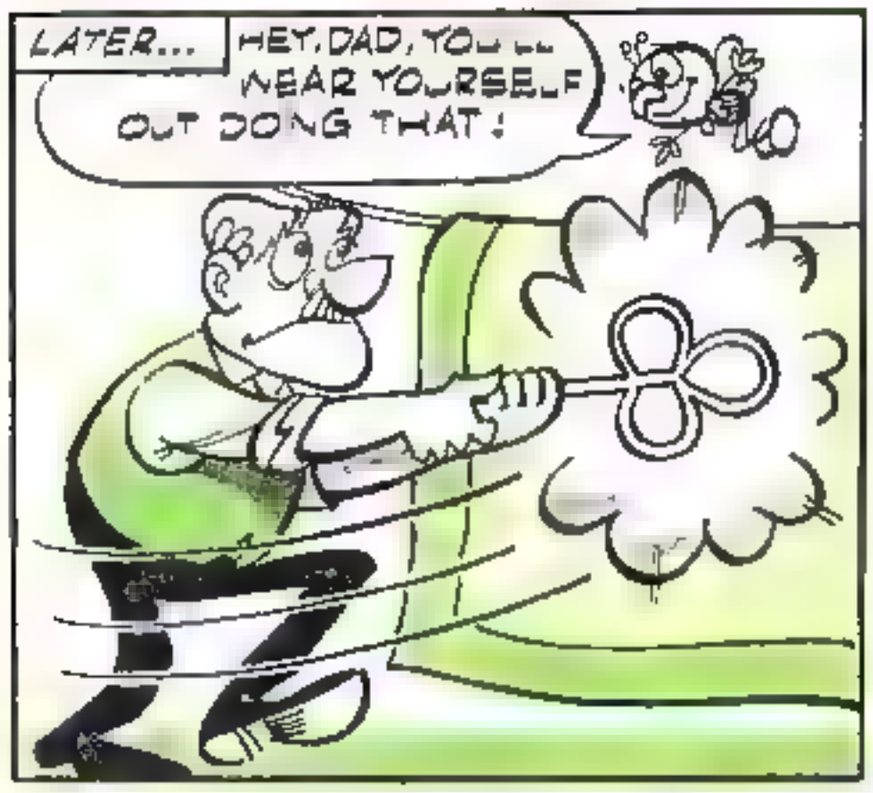
MIGHTY MOTH


I'VE BOUGHT THIS OLD CANNON TO GET RID OF THAT MOTH!
FIRE!

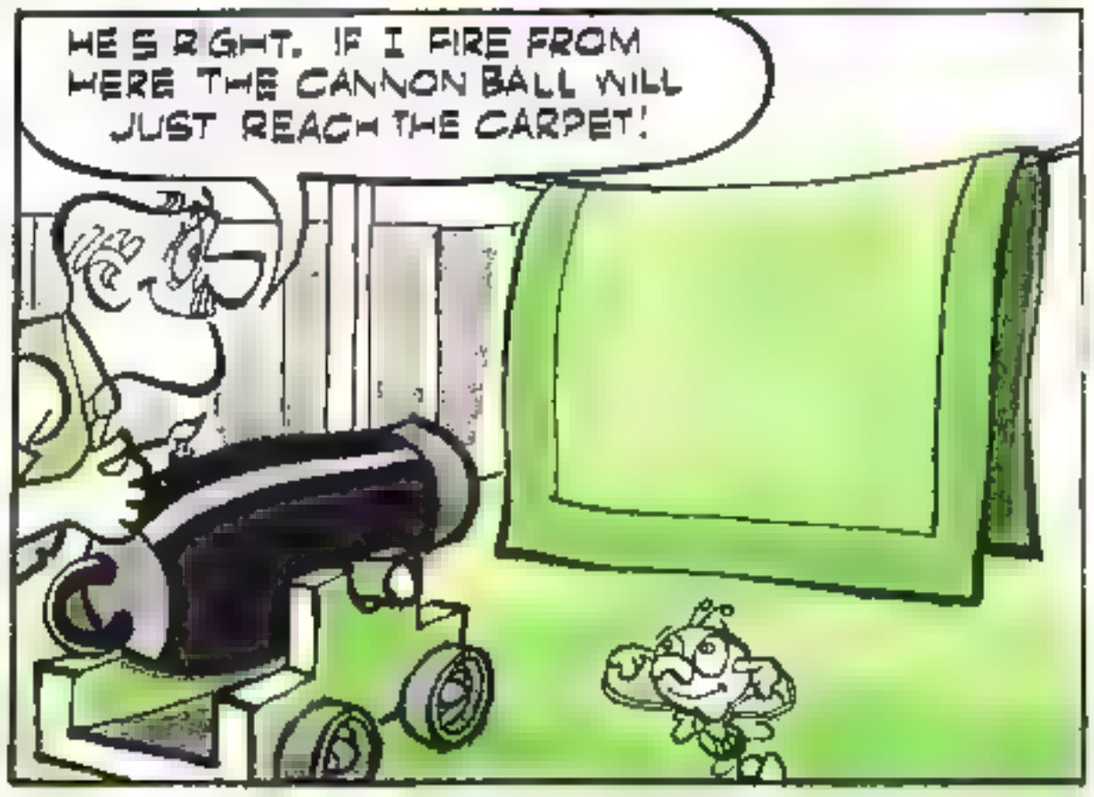

GRR. NO WONDER I GOT IT CHEAP!
HO! HO! HO! IT DIDN'T REACH ME!
PHUT!

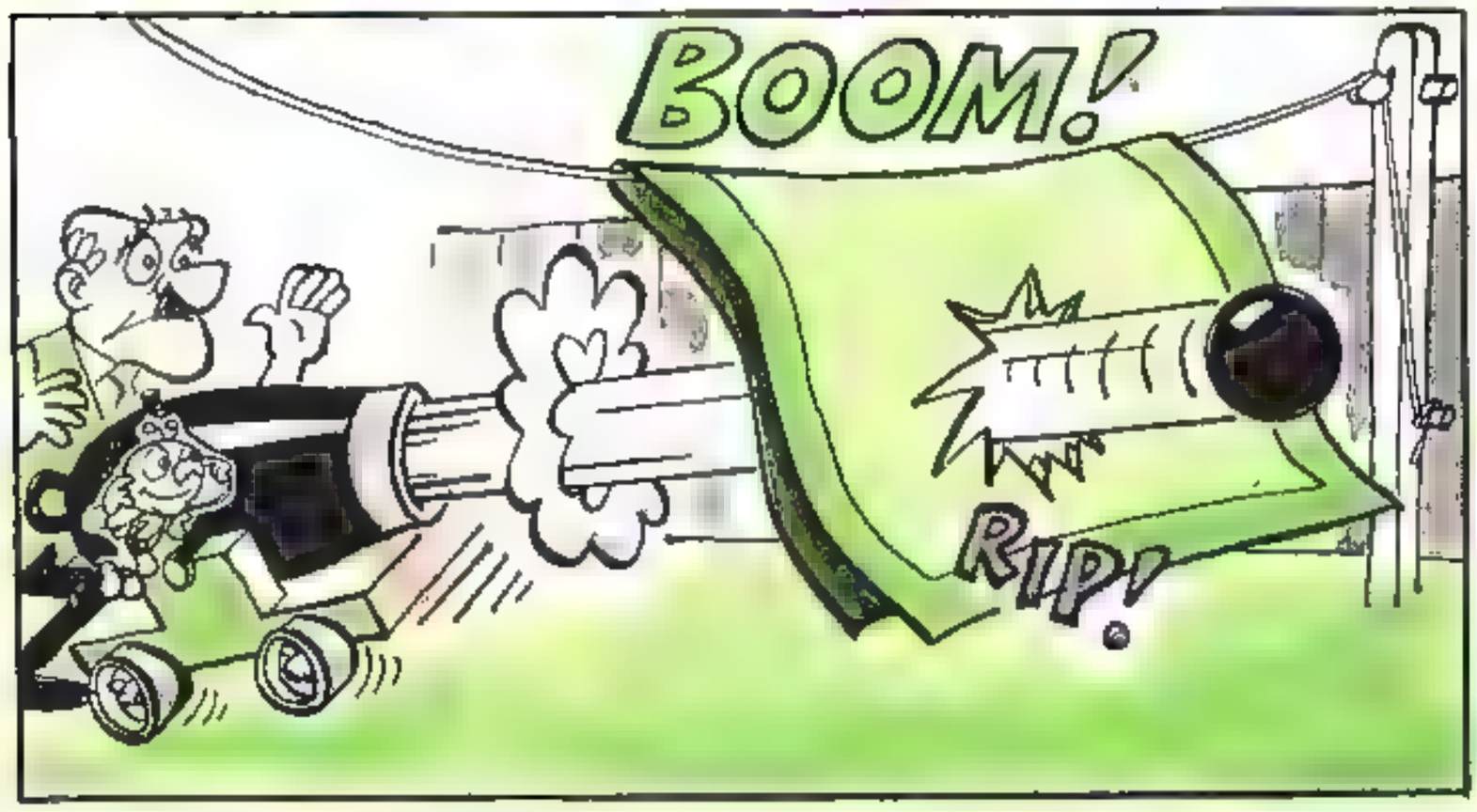
INSTEAD OF PLAYING SILLY GAMES YOU CAN COME AND FETCH MY BEST CARPET AND BEAT IT!


MEANWHILE...
DAD DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO LOAD THIS THING PROPERLY!
GUN POWDER


LATER...
HEY, DAD, YOU'LL NEAR YOURSELF OUT DOING THAT!

FIRE A CANNON BALL AT THE CARPET. THAT'LL GET R'D OF THE DUST!


HE'S RIGHT. IF I FIRE FROM HERE THE CANNON BALL WILL JUST REACH THE CARPET!


BOOM!
RIP!

LATER...
TAKE THAT FOR RUINING MY BEST CARPET!
WHACK-WHACK!
OW! OUCH!

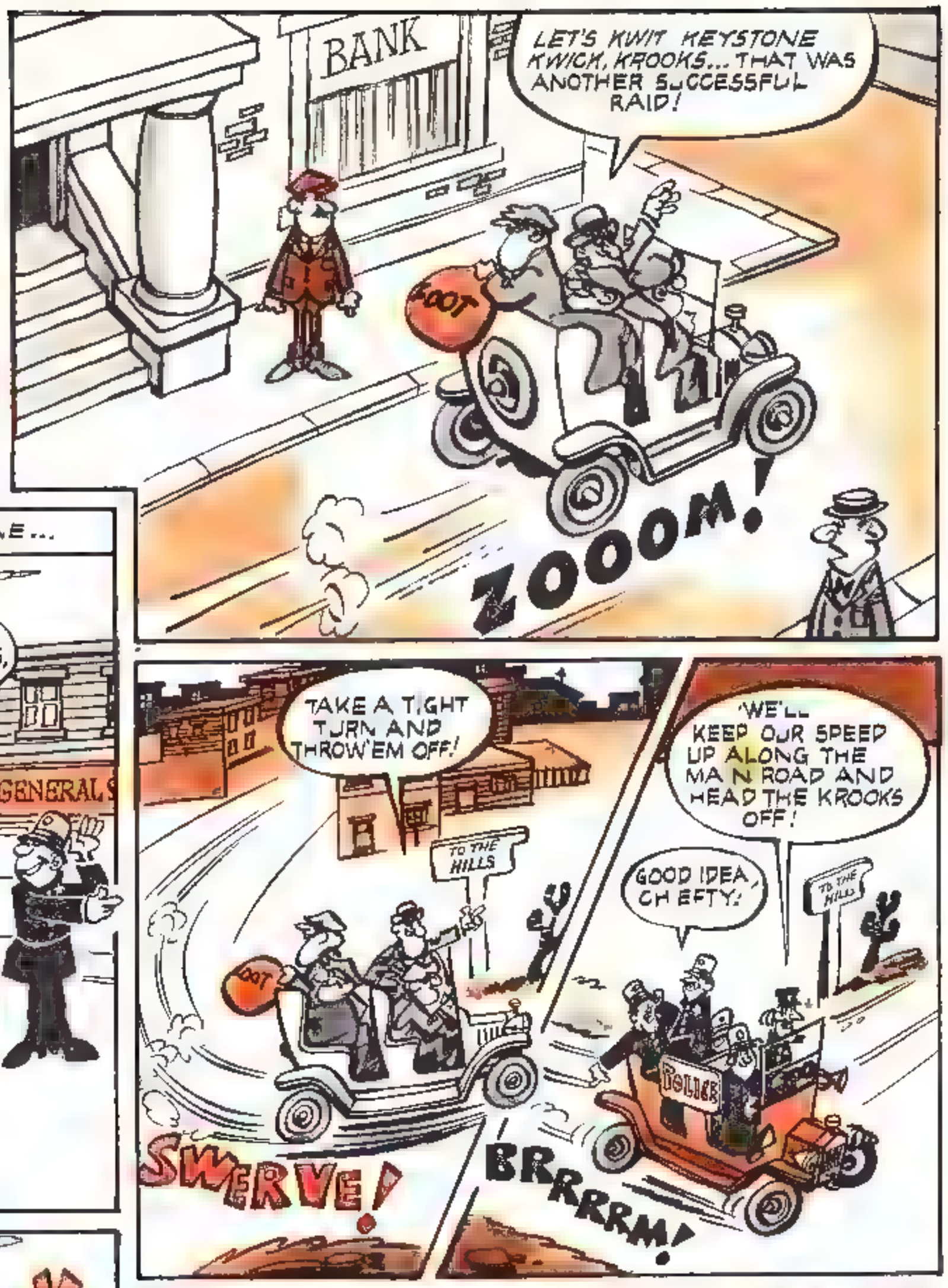
Bob Monkhouse's

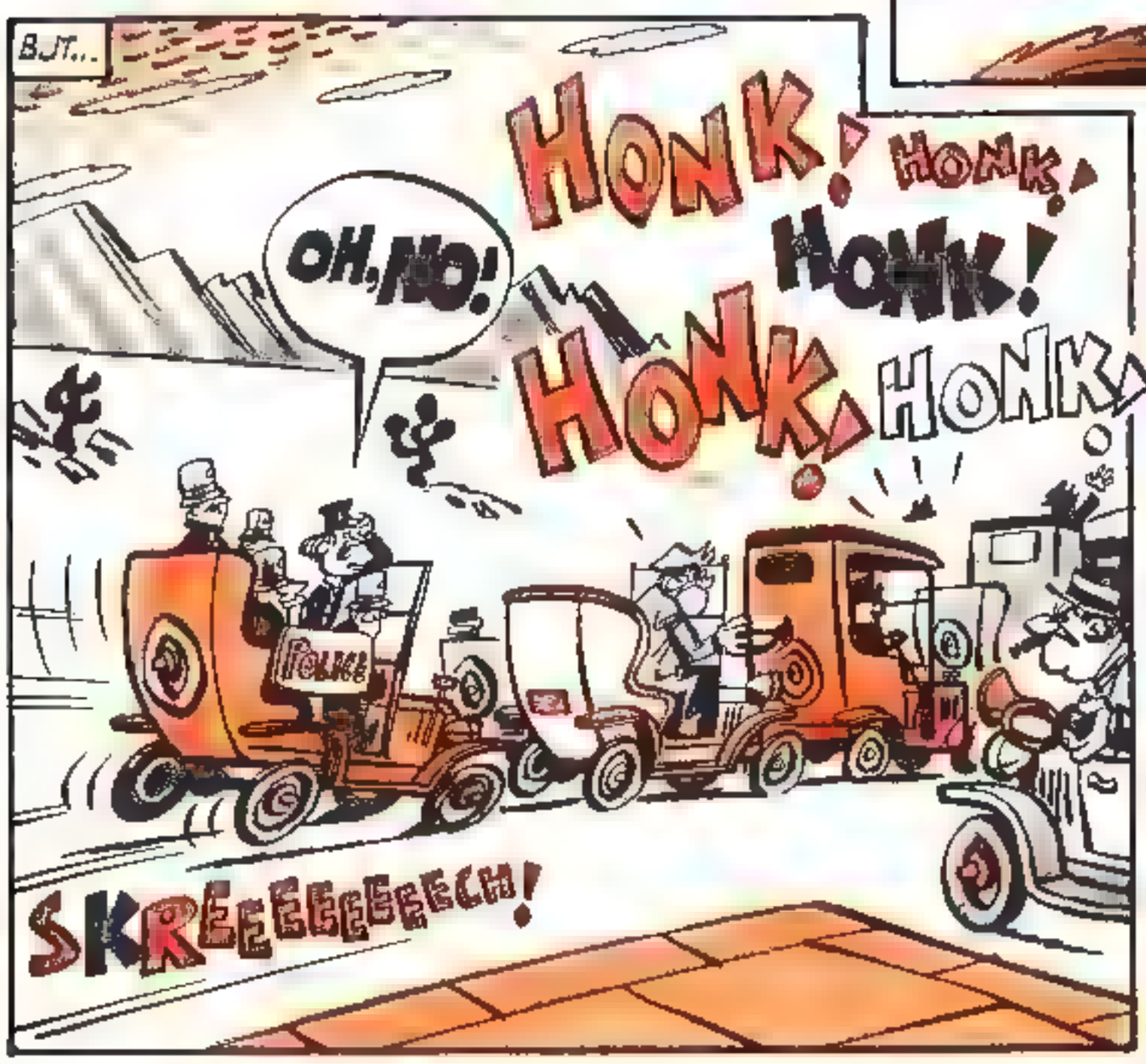
MAD MOVIES

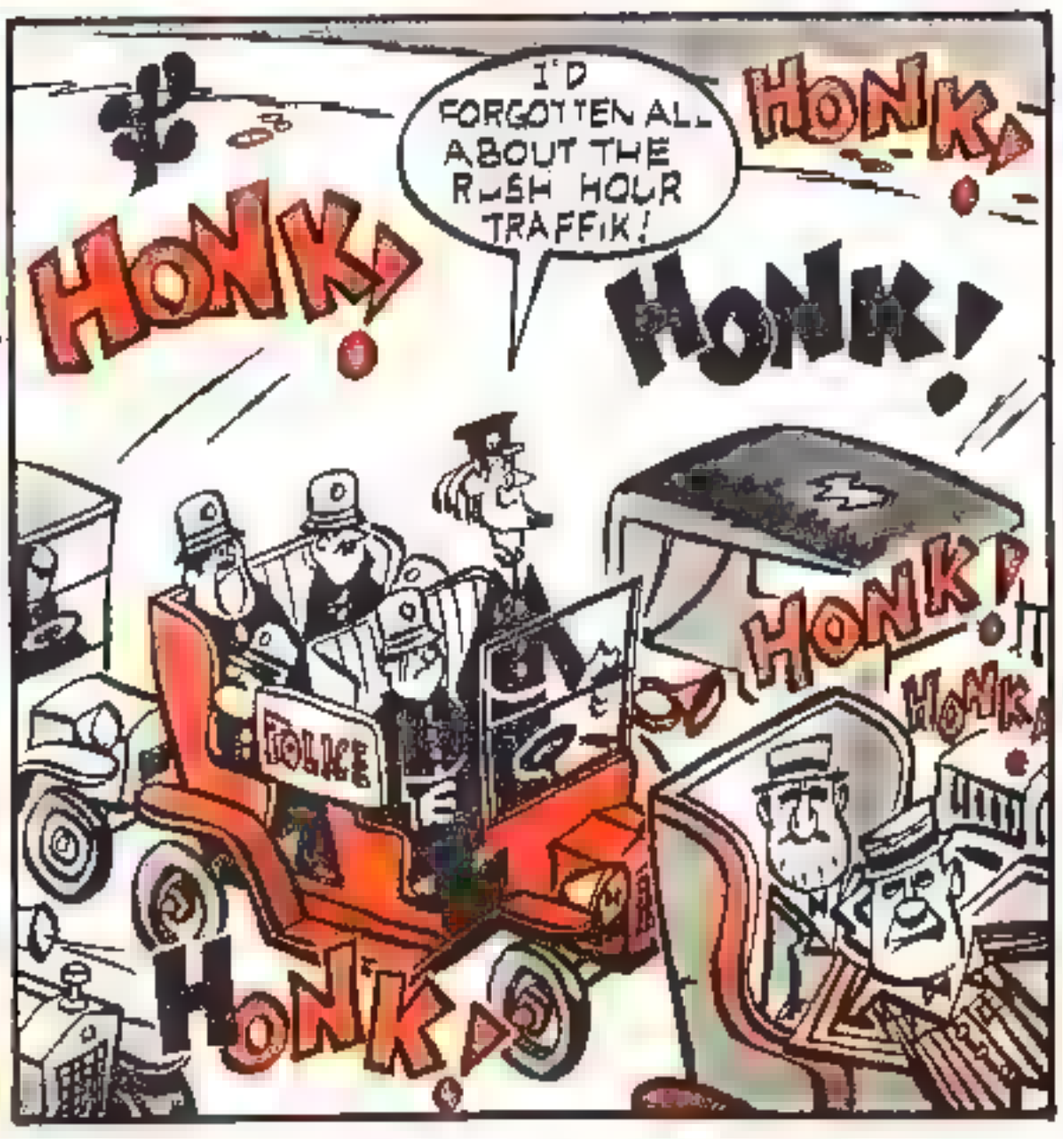
featuring

the

KEYSTONE KOPS







Rights granted by Raymond Rohauer, owner and assignee of Estate of Mack Sennett

HAW! HAW! THE KOPS ARE STUCK IN A TRAFFIK JAM! WHAT A SHAME!

ZOOOOM!

GRRR!

HONK!

HONK!

HONK!

HALF-HOUR LATER...

STEP ON IT! WE'VE GOT TO MAKE UP FOR LOST TIME!

LOOK AT THAT KLOT!.. I'LL NEVER STOP IN TIME!

SKREEEEECH

GENERAL STORES

BRRRRRM

WE'VE SMASHED ALL THE JAM JARS!

SMASH!

GENERAL STORES

SHATTER!

KRASH!

MEANWHILE, NEARBY...

I SHOULD SAY THOSE KRACKPOT KOPS HAVE GIVEN UP BY NOW AND GONE BACK TO THE R KLINK!

ZOOOOOOM

JUST THEN...

OH, NO!

SKREEEEECH!

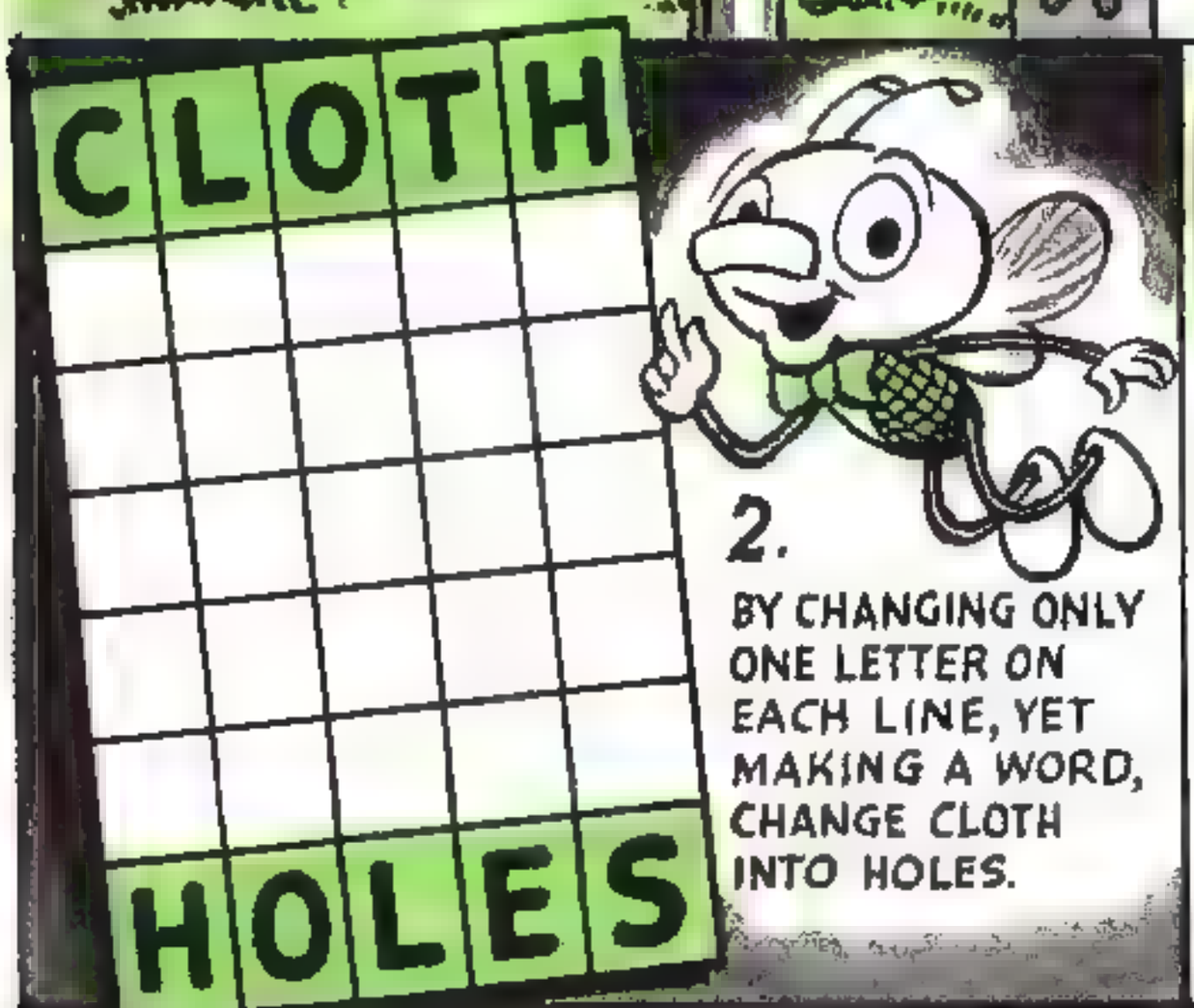
LOOKS LIKE IT'S THE KROOKS TURN TO BE STUCK IN A JAM! HAW! HAW!

GLOOM

HAW! HAW!

A page of PUZZLES

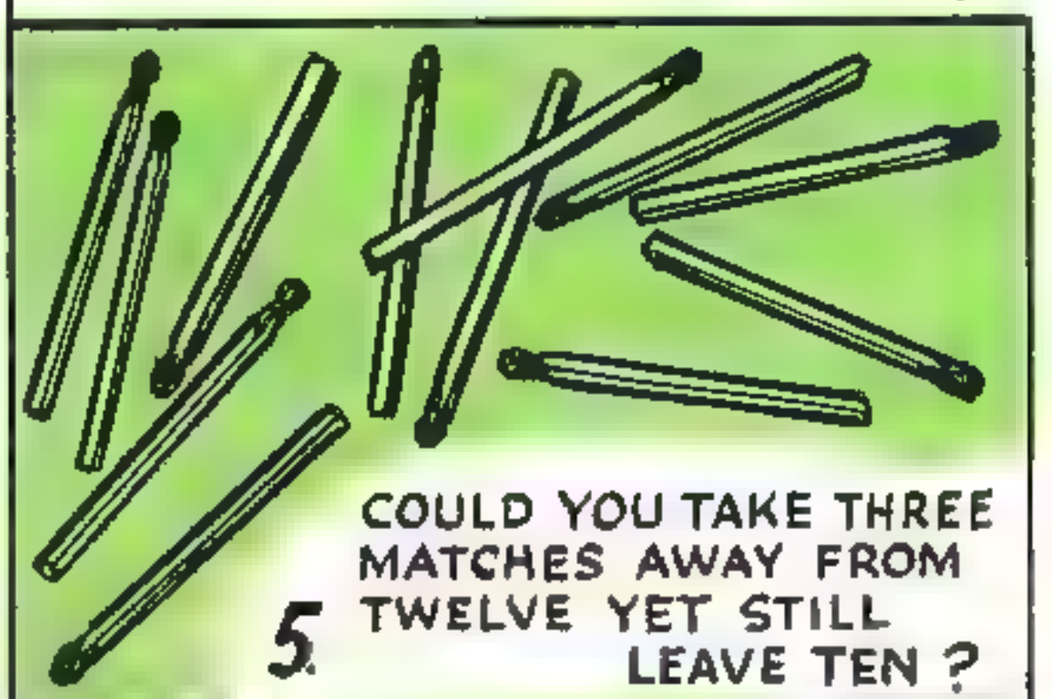
1. HOW MANY THINGS BEGINNING WITH THE LETTER 'B' CAN YOU FIND IN THIS PICTURE?



2. BY CHANGING ONLY ONE LETTER ON EACH LINE, YET MAKING A WORD, CHANGE CLOTH INTO HOLES.

3. HOW DOES THE MOUSE REACH THE CHEESE WITHOUT CROSSING A BLACK LINE?

4. TWO OF THESE PICTURES OF BASIL BRUSH ARE ALIKE. HOW QUICKLY CAN YOU SPOT THEM?



5. COULD YOU TAKE THREE MATCHES AWAY FROM TWELVE YET STILL LEAVE TEN?

ANSWERS

1. BONFIRE, BOX, BAIT, BUSH, BAG, BOTTLE, BREAD, BOAT, BUTTONS, BOOT, BUTTERFLY, BLOSSOM, BARN, BOUGH, BIRD, BAT, BALL, BOW.

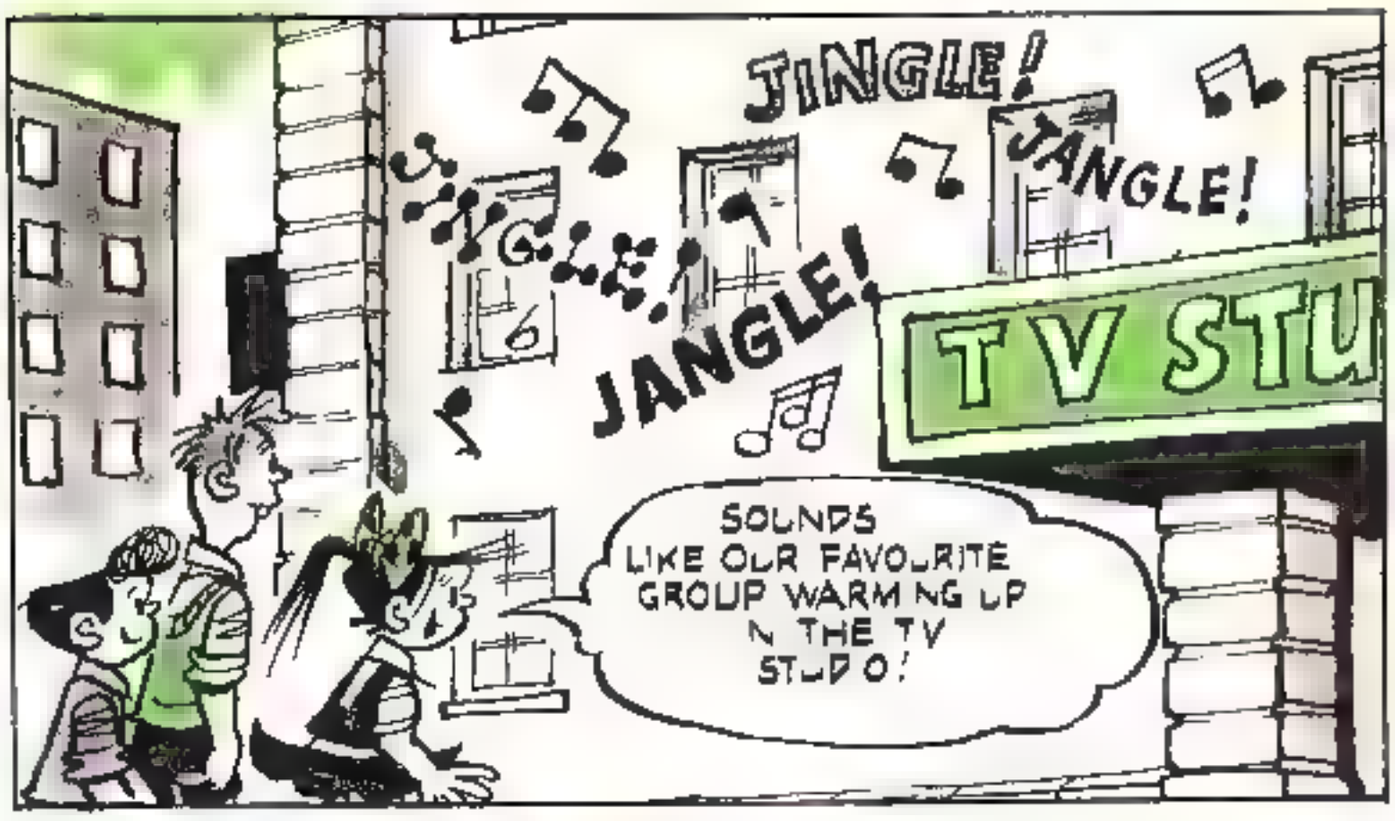
2. CLOTH, CLOTS, COOTS, COLTS, VOLTS, VOLES, HOLES.

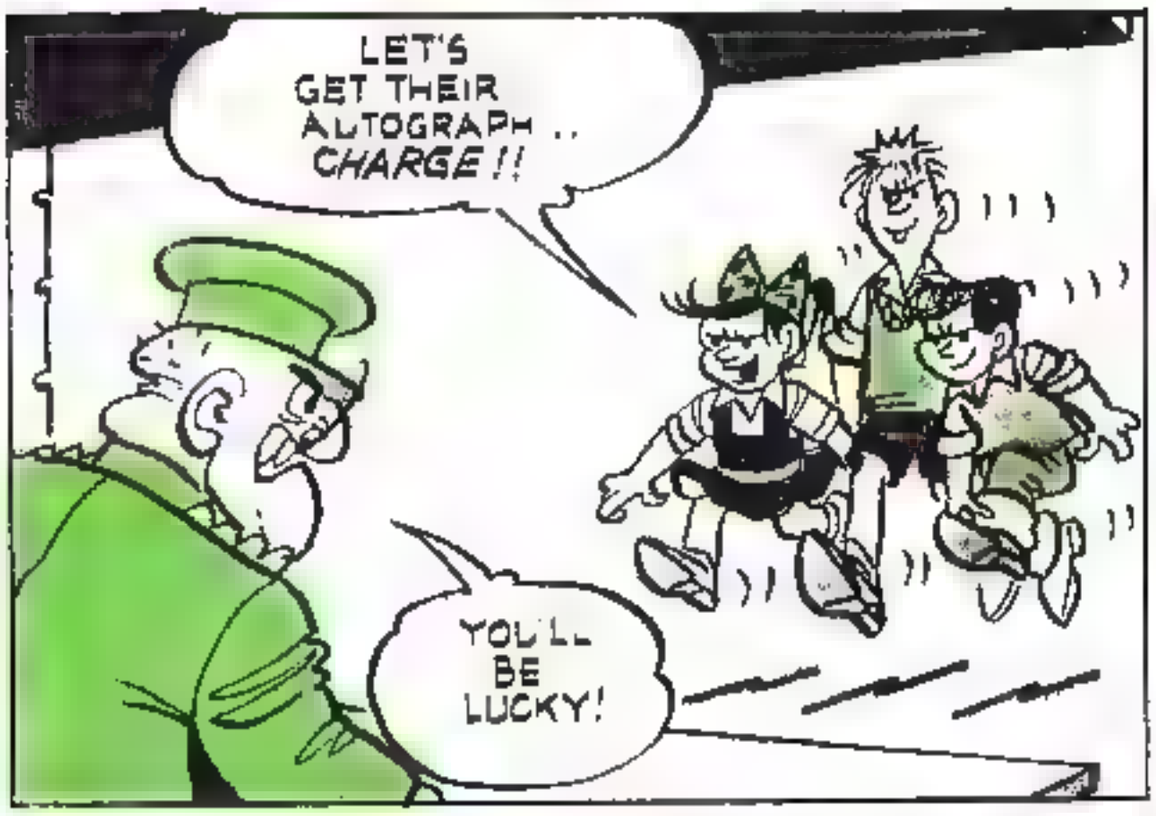
3. YOU CAN FIND IT BY TRIAL AND ERROR.

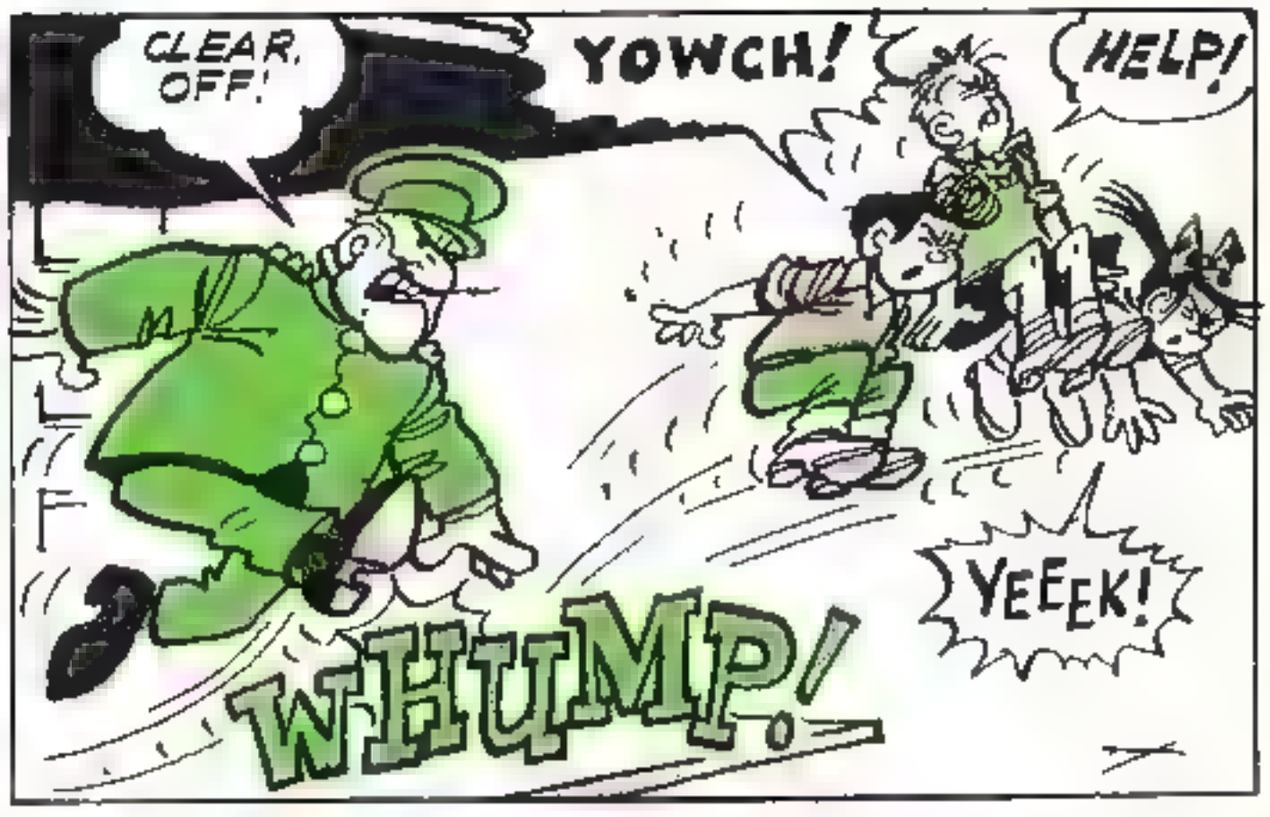
4. C AND D.

5. MAKE THE WORD TEN.

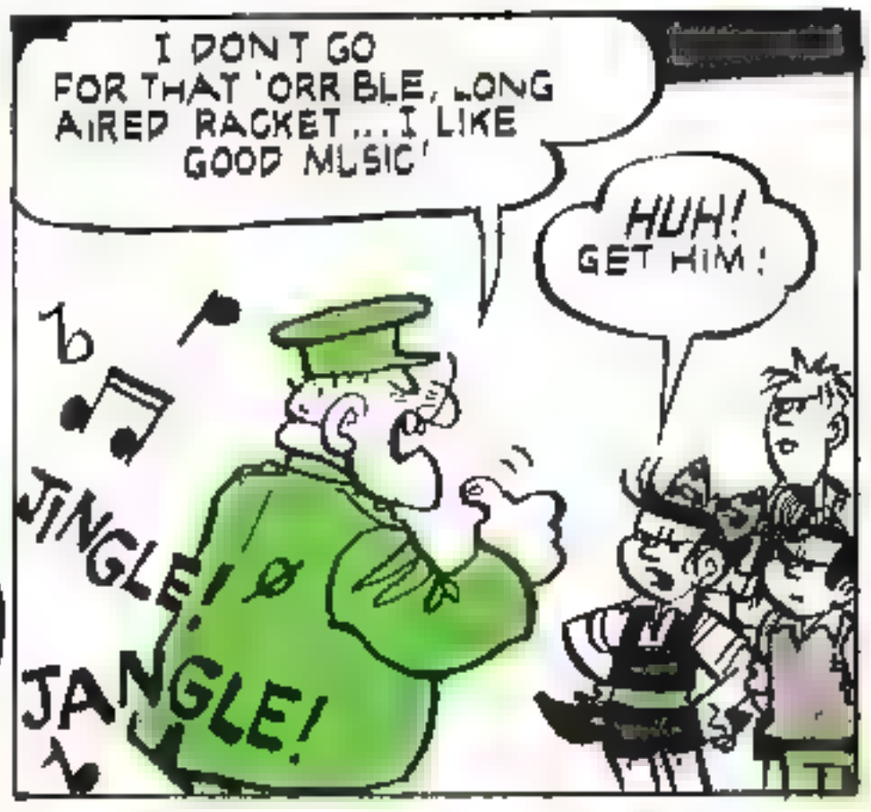
TV TERRORS


JINGLE!
JANGLE!
JANGLE!
TV STU
SOUNDS LIKE OUR FAVOURITE GROUP WARMING UP IN THE TV STUDIO!

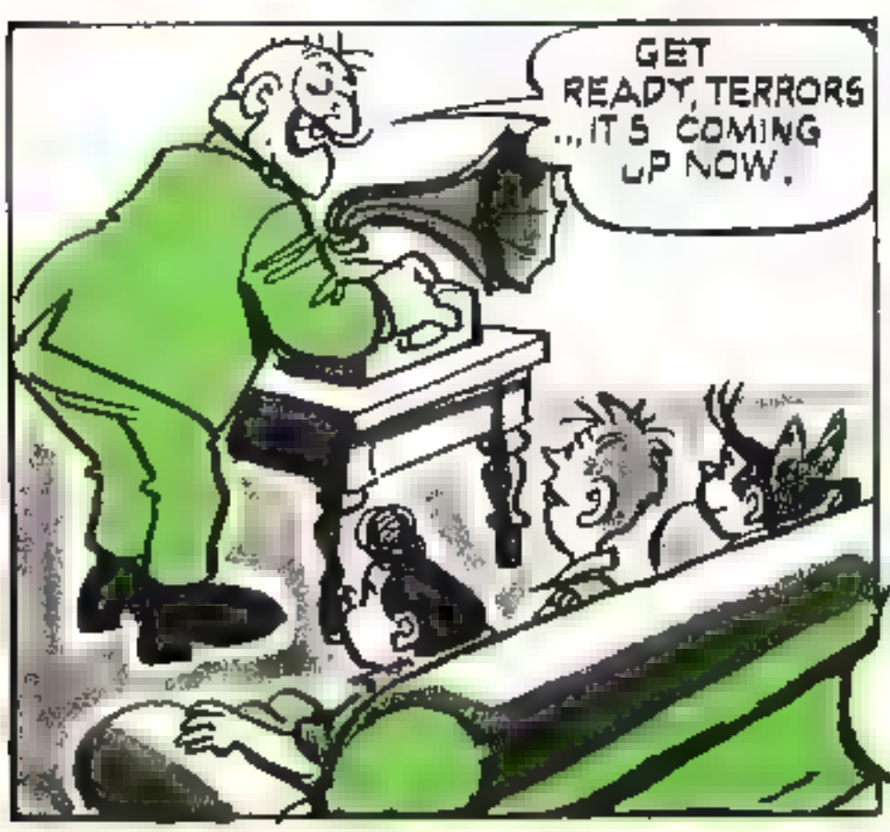

LET'S GET THEIR AUTOGRAPH .. CHARGE!!
YOU'LL BE LUCKY!

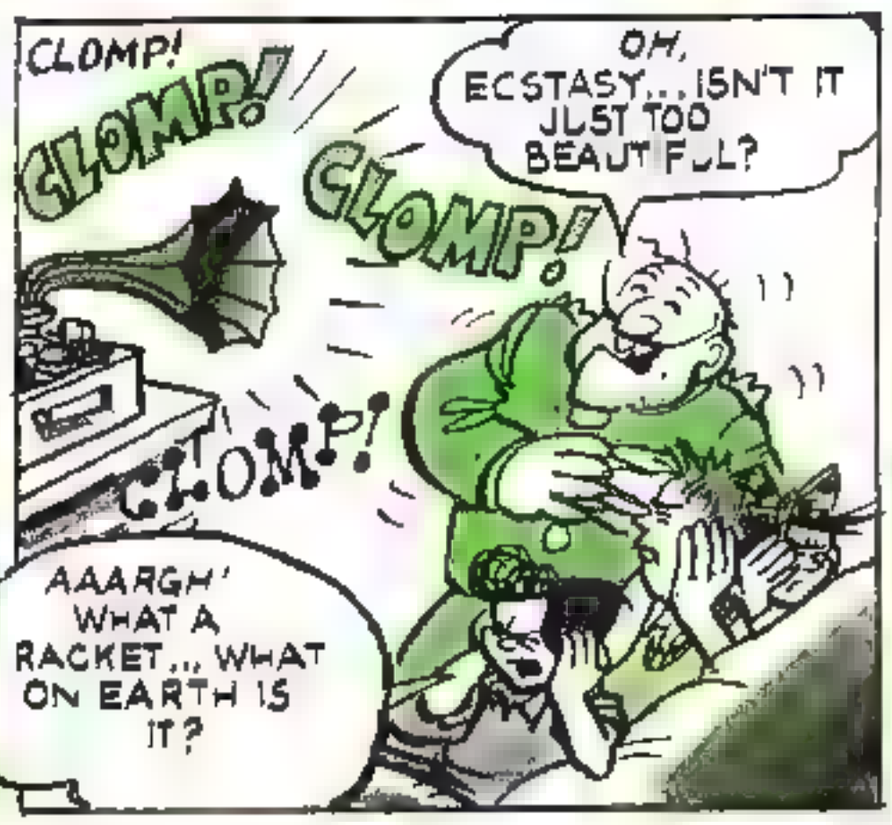

CLEAR OFF!
YOWCH!
HELP!
WHUMP!
YEEEK!

WHAT'S UP WITH YOU?... HAVE YOU GOT SOMETHING AGAINST MUSIC LOVERS?
NOT AT ALL... I HAPPEN TO BE ONE MYSELF!


I DON'T GO FOR THAT 'ORRIBLE, LONG AIRED RACKET... I LIKE GOOD MUSIC!
HUH! GET HIM!
JINGLE!
JANGLE!

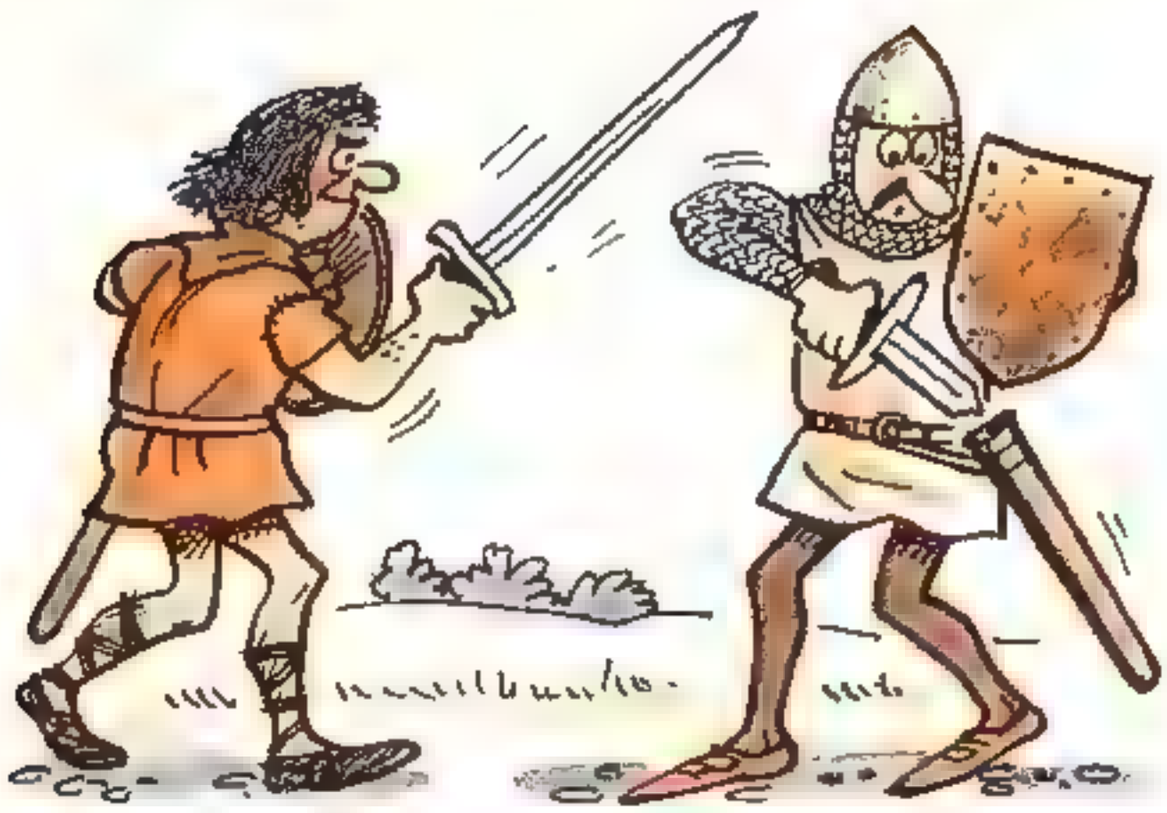
WHY DON'T YOU ALL COME OVER TO MY PLACE AND I'LL PLAY YOU SOME REALLY GOOD MUSIC!
OKAY!
SUPER!

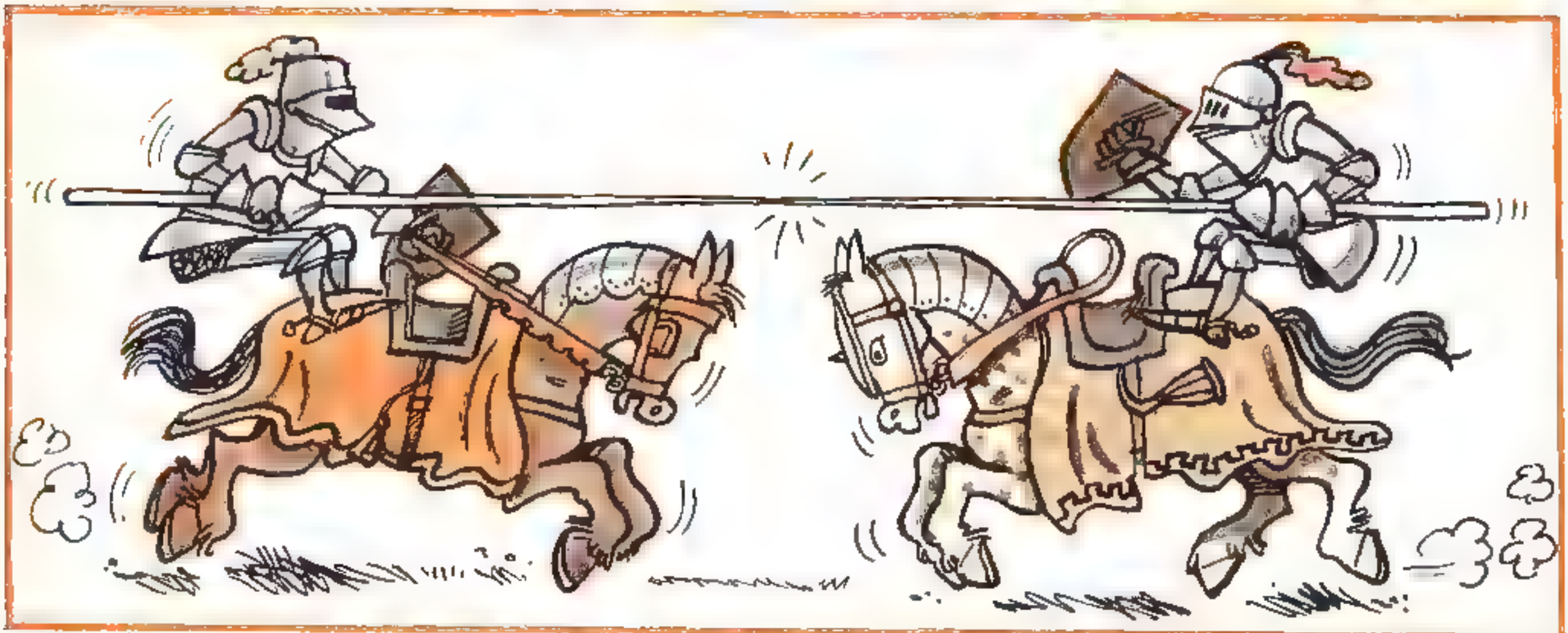

GET READY, TERRORS ... IT'S COMING UP NOW.

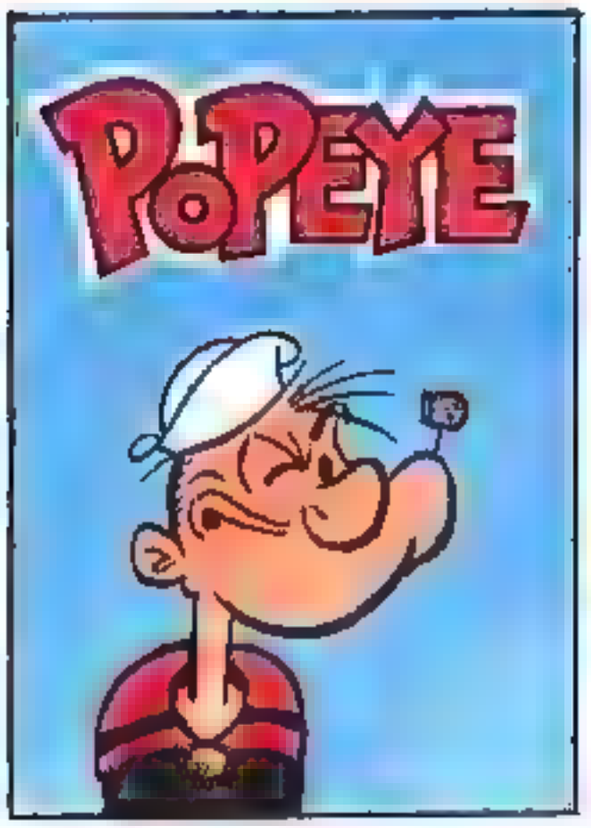

CLOMP!
CLOMP!
CLOMP!
CLOMP!
OH, ECSTASY... ISN'T IT JUST TOO BEAUTIFUL?
AAARGH! WHAT A RACKET... WHAT ON EARTH IS IT?

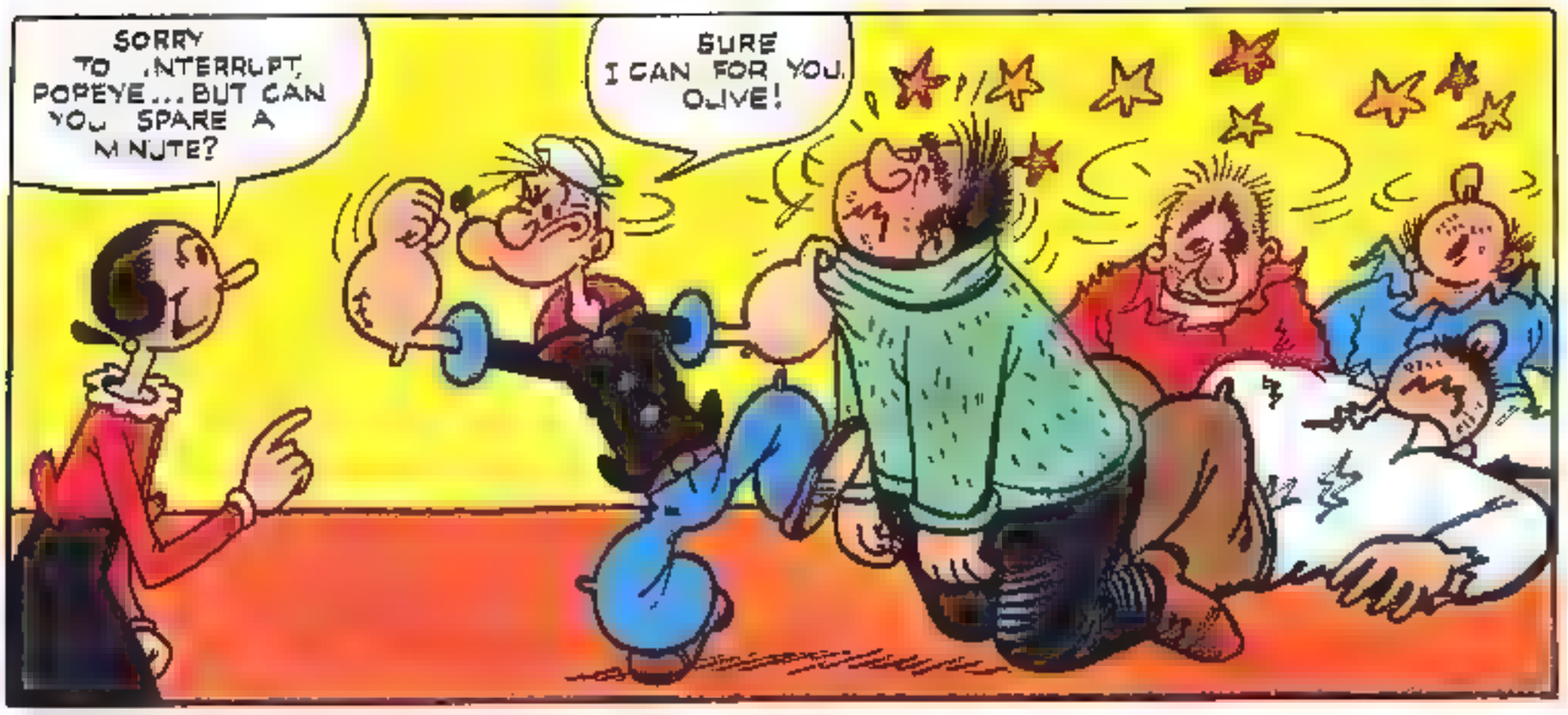
WHY IT'S THE MASSED BOOTS OF THE QUEEN'S HOME GUARDS!
WE MIGHT'VE KNOWN.

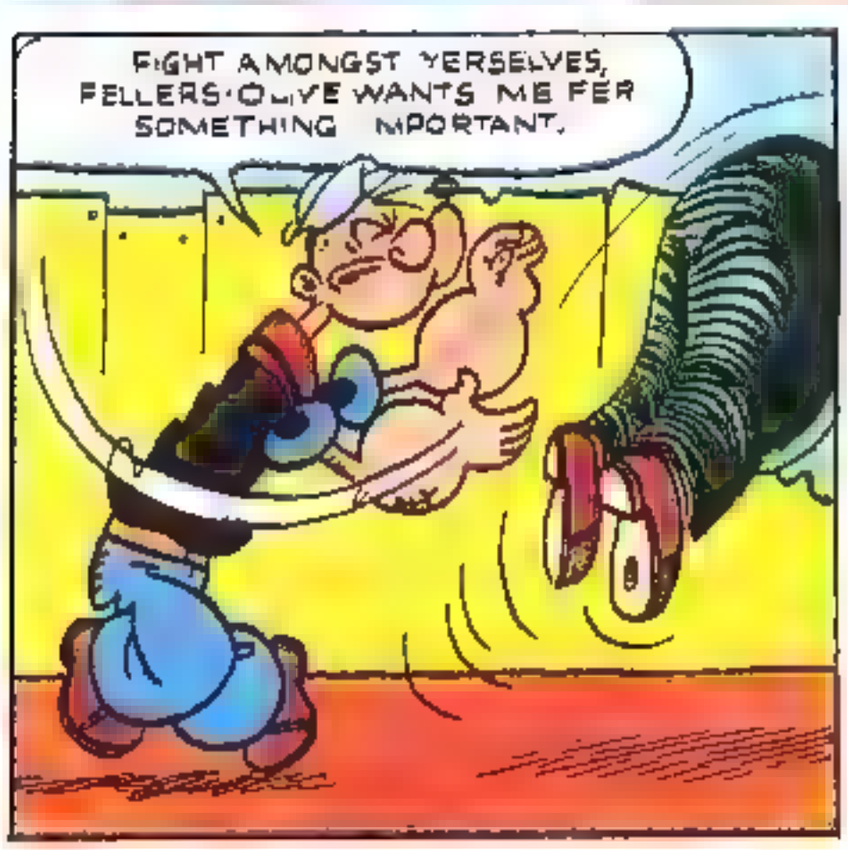
Fighting Fun!

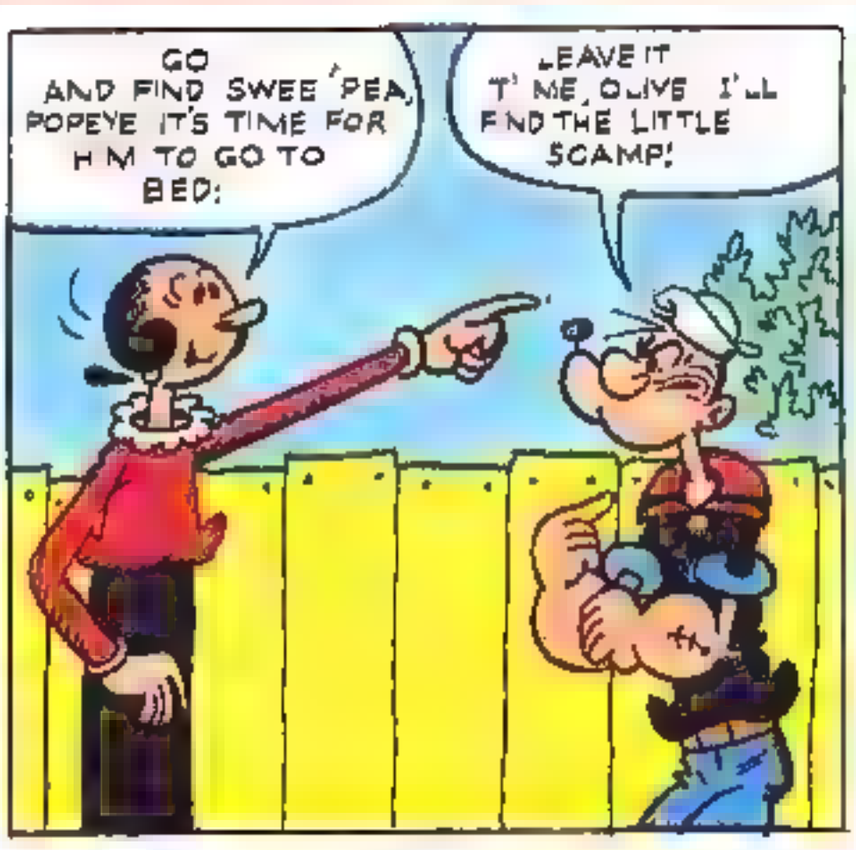


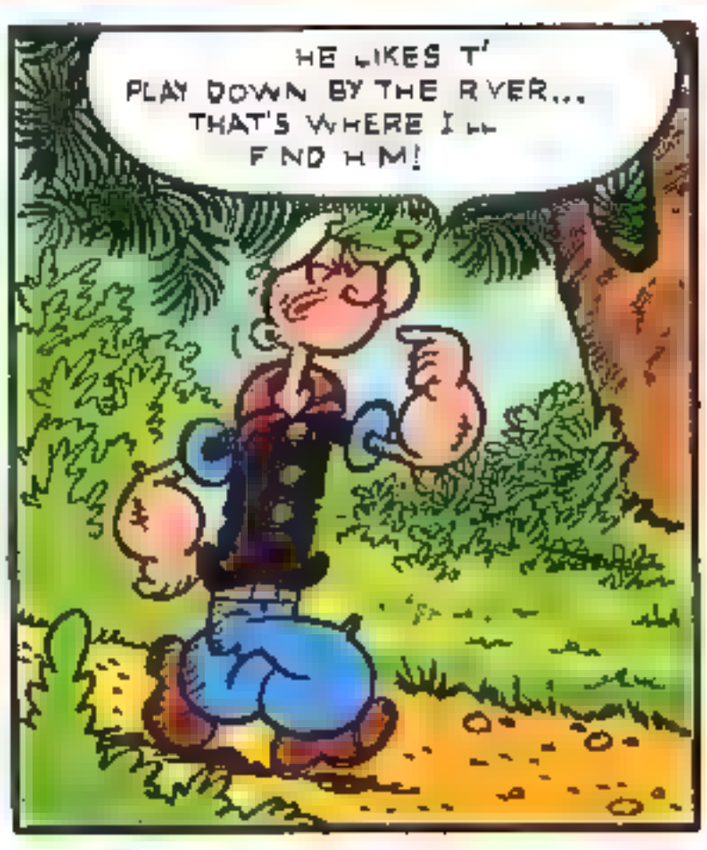


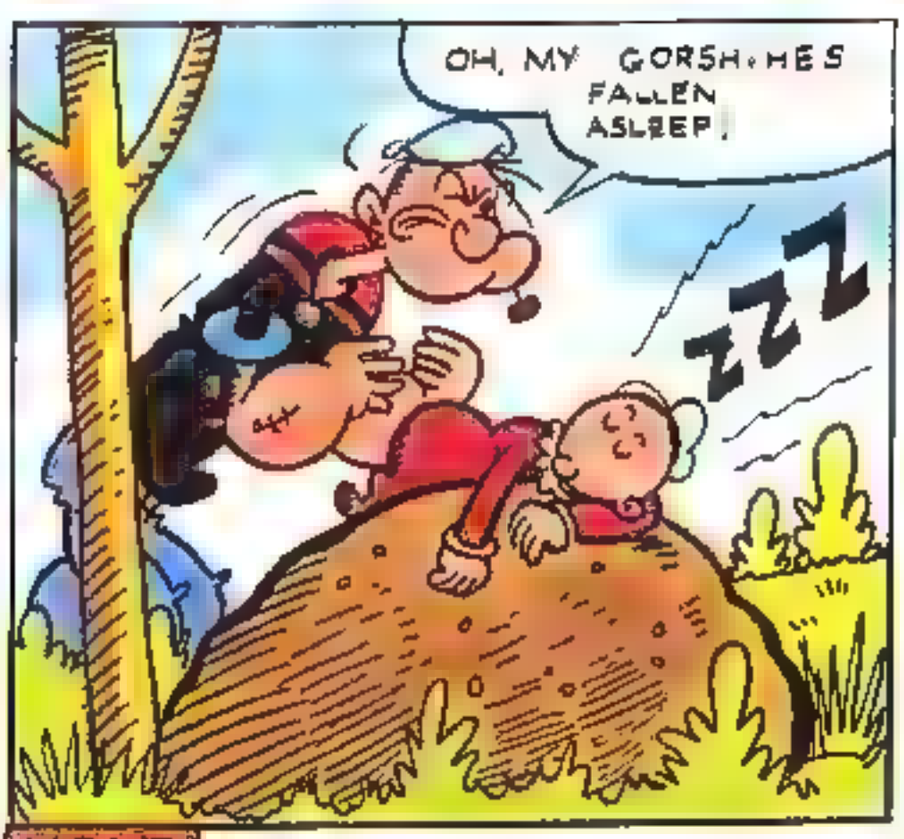


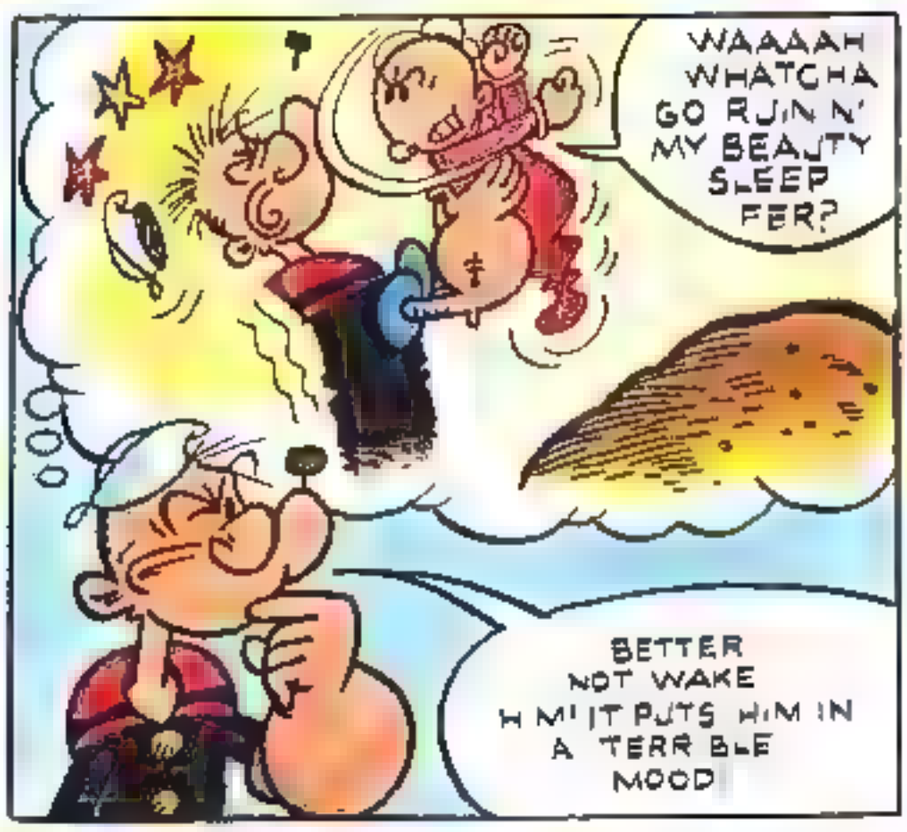


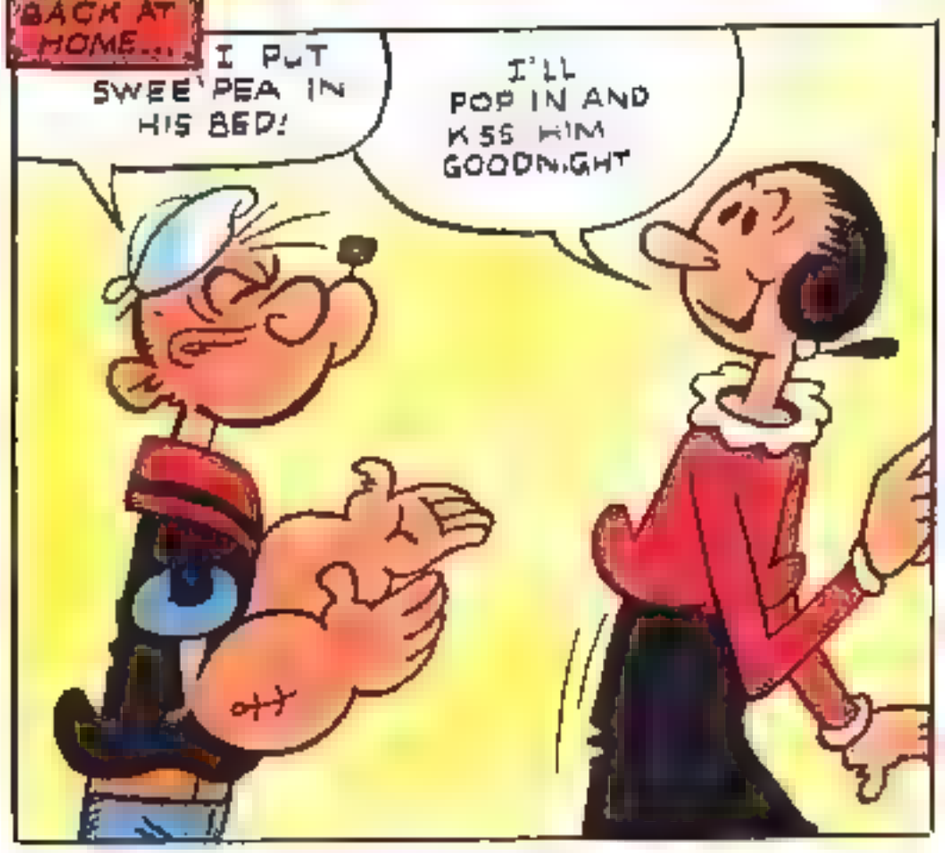


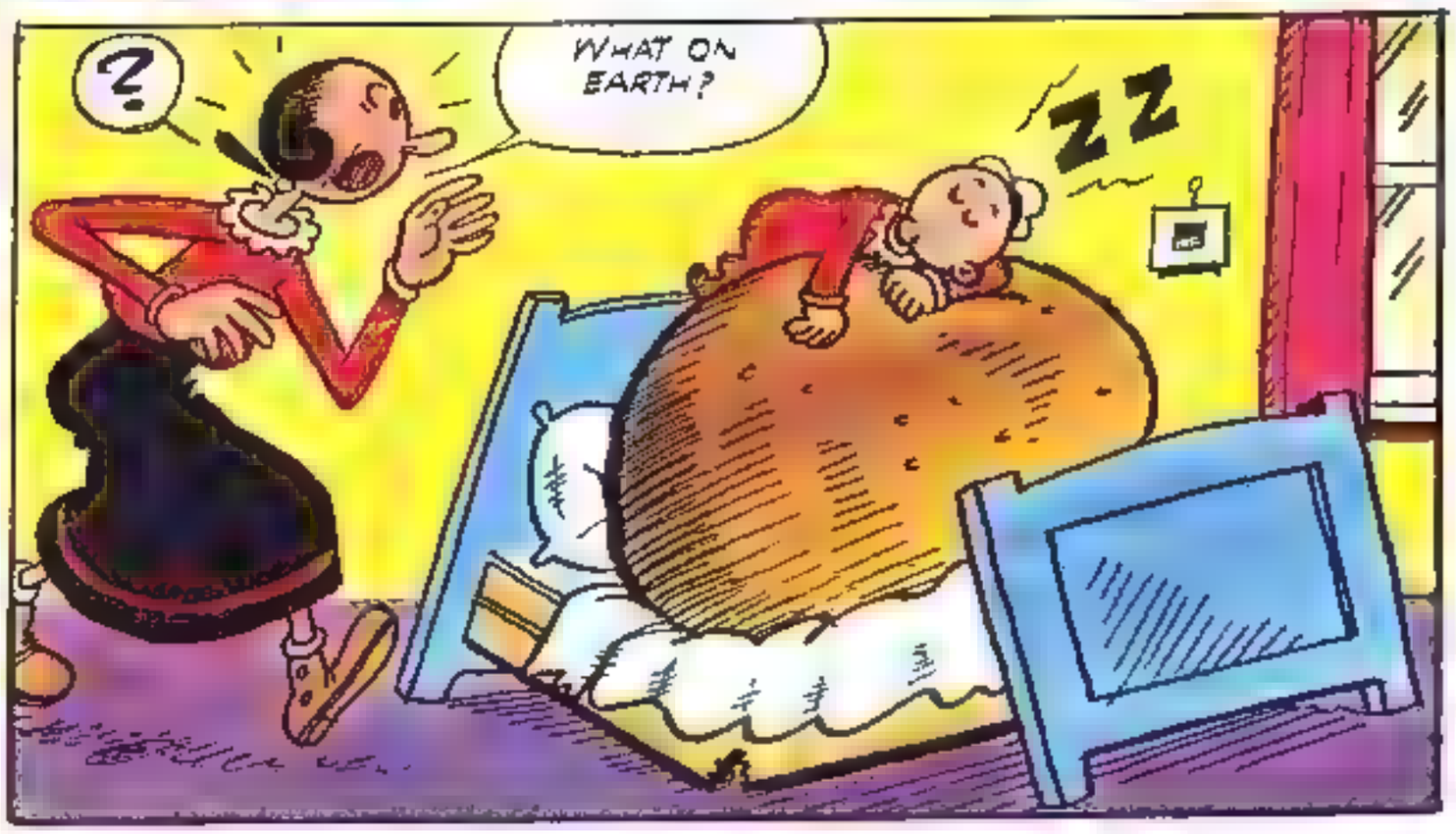












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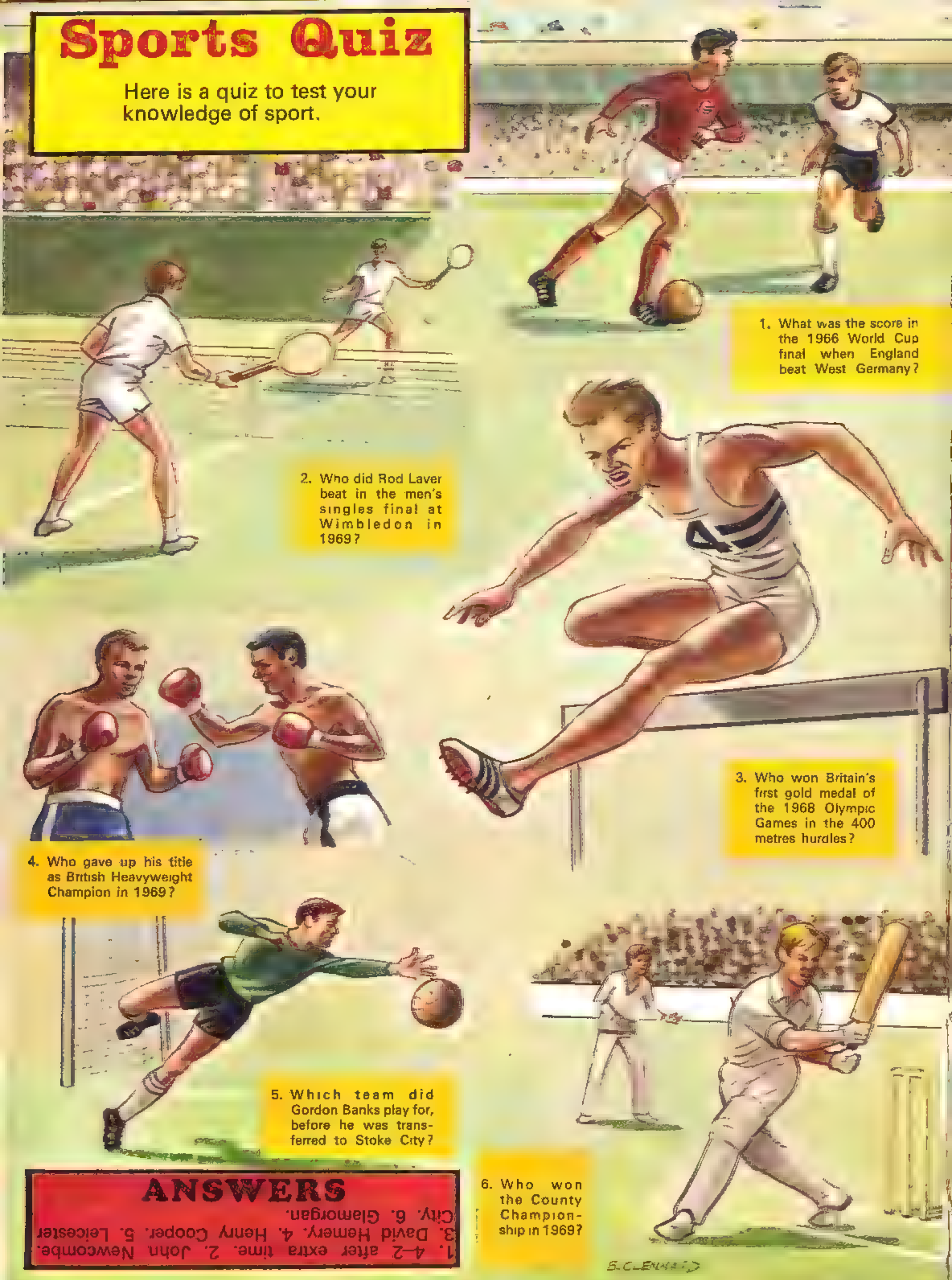
C Comic A

Sports Quiz

Here is a quiz to test your knowledge of sport.



1. What was the score in the 1966 World Cup final when England beat West Germany?

2. Who did Rod Laver beat in the men's singles final at Wimbledon in 1969?

3. Who won Britain's first gold medal of the 1968 Olympic Games in the 400 metres hurdles?

4. Who gave up his title as British Heavyweight Champion in 1969?

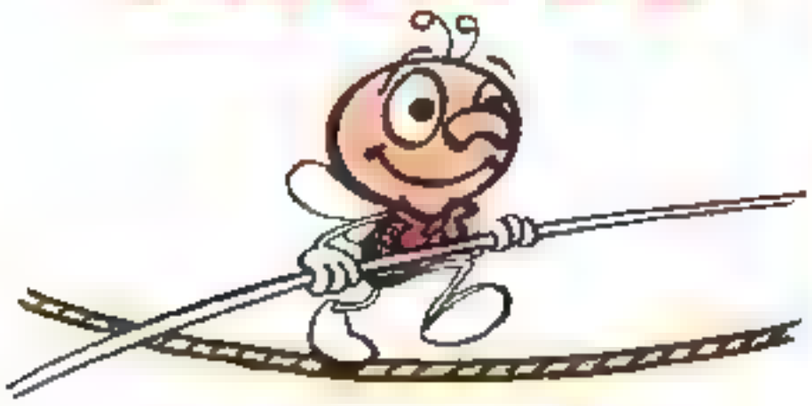
5. Which team did Gordon Banks play for, before he was transferred to Stoke City?

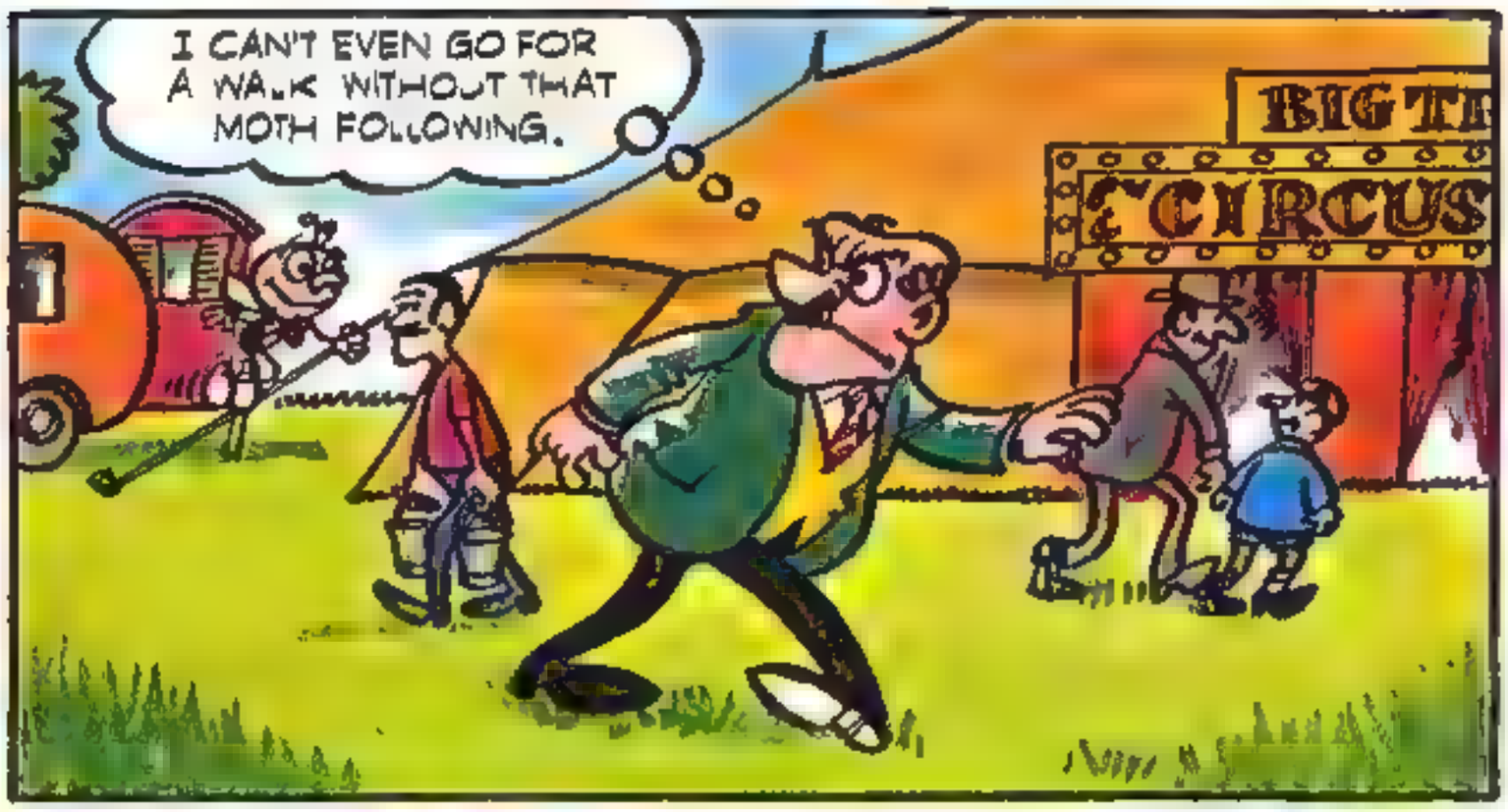
6. Who won the County Championship in 1969?

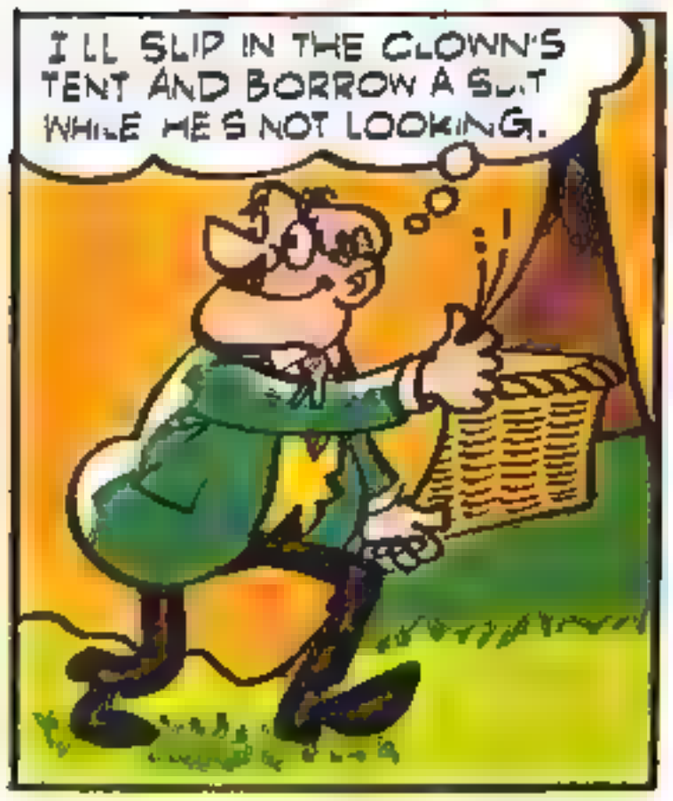
ANSWERS

1. 4—2 after extra time. 2. John Newcombe. 3. David Hemery. 4. Henry Cooper. 5. Leicester City. 6. Glamorgan.

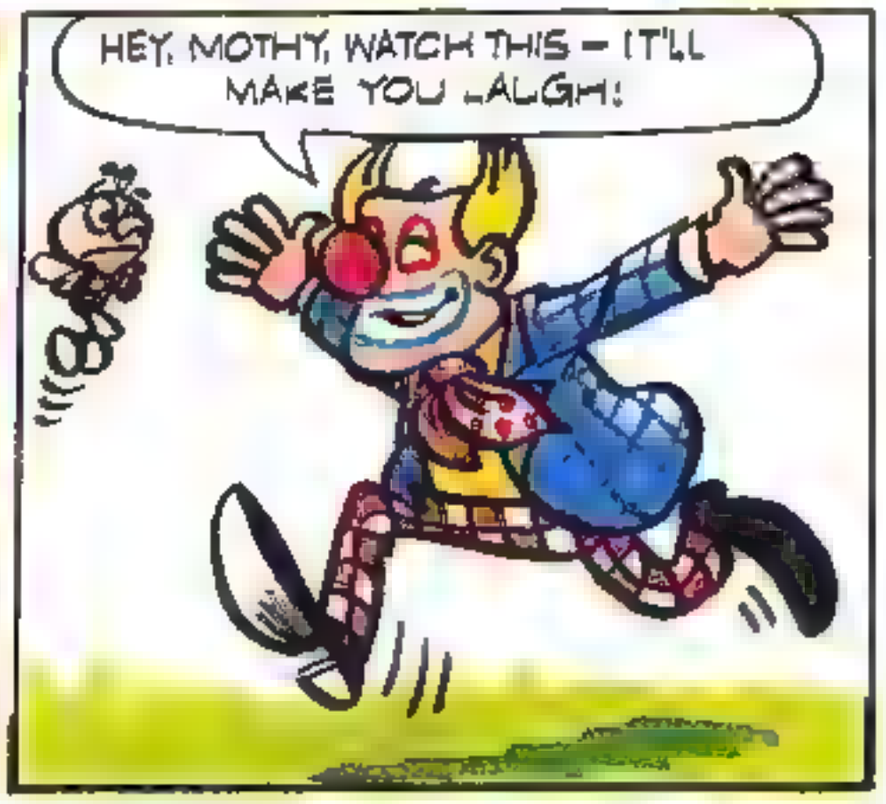
MIGHTY MOTH




I CAN'T EVEN GO FOR A WALK WITHOUT THAT MOTH FOLLOWING.
BIG TI
CIRCUS

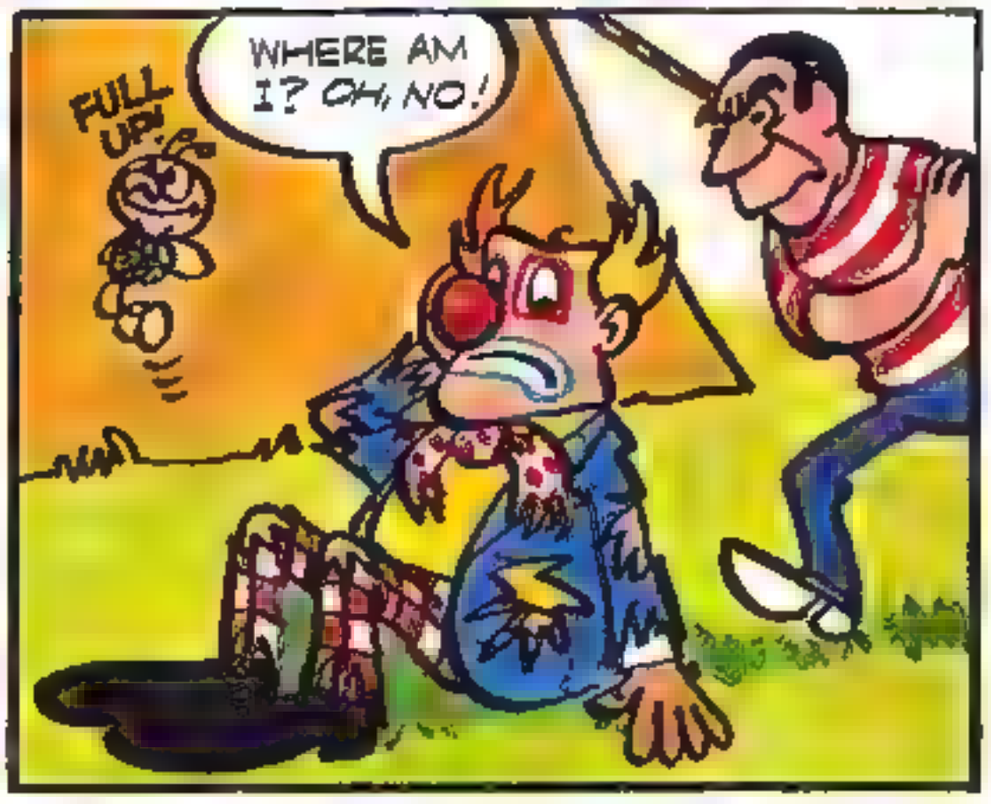

I'LL SLIP IN THE CLOWN'S TENT AND BORROW A SUIT WHILE HE'S NOT LOOKING.

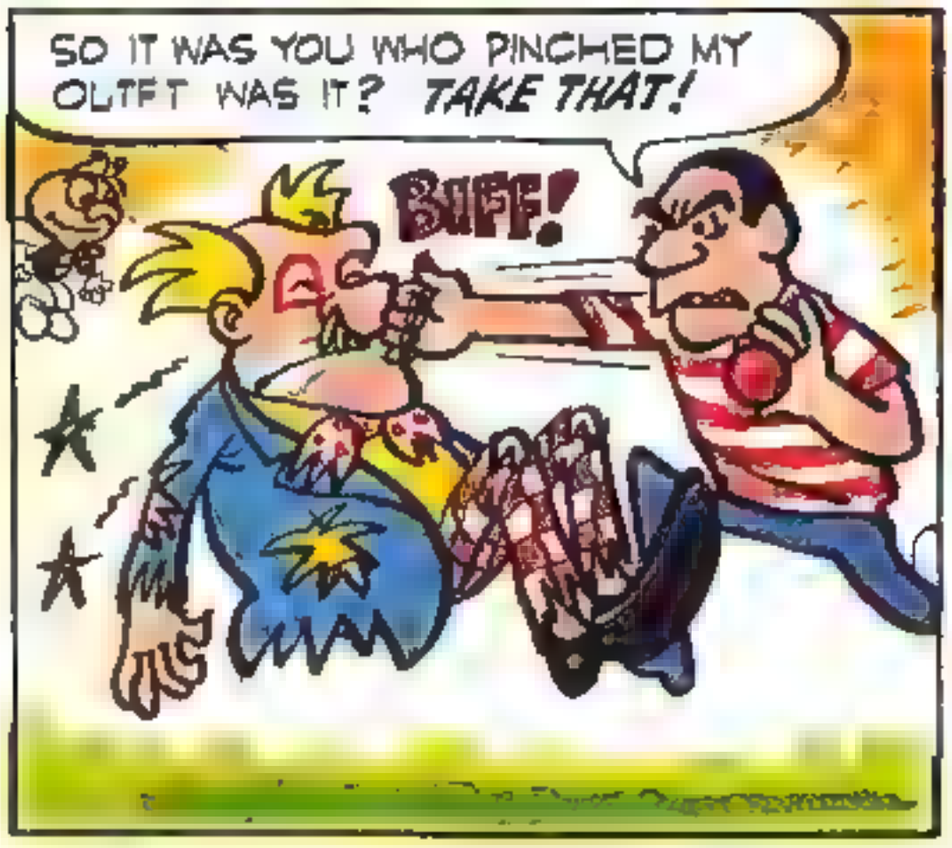
LATER...
NOW I'LL TUMBLE ABOUT, MAKE HIM LAUGH AND THEN I CAN SWOT HIM!

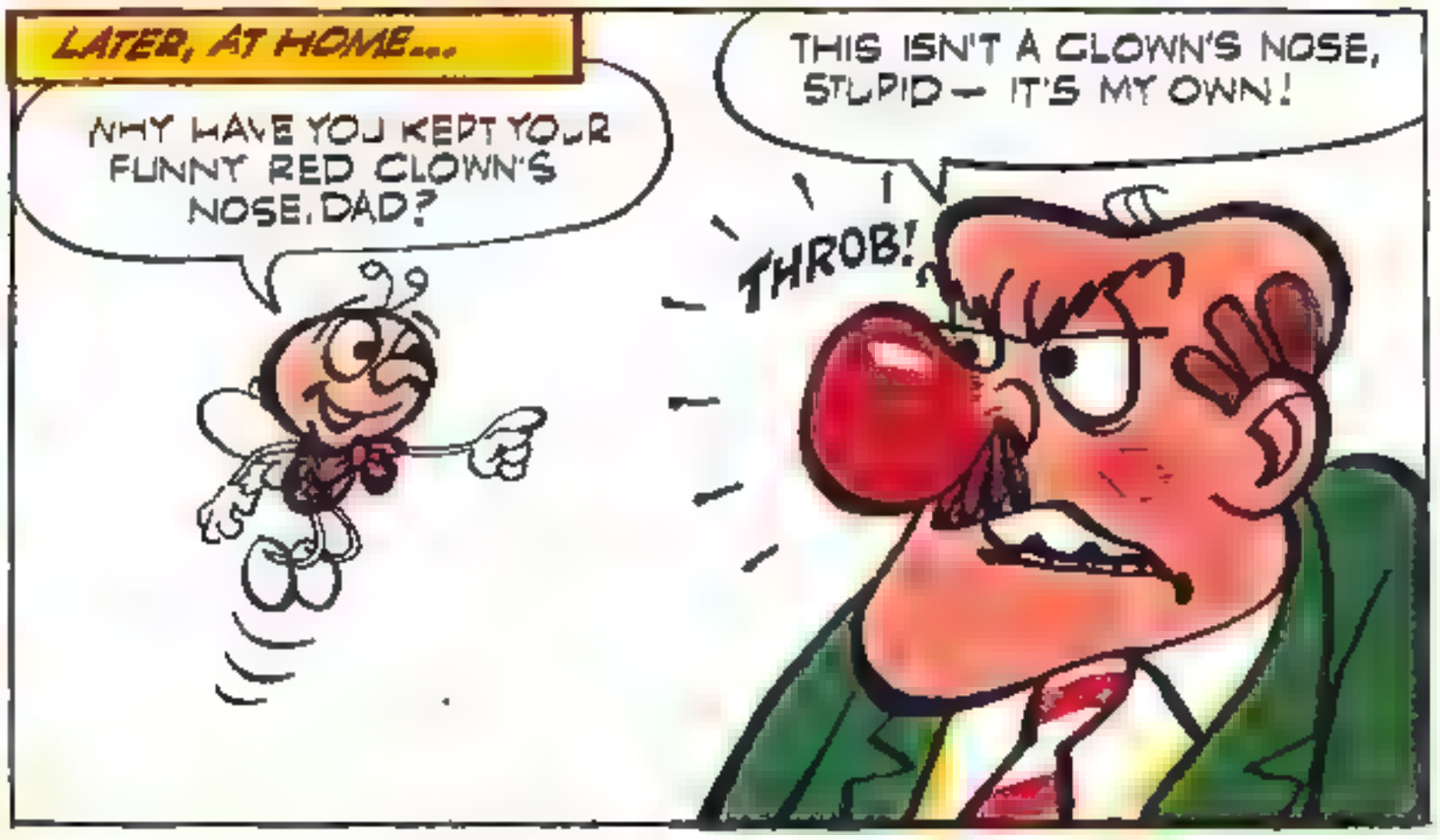

HEY, MOTHY, WATCH THIS – IT'LL MAKE YOU LAUGH!

CRUNCH!

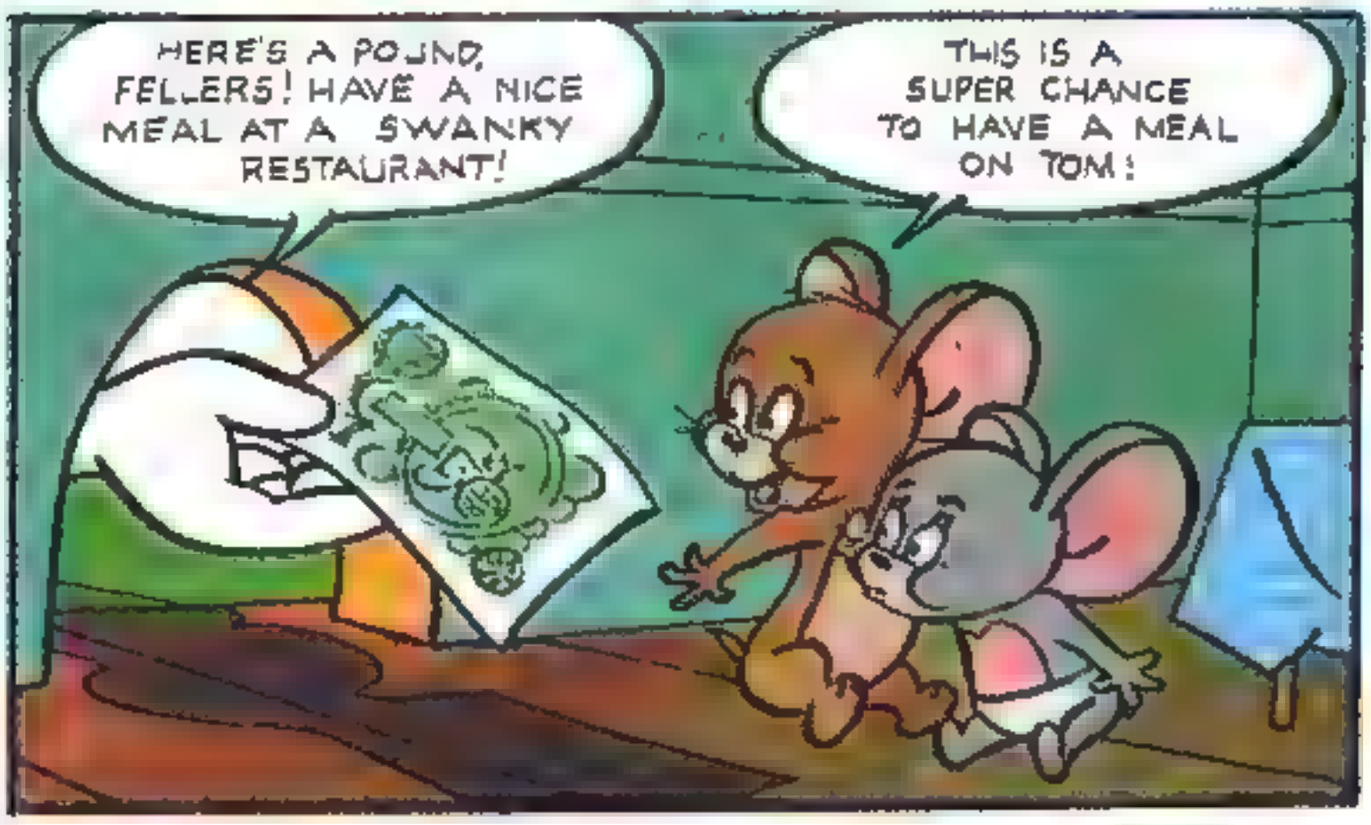
POOR OLD DAD HAS KNOCKED HIMSELF OUT – THINK I'LL EAT HIS SUIT!

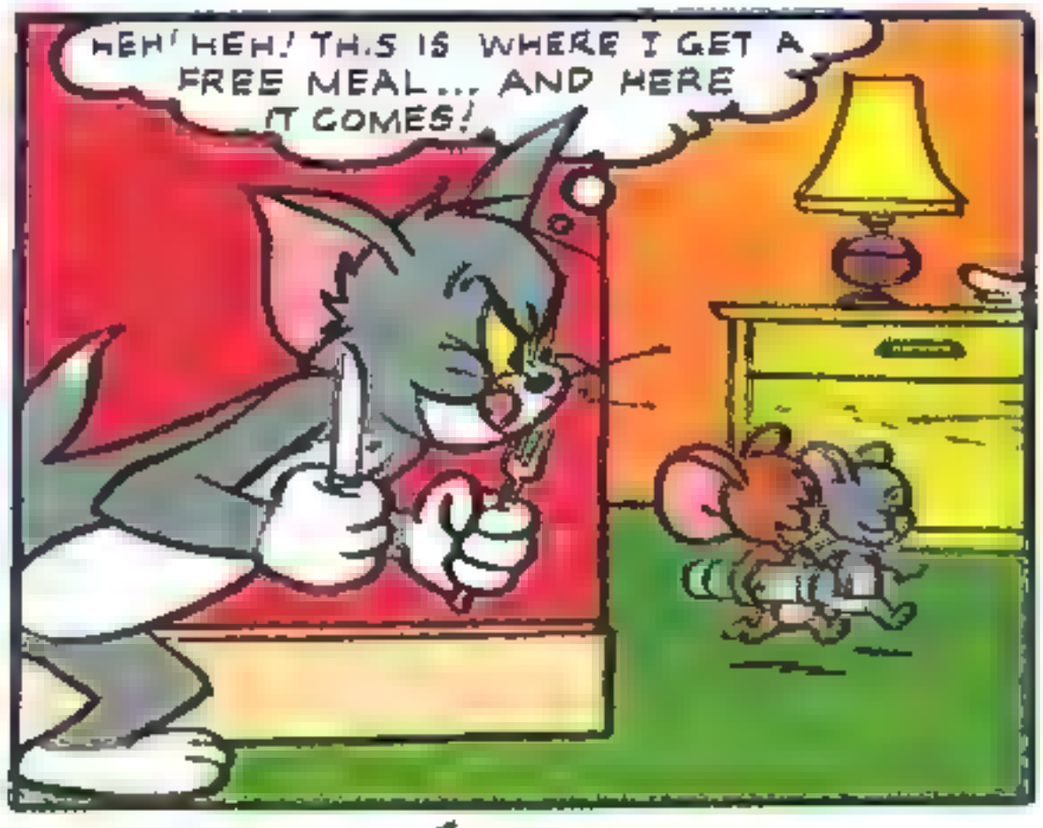

FULL UP.
WHERE AM I? OH, NO!

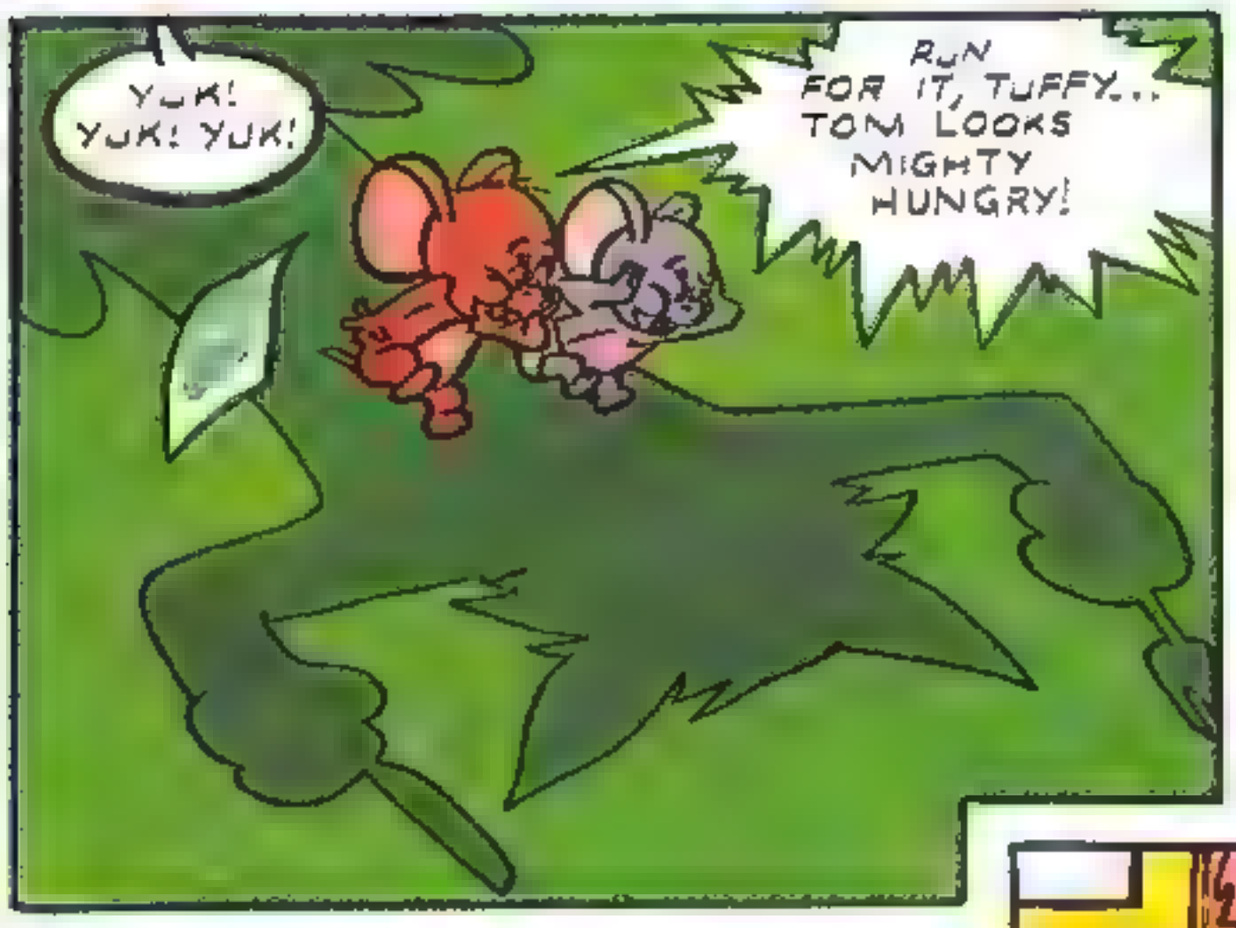

SO IT WAS YOU WHO PINCHED MY OUTFIT WAS IT? TAKE THAT!
BUFF!

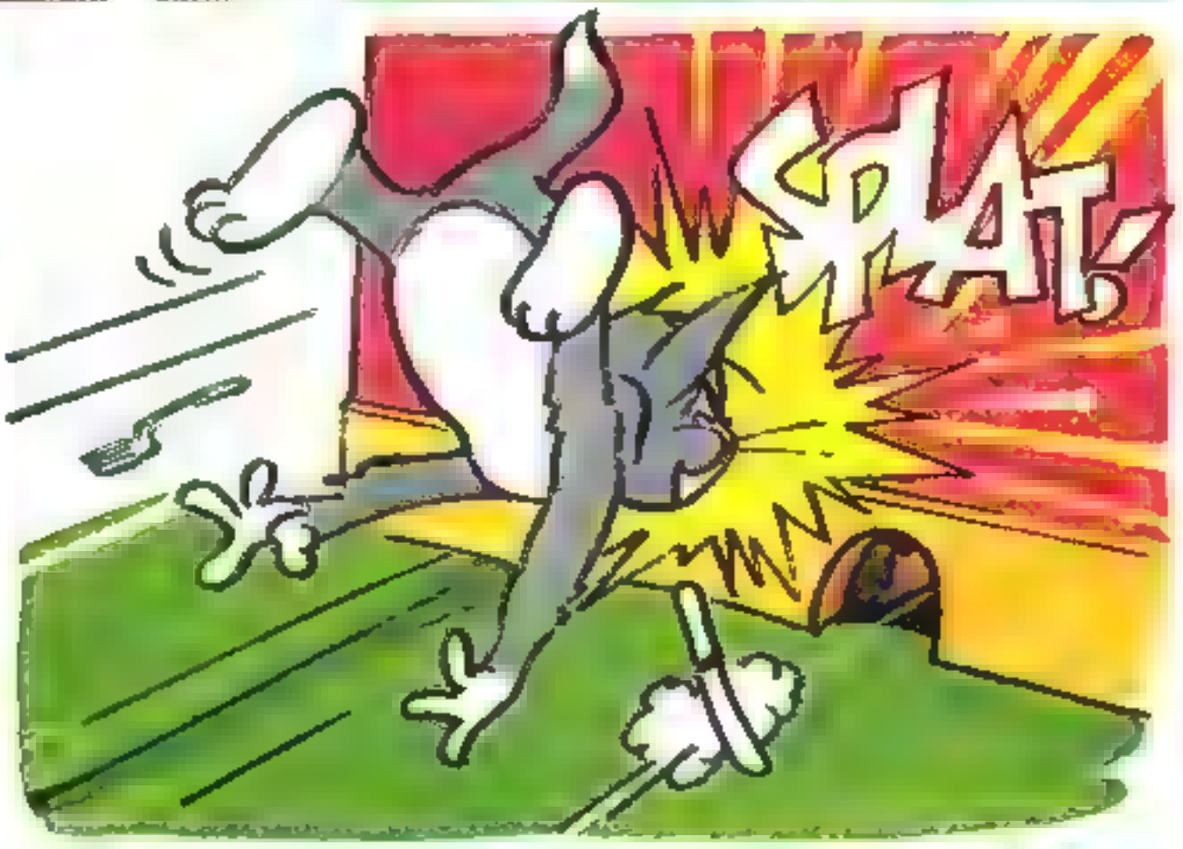

LATER, AT HOME...
WHY HAVE YOU KEPT YOUR FUNNY RED CLOWN'S NOSE, DAD?
THIS ISN'T A CLOWN'S NOSE, STUPID – IT'S MY OWN!
THROB!

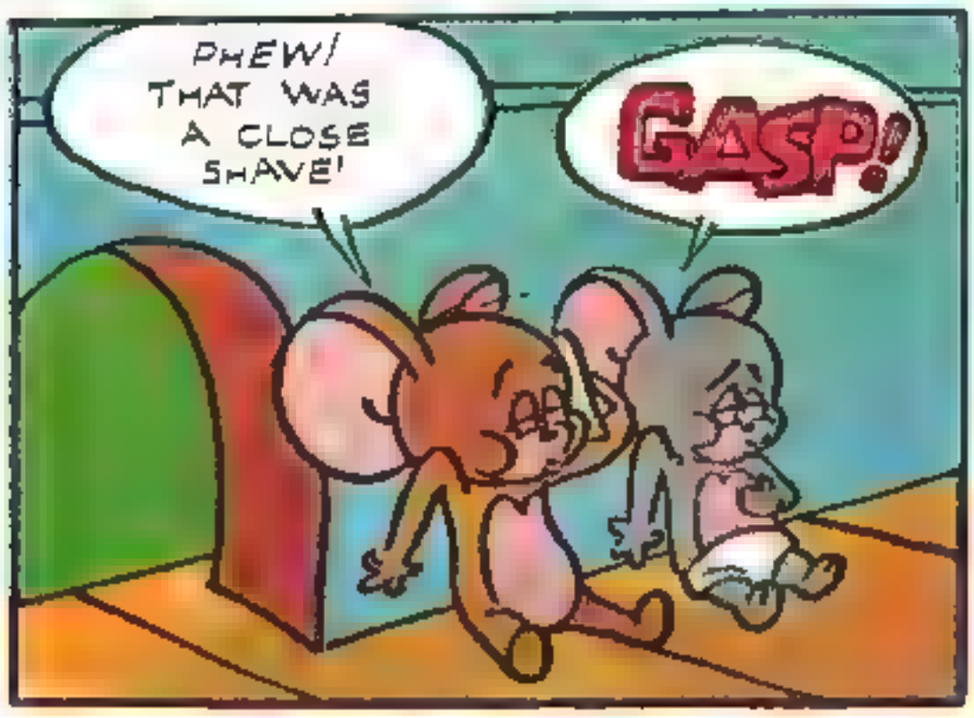
TOM and JERRY

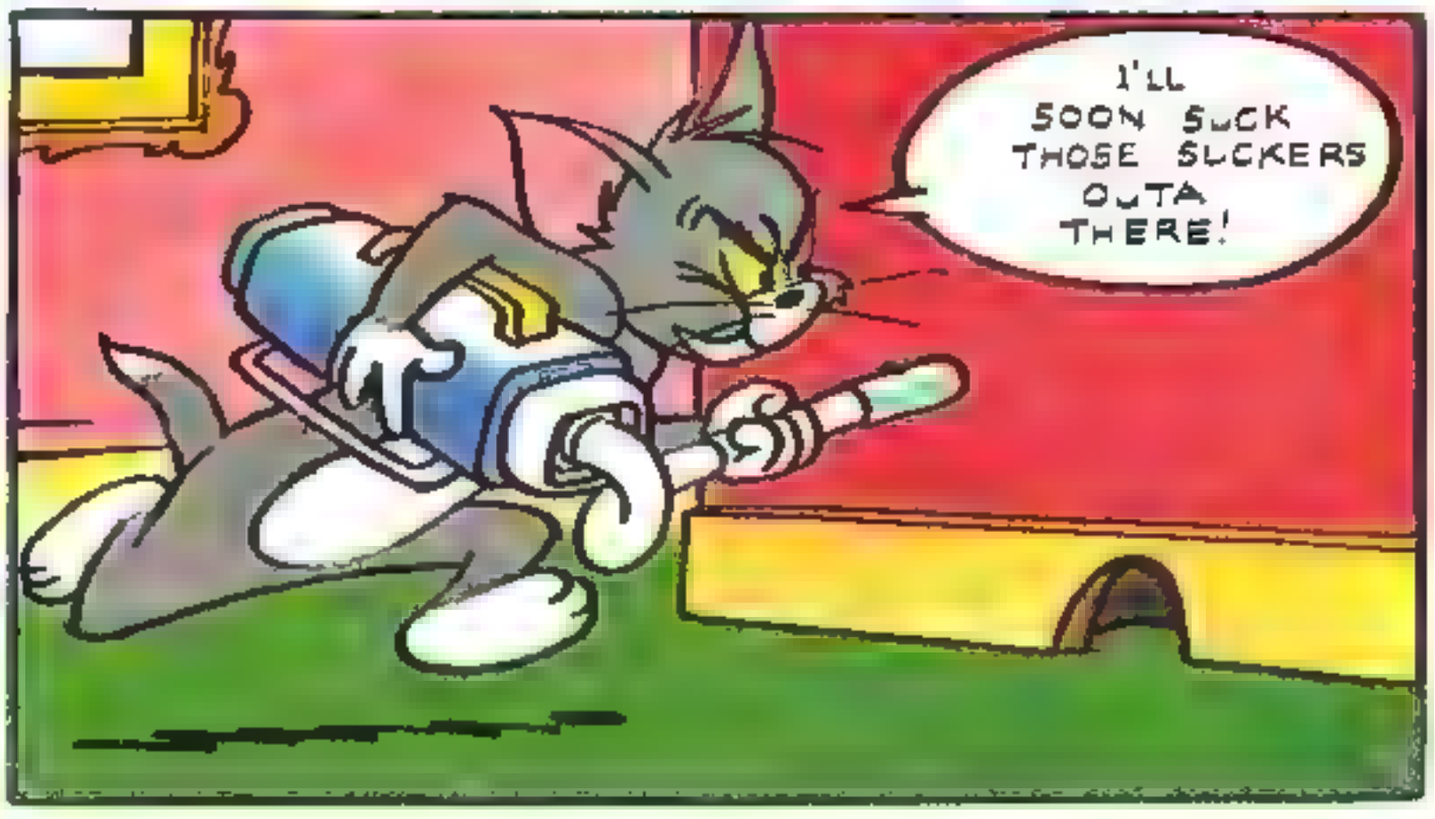












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POWERFUL SUCK!

I'LL FRY THAT FELINE'S FUR FOR THIS!

SUCK!

THIS DYNAMITE WILL FIX HIM!

WHAT'S THAT FUNNY NOISE?

SIZZLE!

BOOM!

THOMAS!

I'LL TEACH YOU TO BLOW UP MY BEST VACUUM AND RE-DECORATE THE ROOM WITH DUST!

BASH!

CLUNK!

WELL, WITH TOM THE WAY HE IS, TUFFY HE WON'T BE GIVING US ANY TROUBLE.

THAT'S FOR SURE.

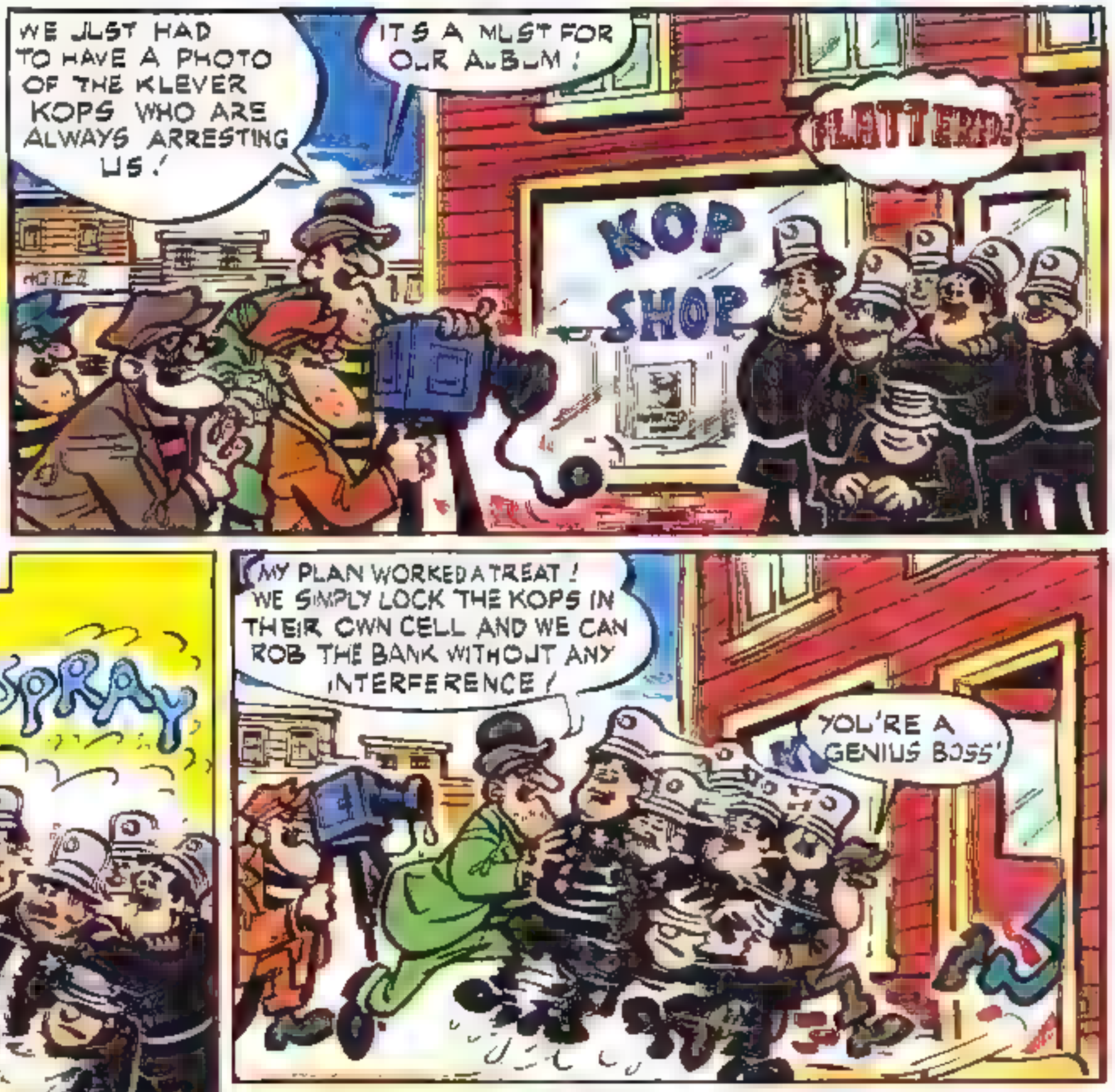
LOOKS LIKE WE'RE HAVING A MEAL *ON TOM* AFTER ALL, TUFFY.

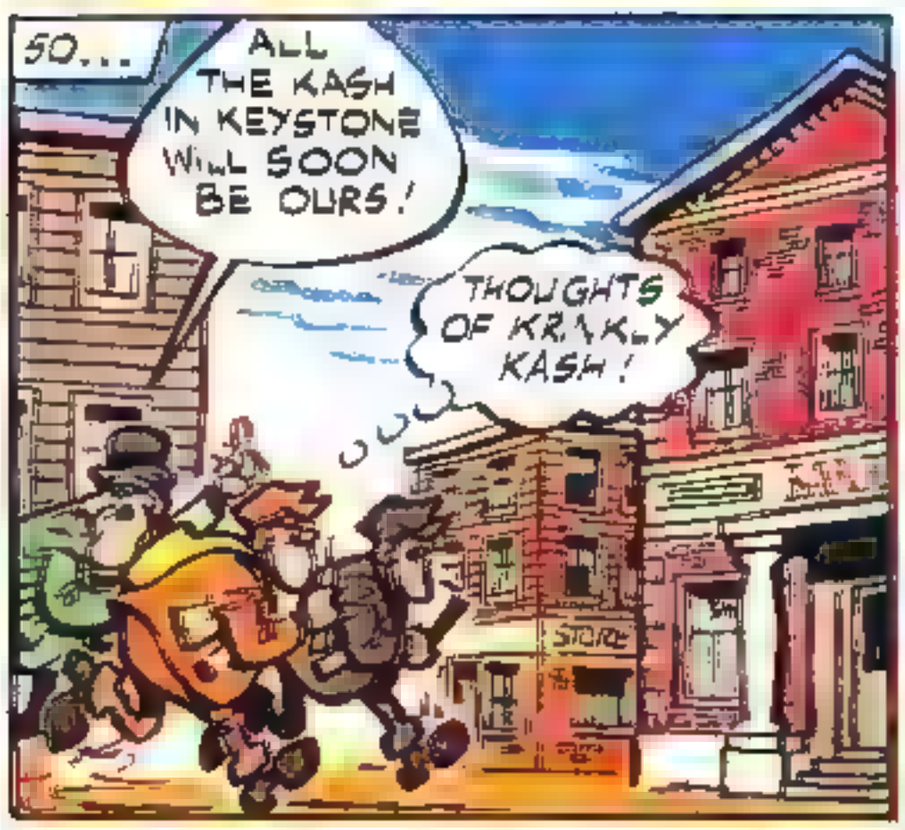
Bob Monkhouse's

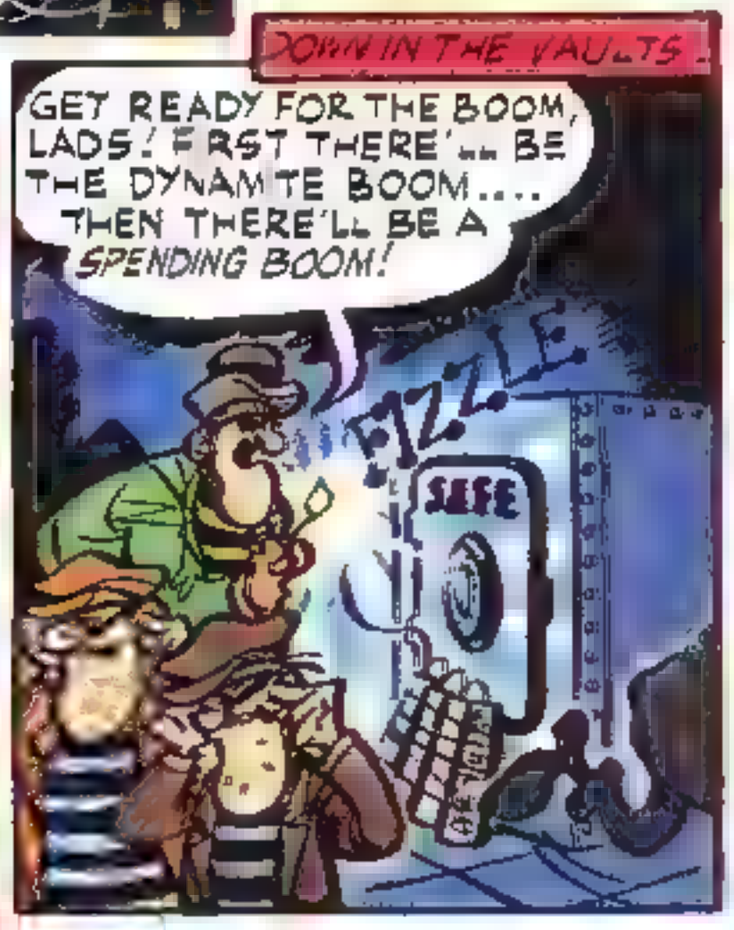
Mad Movies

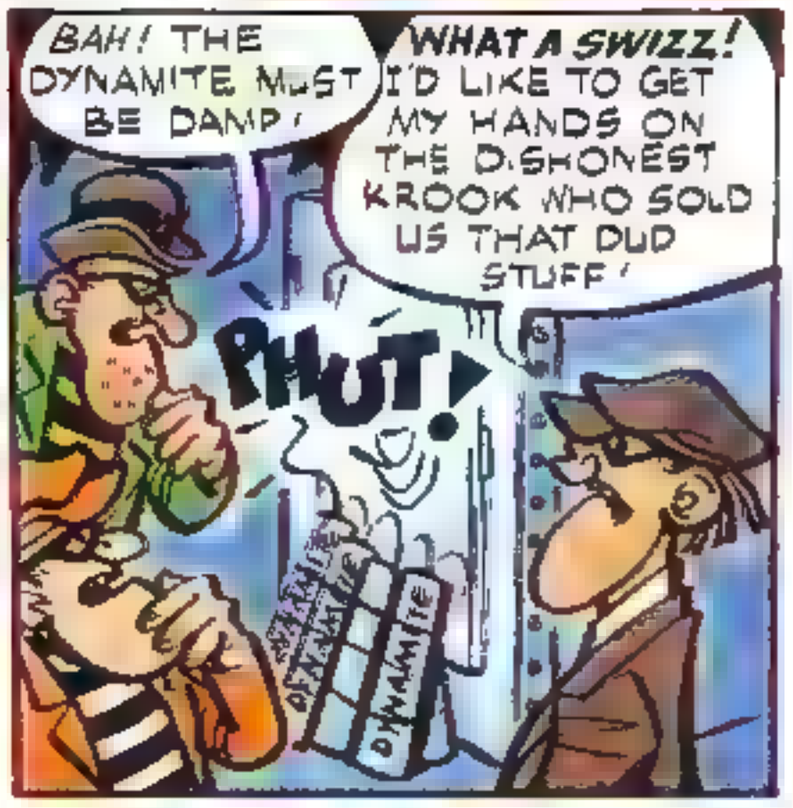
featuring the

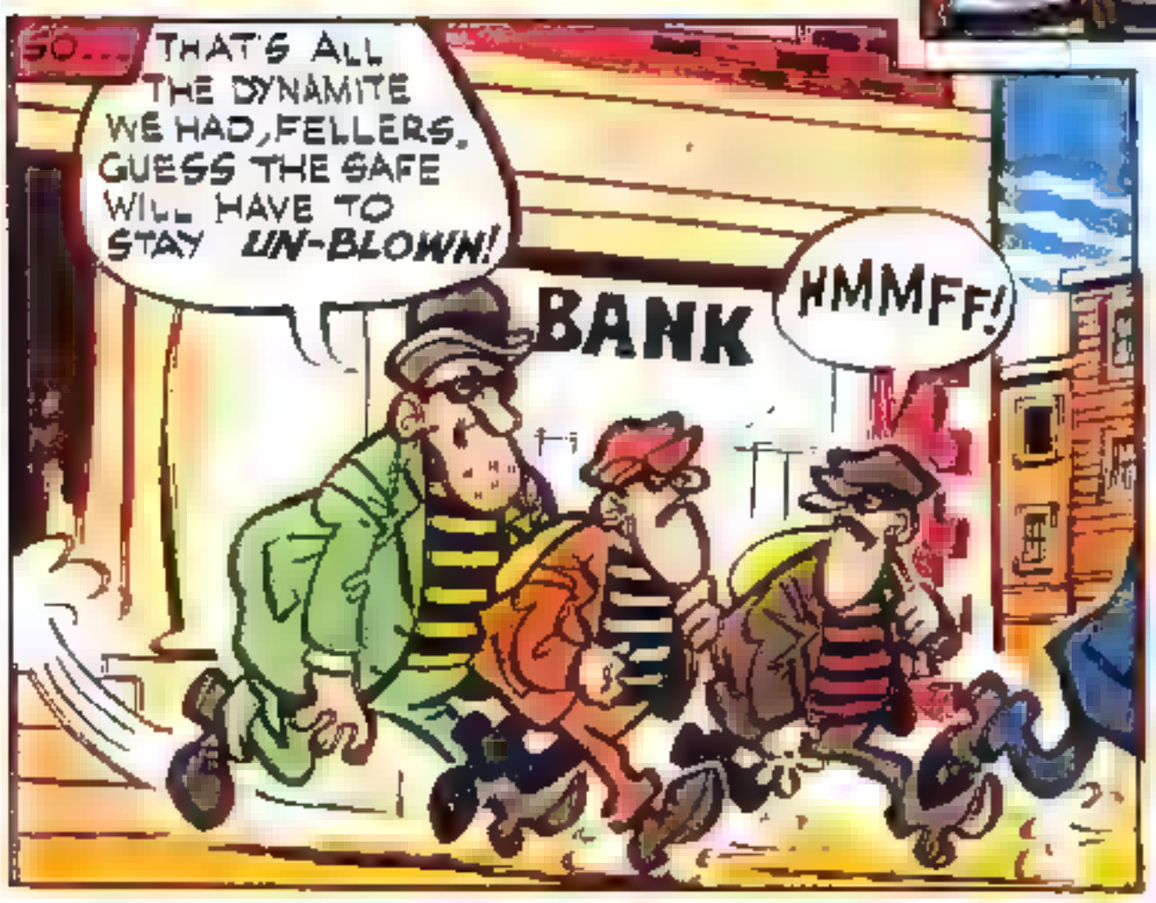
Keystone Kops

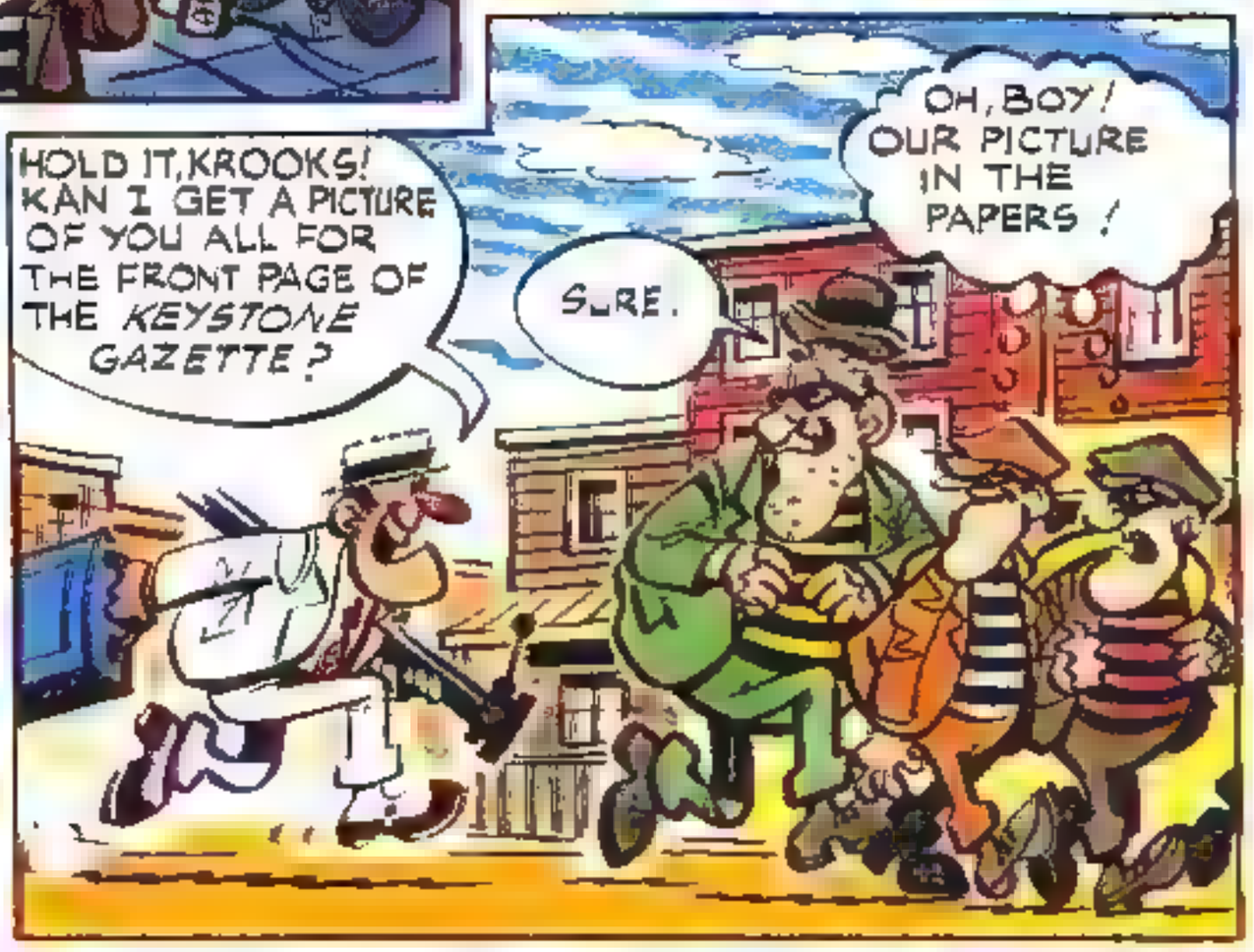

WE JUST HAD TO HAVE A PHOTO OF THE KLEVER KOPS WHO ARE ALWAYS ARRESTING US!
IT'S A MUST FOR OUR ALBUM!
FLATTERED!
KOP SHOP
MY PLAN WORKED A TREAT! WE SIMPLY LOCK THE KOPS IN THEIR OWN CELL AND WE CAN ROB THE BANK WITHOUT ANY INTERFERENCE!
YOU'RE A GENIUS BOSS!
HEH! HEH! THEIR GRINS ARE ABOUT TO BE PERMANENTLY FROZEN BY MY STICKY SPRAY SOLUTION!
STICKY SPRAY
SQUEEZE




DOWN IN THE VAULTS...
GET READY FOR THE BOOM, LADS! FIRST THERE'LL BE THE DYNAMITE BOOM.... THEN THERE'LL BE A SPENDING BOOM!
FIZZLE
SAFE


BAH! THE DYNAMITE MUST BE DAMP!
WHAT A SWIZZ! I'D LIKE TO GET MY HANDS ON THE DISHONEST KROOK WHO SOLD US THAT DUD STUFF!
PHUT!
DYNAMITE
DYNAMITE




HOLD IT, KROOKS! KAN I GET A PICTURE OF YOU ALL FOR THE FRONT PAGE OF THE KEYSTONE GAZETTE?
SURE.
OH, BOY! OUR PICTURE IN THE PAPERS!

Rights granted by Raymond Rohauer, owner and assignee of Estate of Mack Sennett

SAY C-H-E-E-S-E!

YIKE! MY FAULTY FLASH ATTACHMENT'S EXPLODED!

WHUMP!

URG!

GREW!

PLEASE DON'T SHOOT ME! I'M SO SORRY. YOU KNOW WHAT THESE OLD CAMERAS ARE!

PUT THE FLAMES OUT!

QUICK, MY JACKET IS SMOULDERING!

WHAT A SUPER EXPLOSION!

WE'RE NOT GOING TO SHOOT YOU! WE'RE DELIGHTED!

EH?

MAY MY MEN AND I BORROW YOUR CAMERA FOR A FEW MINUTES?

WHY OF COURSE! IT'S THE LEAST I CAN DO!

ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS TAKE A PICTURE OF THE SAFE AND THE FAULTY FLASH UNIT WILL DO THE REST!

SAFE

AND BINGO WE'VE BLOWN IT!

BOOM!

SQUEEZE

LATER BACK AT THE HIDEOUT....

WHOOPEE!

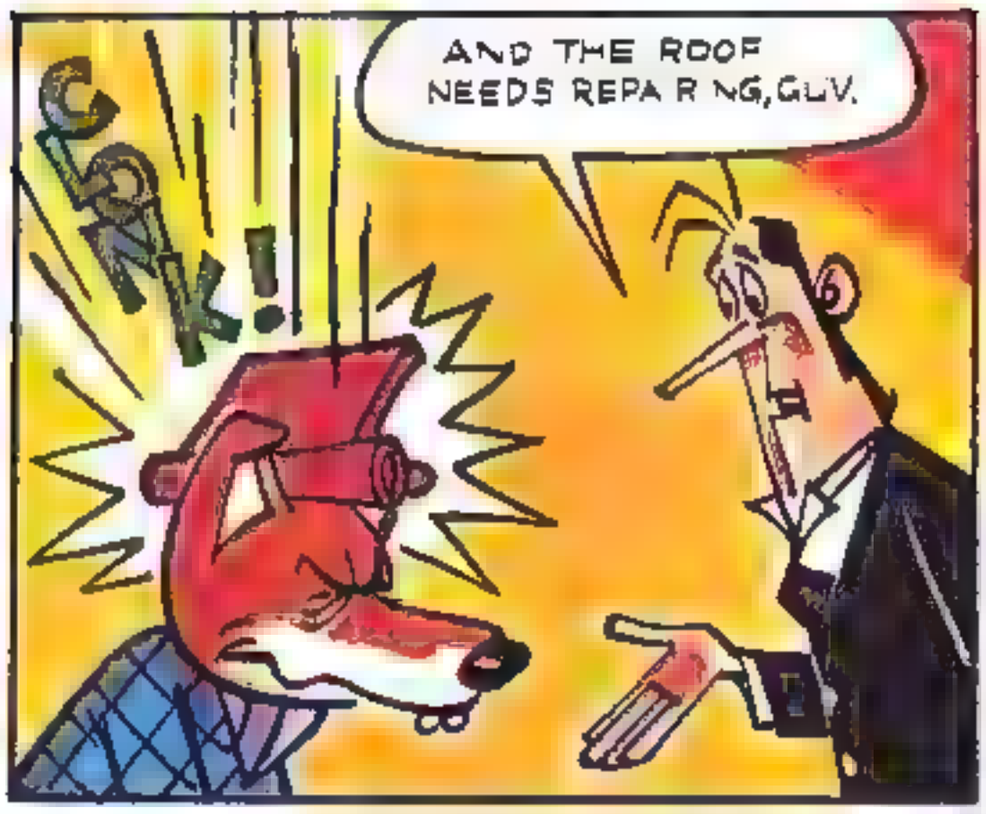
COR! LOVELY KASH!

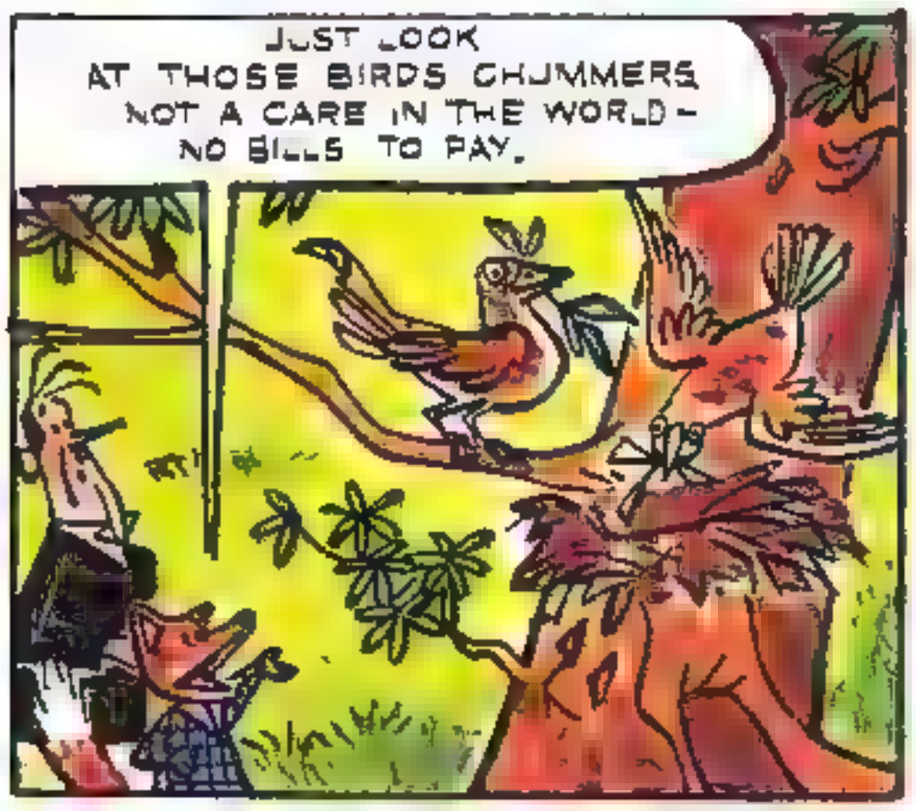
WHAT KLEVER KROOKS WE ARE!

NOW THIS REALLY WILL MAKE ONE FOR THE ALBUM, MATE'S!

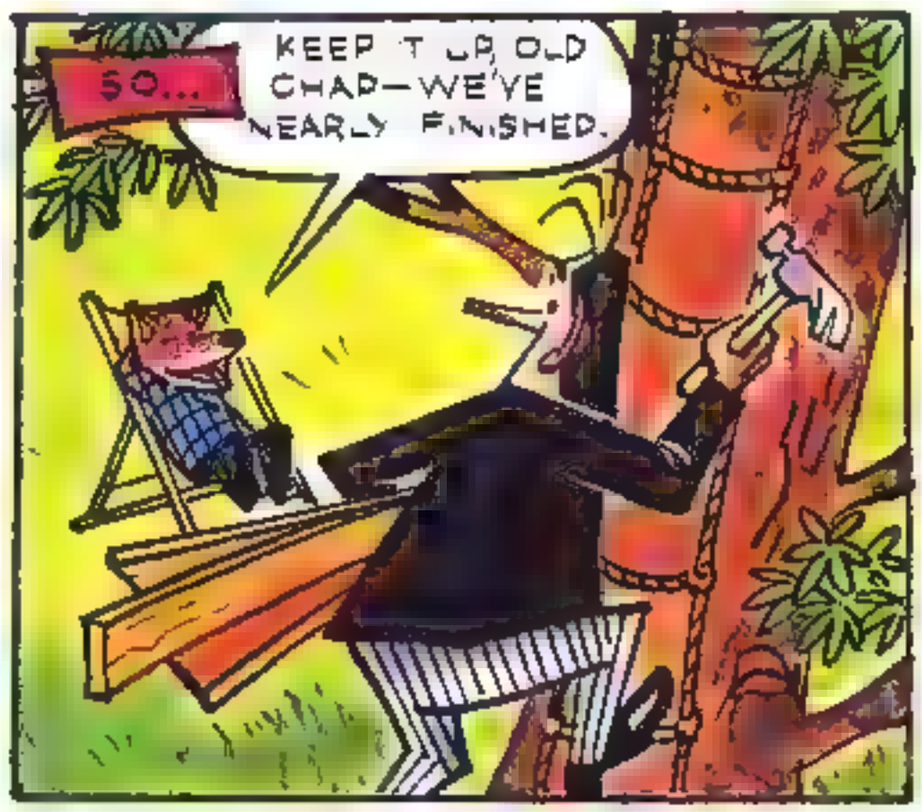
BASIL BRUSH

BILLS BILLS
AND MORE BILLS! I JUST CAN'T KEEP UP WITH 'EM!


CRAK!
AND THE ROOF NEEDS REPA R NG, GUV.

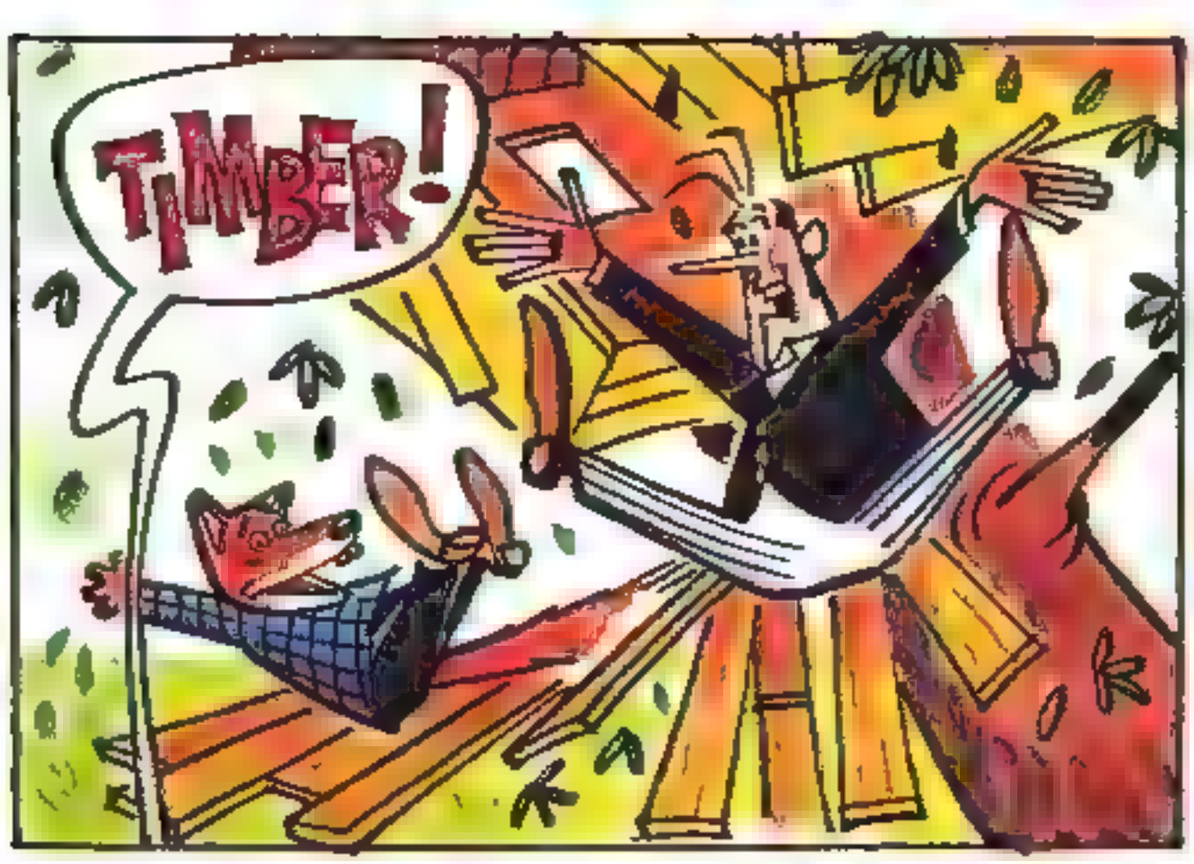

JUST LOOK AT THOSE BIRDS CHUMMERS NOT A CARE IN THE WORLD - NO BILLS TO PAY.

I'VE AN IDEA, CHUMMERS — WE'LL BU LD A TREE HOUSE!


SO...
KEEP T UP, OLD CHAP — WE'VE NEARLY FINISHED.

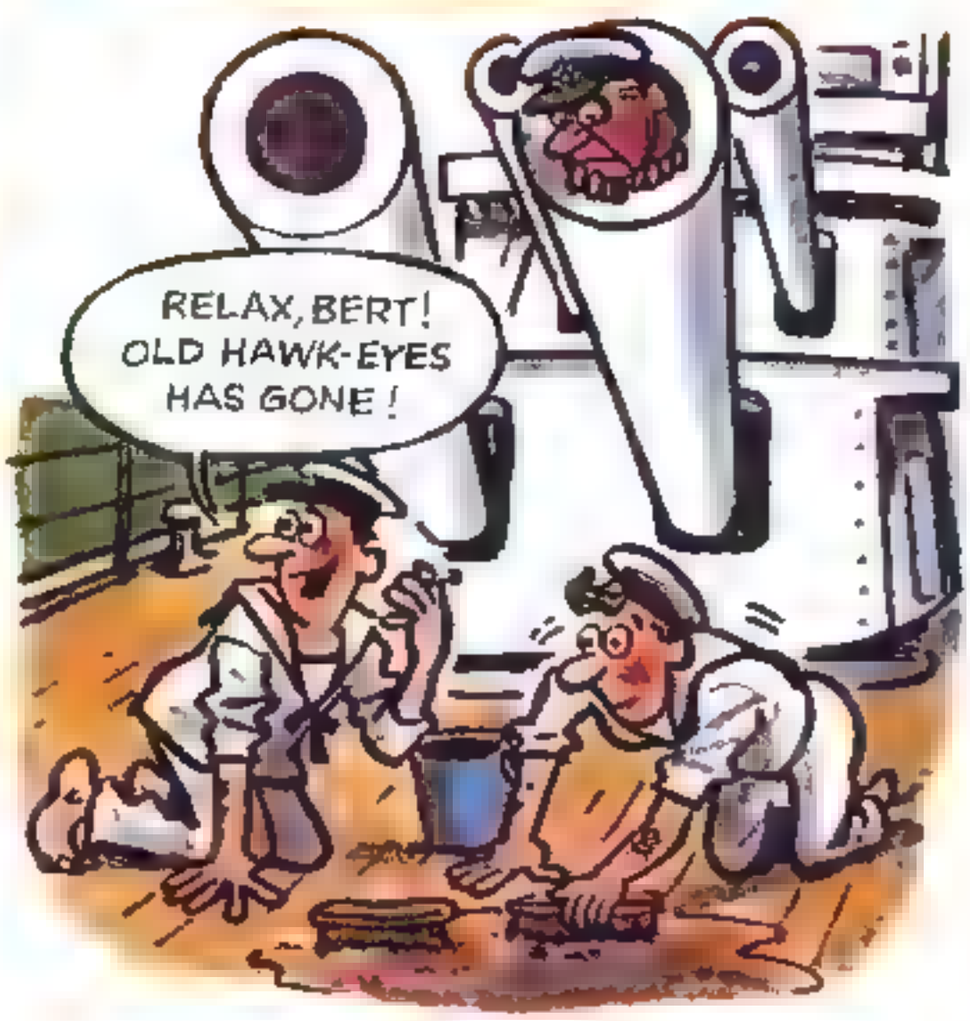
LATER...
FREE AT LAST! FREE AS A B RD. WE WON'T HAVE TO PAY BILLS LIV NG UP HERE, CHUMMERS!

WHAT S THAT NOISE?
SOUNDS LIKE A WOODPECKER
CHOP!
CHOP!
CHOP!


TIMBER!

SORRY WE HAD TO CHOP YOUR TREE DOWN, MATE COUNC L SA D IT WAS DANGEROUS ERES THE B LL FOR £5!
OH NO.

Nautical Nonsense



The Bugs Bunny Show

WE'RE HAVING AN ICE-YACHT RACE

HEY, COME ON SYLVESTER, HURRY UP! THE RACE HAS STARTED!

YEH! AND YOU'D BETTER GET YOURSELF A BIGGER SAIL.... THAT ONE S NO GOOD—YOU'LL NEVER CATCH LS UP!

HO! HO! THAT S WHAT HE THINKS! I KNOW A BETTER WAY OF W,NNING THIS RACE! I'M USING ROCKET POWER!

NOW I LL JUST L GHT THE FUSES AND PRETTY SOON: YOOM! VOOM! I LL SHOOT PAST THEM, WIN THE RACE AND STILL HAVE TIME TO GET RD OF THESE ROCKETS!

AND THEY'LL NEVER GLESS HOW I DID IT! HUR! HUR!

STAND AND DELIVER YORE ICE-YACHT, CRITTER!

THE POL CE ARE AFTER ME FUR P.RATING ON THE ICE.... SO I'M A-TAKING OVER YORE YACHT!

BUT GLYNER, LISTEN! I M SUPPOSED TO BE IN A YACHT RACE!

I M GLAD TO HEAR IT 'COZ I NEEDS A FAST VESSEL! YOU CAN USE M NE OVER THERE, IT'S TOO SLOW FUR ME!

BUT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. MINE IS POWERED BY *ROCKETS!*

YEE-OWW!

WOOSH!

LATER.....

THAT'S A STUPID LOOKING YACHT. NO WONDER IT WAS TOO SLOW—OH WELL, I'LL JUST HAVE TO FIX ROCKETS TO T!

OKAY, NOW LET S SEE IF THESE ROCKETS CAN MAKE T MOVE FASTER!

OKAY! YOU COME DOWN OFF THAT SHIP WITH YOUR HANDS UP!

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HEY! COME BACK. STOP OR WE'LL SHOOT! YOU'RE RESISTING ARREST!

ROAR!

THESE COPS MUST THINK I'M THAT STUPID PIRATE.... NEVER MIND, I'LL SOON LEAVE THEM FAR BEHIND!

BAM!

BAM

BUT.....

SAY. I'M A-SLOWING DOWN... AND HERE COMES THAT CAT-CRITTER A-BRINGING THE POLICE AFTER HIM. I'LL HAVE TO STOP THAT!

I KNOWS-I'LL BLAST A HOLE IN THE ICE AND THEY CAN ALL FALL IN THERE AND COOL OFF!

BLAST!

SO...

HEY! THIS IS MORE LIKE IT... I'M GAINING ON THAT NUTTY PIRATE AND LEAVING THE COPS FAR BEHIND!

BLAST!

LATER

OKAY! COME OUT OF THERE WITH YOUR HANDS UP. I'M ARRESTING YOU FOR PIRACY!

IT'S THANKS TO YOUR QUICK THINKING, MISTER, THAT WE CAUGHT THIS VILLAIN. YOU DESERVE A REWARD!

WELL I RECKON I HARDLY NEEDS ONE SINCE I JUST WON AN ICE-YACHT RACE BUT THANK YOU KINDLY FUR OFFERING IT!

HE JUST WON THE RACE-HE GETS OFFERED A REWARD!

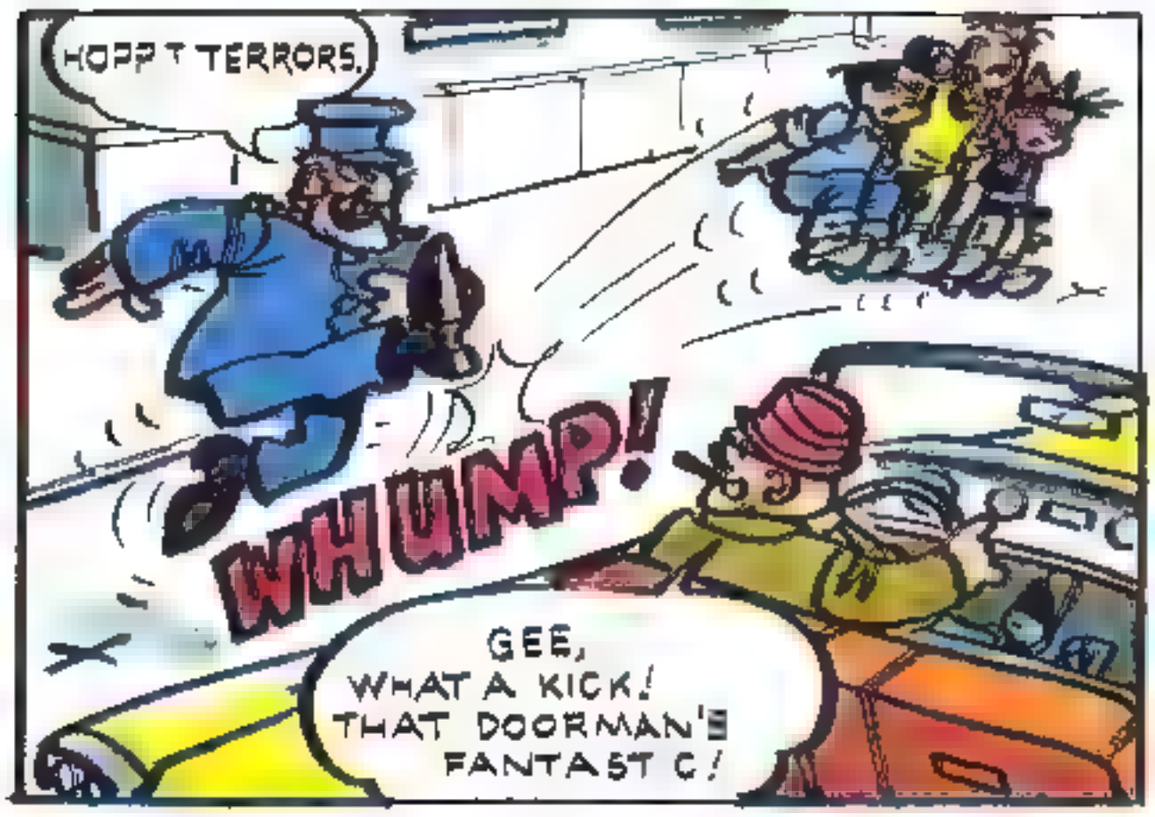
HE! HE! BLUB! BLUB! HE! HO! SPEECHLESS FAINT!!

SAY! LOOK OUT! THAT THERE DESPERATE PIRATE IS A-TRYING TO ESCAPE AGAIN! HO! HO! HO!

FLOSH!

TV Terrors

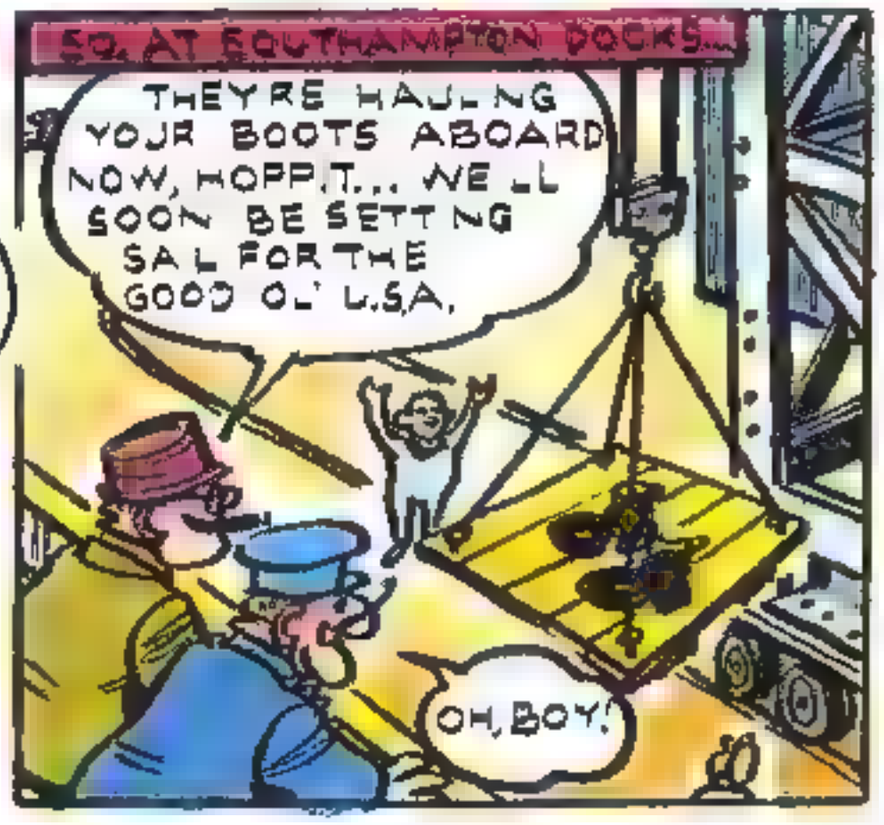
Welcome Home HOPPIT

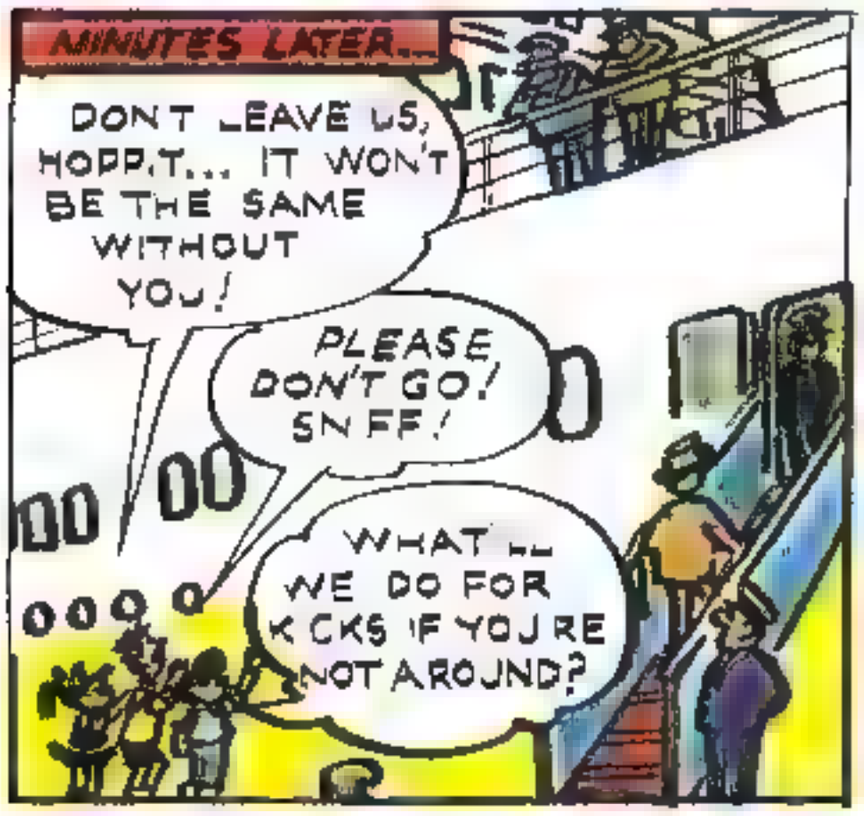

HOPPIT TERRORS.
WHUMP!
GEE, WHAT A KICK! THAT DOORMAN'S FANTASTIC!

HOW'D YOU LIKE TO GUARD THE BIGGEST TV STUDIO IN THE WORLD, PAL?
TELL ME MORE!

YOU'LL BE ABLE TO KICK OUT ALL THE GREAT STARS THAT WE'RE FED UP WITH... EXTRAS, DEAD-BEAT DIRECTORS AND PENNILESS PRODUCERS!
SOUNDS SUPER!

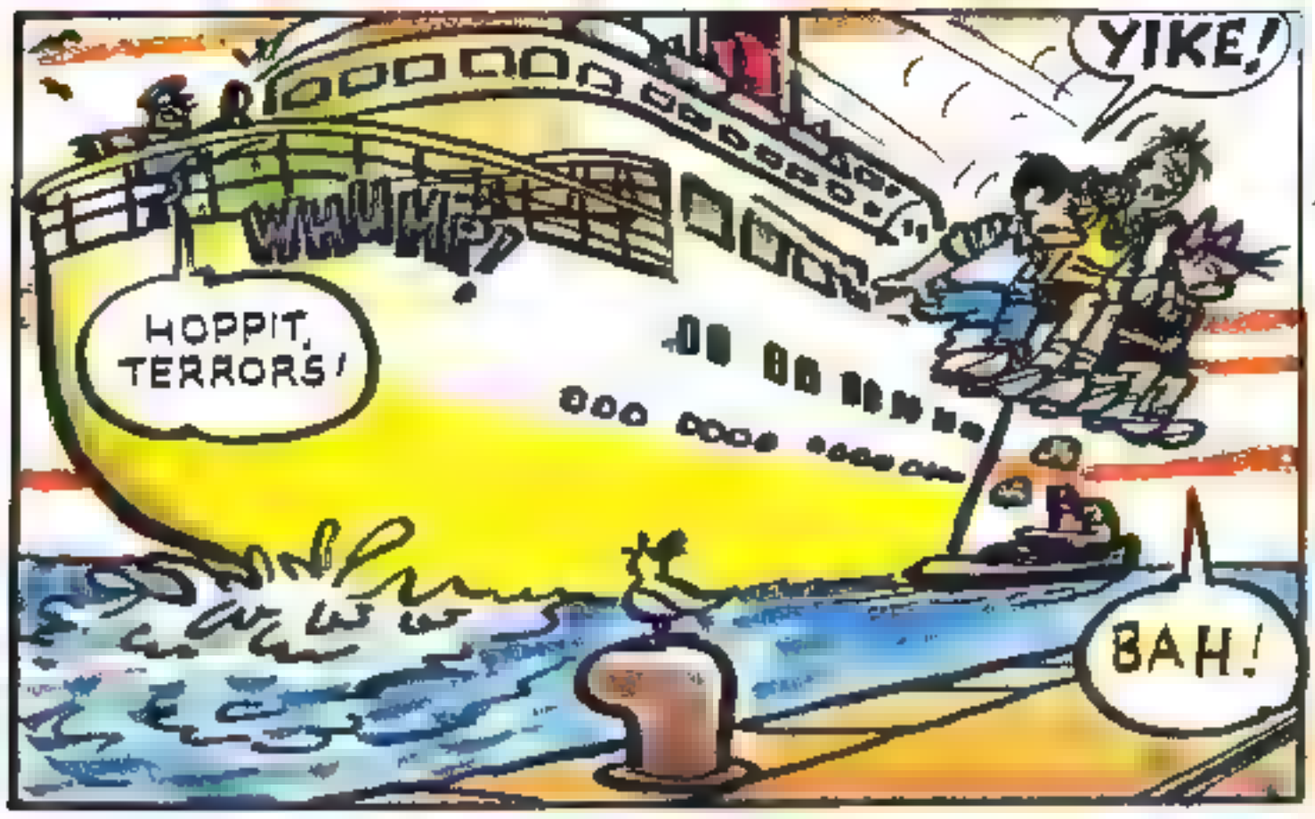
COME TO AMERICA WITH ME, HOPPIT, AND YOUR FEET WILL TOUCH THE FAMOUS!
IT'S A DEAL! I'M YOUR MAN!

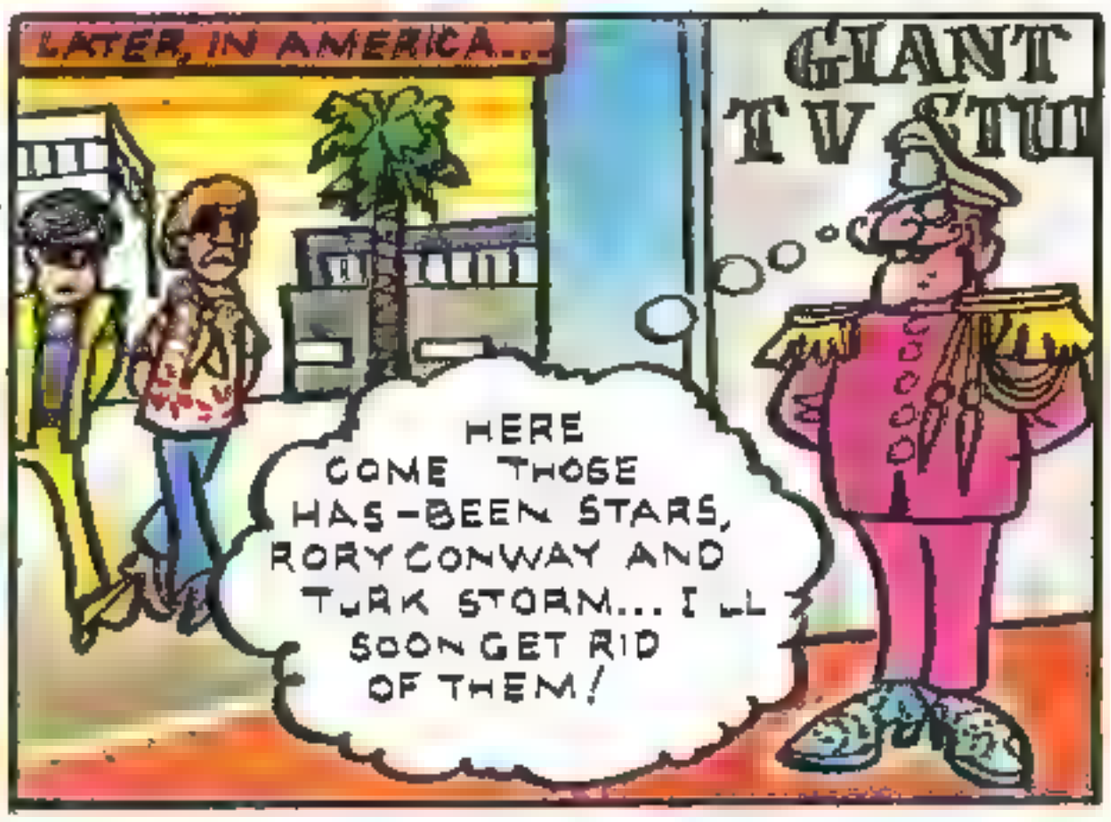

SO, AT SOUTHAMPTON DOCKS...
THEY'RE HAULING YOUR BOOTS ABOARD NOW, HOPPIT... WE'LL SOON BE SETTING SAIL FOR THE GOOD OL' U.S.A.
OH, BOY!


MINUTES LATER...
DON'T LEAVE US, HOPPIT... IT WON'T BE THE SAME WITHOUT YOU!
PLEASE DON'T GO! SNIFF!
WHAT'LL WE DO FOR KICKS IF YOU'RE NOT AROUND?

WE MUST BEG HOPPIT TO STAY. COME ON GANG! UP THE GANGWAY!
RIGHT!
HEY!

THE STUDIOS OF ENGLAND NEED YOU, HOPPIT... DON'T DESERT BRITAIN!
SORRY, TERRORS, BUT I'M GOING TO BIGGER BOOTING AND BIGGER BONUSES IN THE UNITED STATES!


WHUMP!
YIKE!
HOPPIT, TERRORS!
BAH!


LATER, IN AMERICA...
GIANT TV STU
HERE COME THOSE HAS-BEEN STARS, RORY CONWAY AND TURK STORM... I'LL SOON GET RID OF THEM!

HOPPIT, HAS-BEENS! THE PRODUCER DOESN'T WANT TO SEE YOU!

YEE-OW!

THUMP!

MEANWHILE ON THE SET...

THAT BIG STUNTMAN IS GREAT... THIS IS A FABULOUS FIGHT SCENE!

PRODUCER

URK!

GULP!

OOOPH!

KERUMP!

PRODUCER

COME AND KICK THIS STUNTMAN OUT, HOPPIT! HE'S FIRED!!

Y-YES, SIR!

I HOPE YOU'RE GOING TO BE SENSIBLE ABOUT THIS AND GO QUIETLY, OTHERWISE I'LL HAVE TO...

OTHERWISE YOU'LL WHAT??

CRUMP!

GNN!

GRRR! NOW YOU 'N ME ARE GONNA HAVE A LI'L FUN!

THUD!

HELP!

OOPH

BIFF!

CRUNCH!

OOPH!

BASH!

LATER, BACK AT SOUTHAMPTON...

RETURNED DAMAGED

WHOOPEE. THEY'VE SENT HOPPIT BACK... LIFE IS GOING TO BE BOOT FULL AGAIN!

HAW! HAW! HAW!

Larry Harmon's

LAUREL & HARDY

OLLIE AND STAN HAVE OPENED A FLORIST'S.

I WANT SOME FLOWERS FOR MY GIRL FRIEND!

SAY IT WITH FLOWERS

STEP RIGHT IN, SIR

SEE ANYTHING YOU LIKE?

I WANT SOMETHING PRETTY WAY OUT, MAN!

WHAT ABOUT THIS FREAK DAISY?

YOU MUST BE KIDDING... THAT'S *SQUARE*, DADDYO!

OH BOY! JUST LOOK AT THAT CRAZY PLANT!

HEY, STAY BACK!... THOSE TRIFFIDS ARE DEADLY!

KEEP OFF DANGEROUS TRIFFID

TOO LATE....

GLOP!

AARRR!

THAT'S THE THIRD CUSTOMER WE'VE LOST, LIKE THAT TODAY!

WE JUST CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE TRADE LIKE THIS!

A LITTLE LATER..

THINGS ARE DESPERATE STAN!

SAY IT WITH FLOWERS

YOU'RE TELLING ME! WE HAVEN'T MADE A SINGLE SALE YET!

JUST THEN...

A CUSTOMER AT LAST.

MAY I HELP YOU?

DON'T PESTER ME.. I'M ONLY LOOKING!

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WHAT A PRETTY PANSY!

WOULD YOU LIKE IT? I'LL WRAP IT UP FOR YOU!

STOP BOTHERING ME! I HAVEN'T DECIDED ON ANYTHING YET!

YEARGH! GET IT OFF ME! QUICKLY!

WOW! THE CREEPER PLANT HAS GRABBED HER

SAY IT

SOUTH AMERICAN CREEPER VERY DANGEROUS

I'LL GET IT OFF YOU IF YOU PROMISE TO BUY A PLANT! HEH. HEH.

WHY, YOU HORRID MAN · CHOKE!

SAY IT W

SOUTH AMERICAN CREEPER VERY DANGE

BASH! SMASH

HEY, THAT'S ONE OF OUR MOST VALUABLE PLANTS.

BASH!

I'LL SOON GET OUT OF THIS!

JAB!

TAKE THAT AND THIS!

WHEEZE!

THIS IS WHAT I THINK OF YOU TWO!

CRUNK!

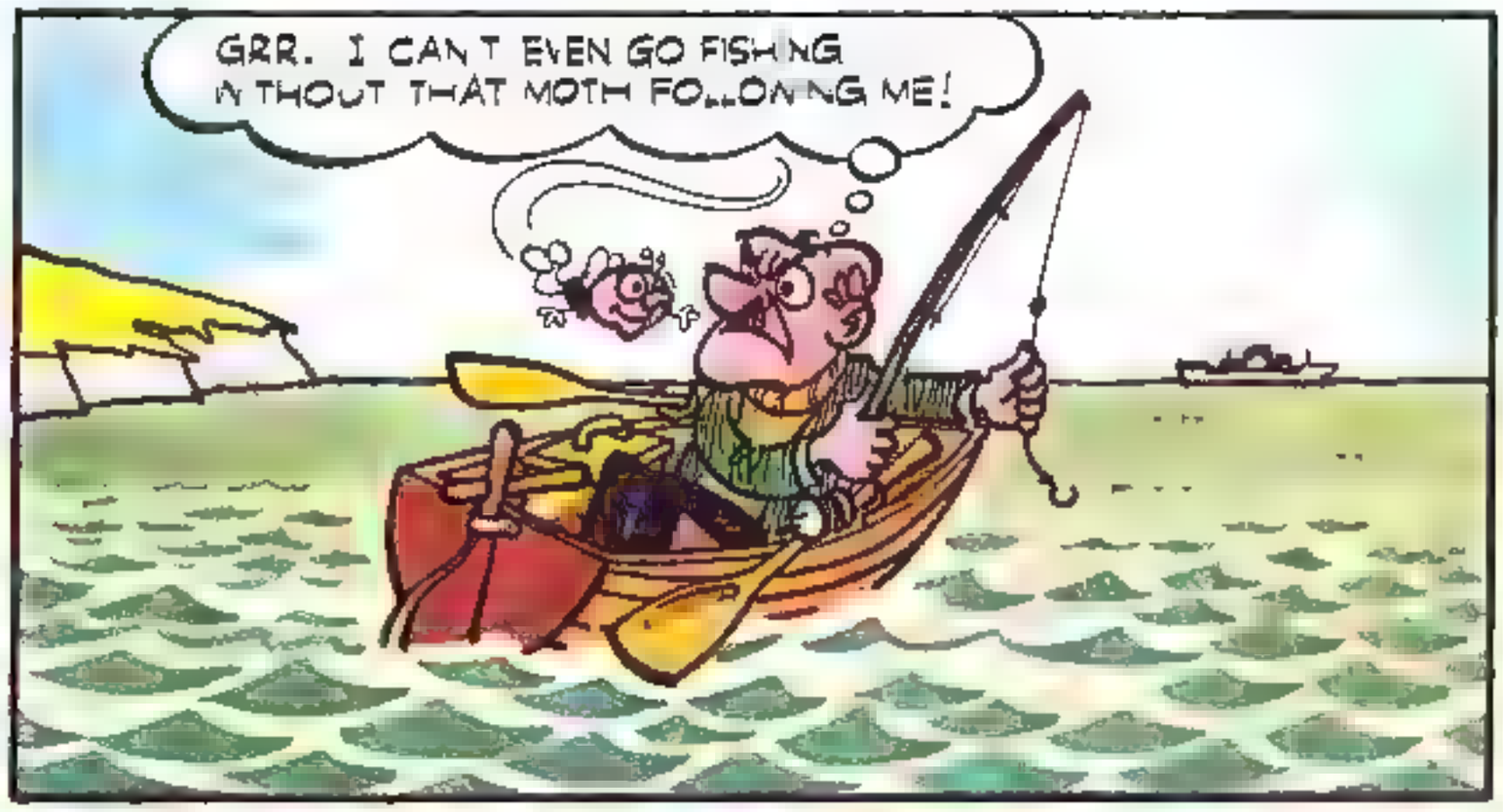
AWK

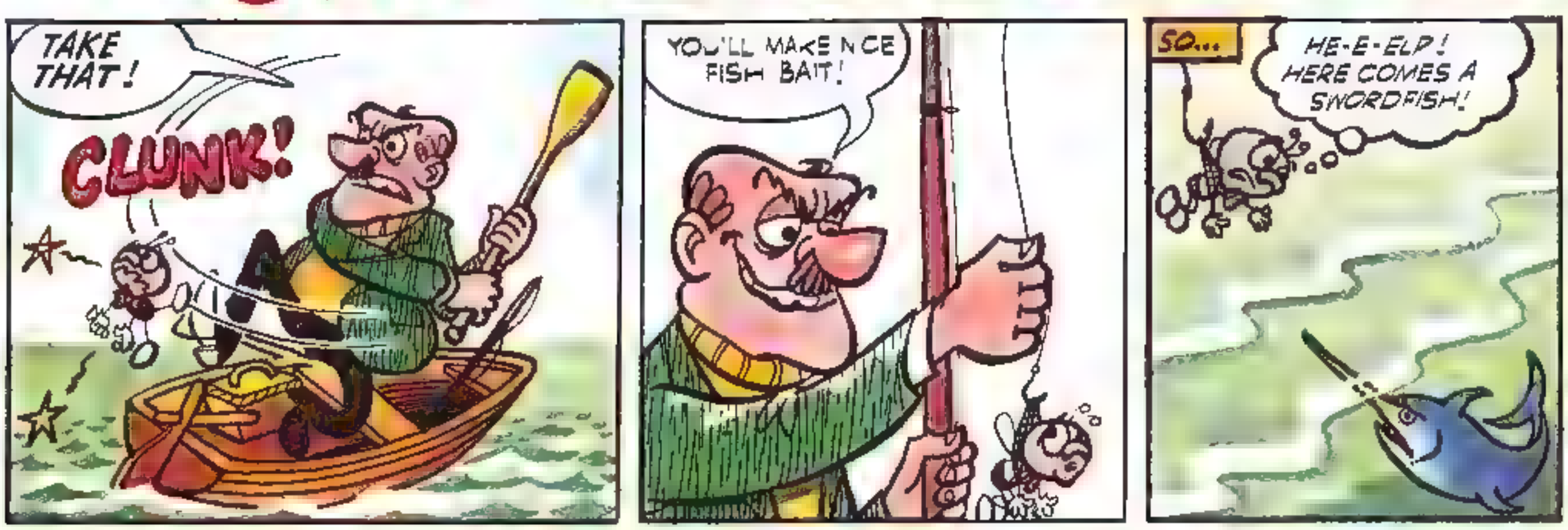
WELL, SHE CERTAINLY SAID IT WITH FLOWERS STAN.

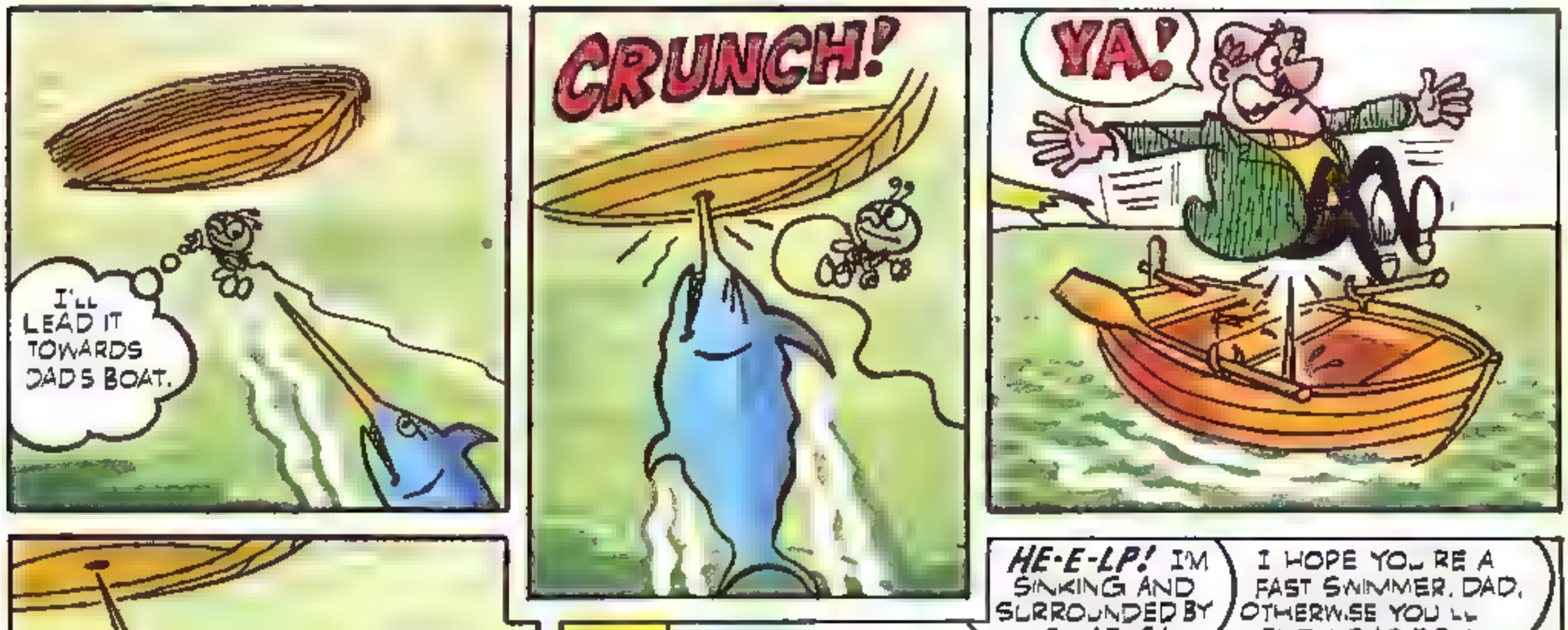
GROAN

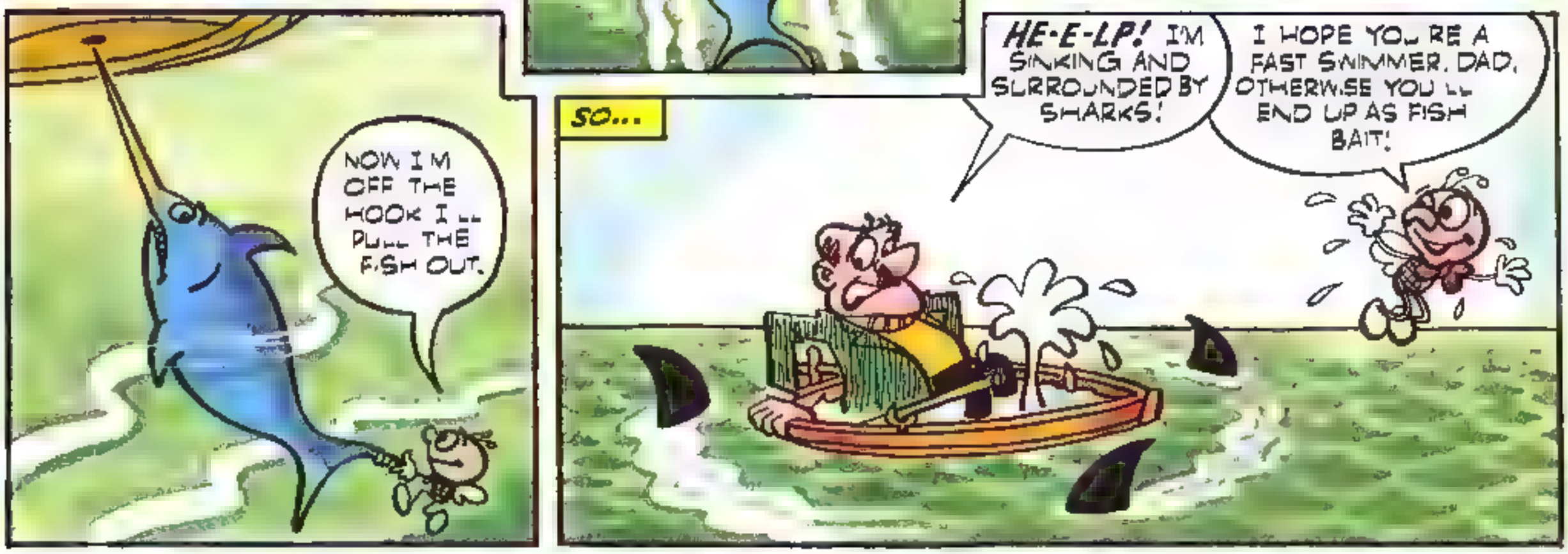
SAY IT WITH FLOWERS

MIGHTY MOTH


GRR. I CAN'T EVEN GO FISHING WITHOUT THAT MOTH FOLLOWING ME!

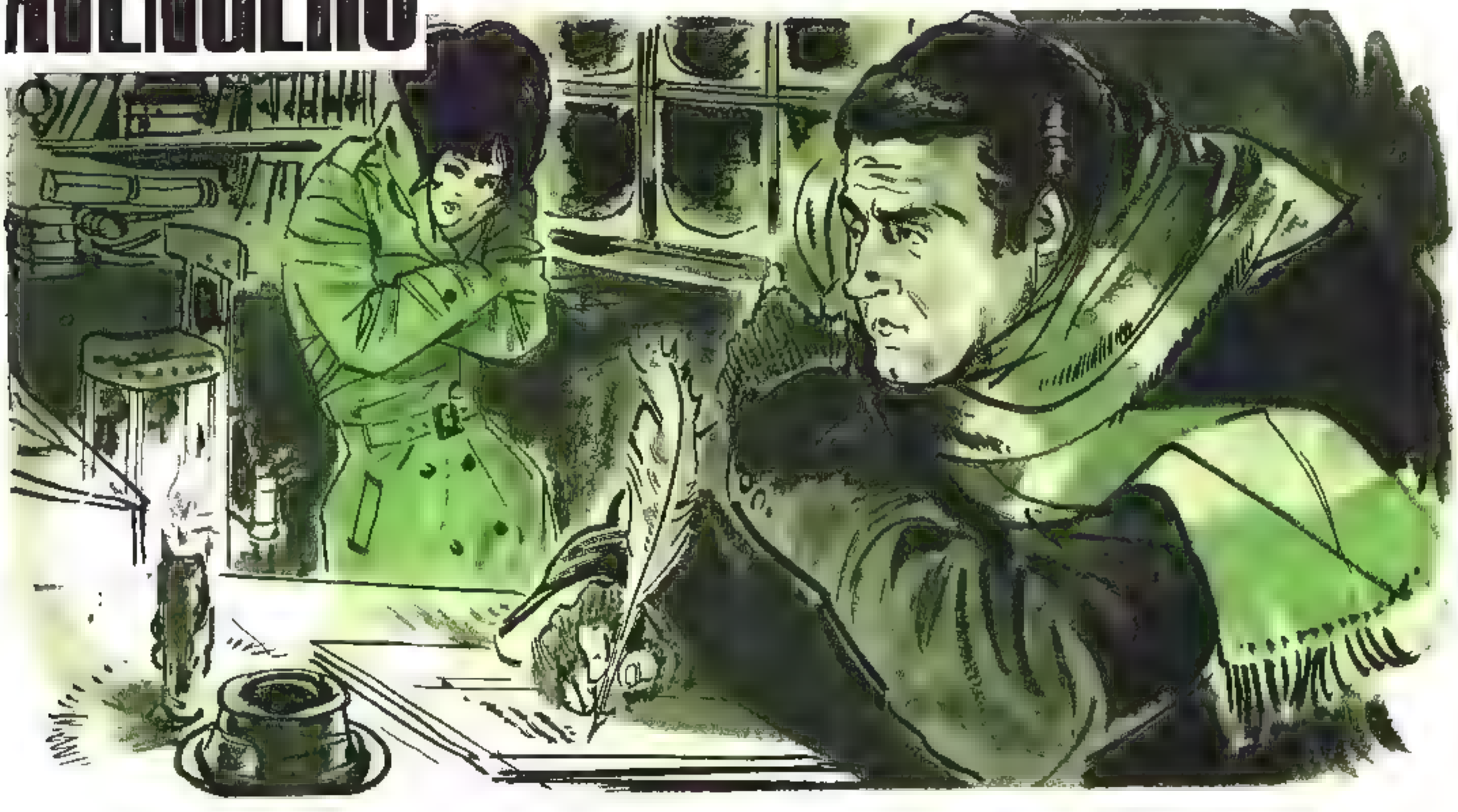

TAKE THAT!
CLUNK!
YOU'LL MAKE NICE FISH BAIT!
SO...
HE-E-ELP! HERE COMES A SWORDFISH!


I'LL LEAD IT TOWARDS DAD'S BOAT.
CRUNCH!
YA!


NOW I'M OFF THE HOOK I'LL PULL THE FISH OUT.
SO...
HE-E-LP! I'M SINKING AND SURROUNDED BY SHARKS!
I HOPE YOU'RE A FAST SWIMMER, DAD, OTHERWISE YOU'LL END UP AS FISH BAIT!

THE AVENGERS

The Spirits of Christmas



Based on the Thames Television production

There were only a few days left till Christmas and London was gay with coloured lights, decorations and all the hustle and bustle that always precedes the festive season. But nobody would have suspected it if they could have looked in on the strange office in the Secret Service headquarters where John Steed and Tara King were hard at work.

In fact, the whole room was so extraordinary in appearance that it might well have belonged to a day and age long since passed into history.

Steed sat perched on a high stool at an ancient slanting desk doing his best to write a report with the aid of a quill pen and the feeble light coming from a solitary candle balanced rather precariously on the ledge at the top of the desk.

Despite a long scarf wrapped round his neck several times and a pair of rather frayed woollen mittens on his hands, he looked pinched with cold; and at intervals he paused in his labours to blow on his numbed fingers and grumble, "This is quite ridiculous . . ."

Tara looked just as miserable. She had left her desk to crouch by a cheerless hearth where she tried vainly to coax a little extra warmth from a sulky little heap of smokeless fuel which appeared determined to expire at any moment.

After a few minutes, she gave up her futile task and went through into an adjoining office where Mother, the head of their Secret Service organisation, sat engrossed in adding up a set of figures in an accounts ledger. He seemed completely unaware of the chilly dampness and gloom around him.

"Mother," began Tara, timidly, "I wonder, as it's almost Christmas, if I could put up a few . . . er – decorations? Just to cheer things up."

Mother looked up and glared. "Decorations!" he growled, as if it were some terrible word. "Never heard of such gross extravagance in my life – Certainly not! Get back to your work at once and . . ."

His outburst went no further as just then the outer door of his office opened and a young man came striding in. His arms were filled with gaily wrapped parcels and, having been walking briskly in the frosty air outside, he glowed with health and vitality.

"Hallo, Uncle," he greeted Mother, cheerfully. "The season's greetings to you, and would you care to spend Christmas Day with us?"

"Bah!" snorted Mother, and because he couldn't think of anything else to say, added, "Humbug!"

The young man, who was indeed Mother's

nephew, seemed not the least put out by this rude reception and tried once again.

"It is the season of goodwill, Uncle – come and enjoy yourself with us, eh?"

This seemed to enrage Mother even more. "If I had my way," he replied, "I'd have Christmas abolished, and all the idiots who go around wishing others a Merry Christmas boiled in their own puddings."

"Well, I'm sorry you feel that way, Uncle," said his nephew, "but if you change your mind, you know we'd be delighted to see you."

"Good day, sir!" roared Mother, his patience exhausted. "Kindly leave me to get on with my work, and don't slam the door as you go out, it wears out the hinges."

With that, Mother buried his nose into the large ledger before him and began counting furiously. Tara decided it was time she slipped away.

"Steed," she said, when she was back in the other office again, "it's dreadful, Mother is getting meaner and more miserable all the time. Something must be done about it quickly."

Steed sighed and blew on his hands again. "It's very worrying," he said. "I think it's high time we consulted the doctor about him."

They finished their work as quickly as they could and then made their way through the endless corridors of the headquarters until they came to a door marked 'Doctor Pythagoras Plum . . . Prescriber of Potions, Pills and Pick-me-Ups to the Secret Service.'

"I don't know if the doctor will be able to help us," said Steed rather gloomily. "I'm sometimes of the opinion that he's a rather odd sort of character."

And a moment later, as they entered the surgery, Steed's observation was justified, for a most curious sight met their gaze.

The only sign of the doctor's presence in the room was a pair of legs, like beanstalks clad in pinstripe trousers, sticking straight up in the air from behind a large pedestal desk on one side of the room.

"Take your clothes off and I'll examine you," said a muffled voice that seemed to come from the carpet.

Steed and Tara knelt down on the floor and peeped through the tunnel between the two pedestals of the desk. There, two feet away from them, was the crimson coloured, upside-down face of the doctor, who was balanced precariously on his head.

"Good afternoon, Doctor," said Steed politely.

"Isn't that position rather uncomfortable for you?"

"Very," snapped the doctor, "but I'm practising yoga, you see."

"You find it beneficial to your health then, Doctor?" enquired Tara, with interest.

"No," said the doctor, sadly. "It gives me dreadful headaches, but it's so delightful when I stop."

"I see," said Tara, rather doubtfully. "Well, we really came to consult you about Mother. He's been behaving in a very odd way lately. He's very depressed and has an obsession for saving money all the time."

"Ahhh . . ." said the doctor. "Tut-tut-tut . . . Hrummm . . . A clear case of galloping tennis elbow in the brain-box, brought on by overwork. It affects the mind, you know. Causes the ventricles to rotate anti-clockwise, which produces the symptoms you have described."

"That sounds very serious," said Steed anxiously. "Is there any cure?"

"The only cure is to administer a sudden shock," replied the learned doctor. "A sharp tap on the patient's head with, say, a chair or coal-hammer can sometimes produce quite remarkable results."

"Mind you," he continued, "I have observed a peculiar tendency for some patients to drop off to sleep when given such treatment, but then we still have a lot to learn in medicine, you know."

"Quite," said Steed thoughtfully. "Thank you, doctor, we mustn't take up any more of your valuable time. Good afternoon."

"Well," said Tara gloomily, when they were once again outside the surgery, "that didn't help much. We still don't know how to prevent Mother becoming an absolute Scrooge."

Steed's face brightened. "Scrooge!" he repeated, as if it were a word of tremendous importance. "By jove, Tara, I think you've hit it!"

"Hit what?" queried Tara, in a puzzled voice.

"How to cure Mother, of course," answered Steed. "You called him Scrooge, and the doctor said he needs a shock to cure him. Don't you see . . . Remember how Scrooge was cured in Charles Dickens's story, 'Christmas Carol'?"

"He was visited by ghosts," said Tara. "But we haven't any obliging phantoms handy to haunt Mother with."

"Not yet," chuckled Steed, "but we will have by Christmas Eve. Come on, Tara, we have a lot to do and little time to do it in."

For the next few days Steed and Tara were very busy, but when at last Christmas Eve did arrive, they were well pleased with their efforts.

Despite the fact that most offices in London had long since closed, Mother kept Steed and Tara working till well after six o'clock, and then,

grumbling that he supposed he had to let them off for the holiday, reluctantly closed the office.

The streets were almost deserted and a cheerless fog hung in the frosty air, but it suited Mother's melancholy mood as he trundled homeward in his wheel-chair. The only satisfaction he felt was when he bellowed with rage so fiercely at a group of small carol singers gathered at his gate, who were piping 'God bless you, merry gentleman . . .', that they fled into the darkness uttering squeals of terror.

Indoors, the house was even more depressing than its drab exterior, but Mother had chosen to live alone in the dingy old place in an effort to economise on the rent.

He had had the electricity shut off to save money, so when he entered the house he lit a small candle, which did nothing to cheer up the utter gloom of the

house but, if he noticed it at all, it did not seem to worry him.

Wrapping himself in his old dressing-gown, he sat himself close to a meagre fire to eat a small piece of bread and cheese.

He did not trouble to peer into the deep dark shadows that surrounded him, but if he had he might have been surprised. As it was, he finished his frugal meal and was soon nodding off into a quiet doze.

It was a horrible clanking of heavy chain that brought him from his sleep with a start. The candle had burnt down to almost the last shred of wick and the room was in almost complete darkness.

Then he saw it – a dull eerie glow in one corner of the room. Gradually it grew brighter and he found he was looking at a face half concealed by swirling mist.

"Who . . . who are you?" said Mother, in a voice that trembled slightly.

"I am your benefactor," came the reply. "Beware, unless you mend your ways, you are doomed to wander for eternity dragging a heavy chain as penance for all the unhappiness you have caused others, O wretched mortal."

Mother turned pale. "How do I know you speak the truth?" he croaked.

"Watch carefully," went on the deep sombre voice. "You will be visited by the three Spirits of Christmas. Learn from the lessons they will teach you and there may yet be hope . . ."

With that, the face faded back into the mists. Mother dabbed at his clammy brow with a handkerchief and shivered. "Perhaps I imagined somebody spoke," he said to himself. "A touch of indigestion, maybe . . ."

"I am the Spirit of Christmas Past," boomed a jovial voice, and Mother looked up to see a large, rather jolly face regarding him with a smile from the corner of the room.

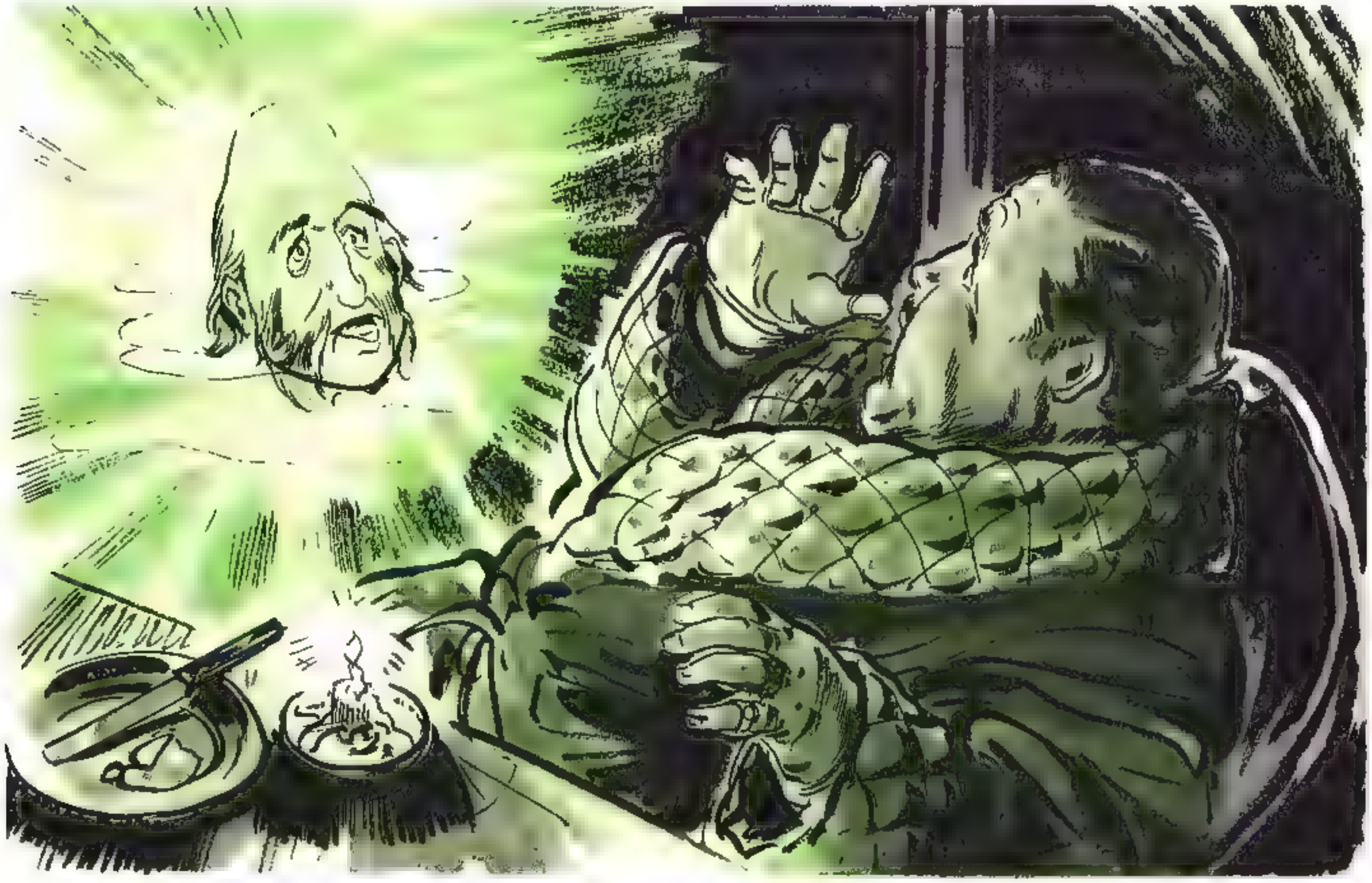
"Er . . . long past?" queried Mother.

"Your past," said the Spirit. "Watch closely, Mother."

The face disappeared and in its place came the picture of a large old book, and as he watched Mother saw the leaves begin to turn.

"Gracious!" he exclaimed. "That's our old family photograph album. I haven't seen that for years."

As the pages slowly turned, long forgotten memories came crowding back to him. There he was as a fat, wrinkled little baby in his mother's arms. Then as a chubby little lad on the beach making sandcastles with his bucket and spade.



Snapshots of school days, holidays, of his parents, brothers and sister, passed before his eyes.

Then there followed photos of his sister's wedding and later of a family group at a christening when she held a baby in her arms.

Something close to a smile softened Mother's face. "My, my . . ." he sighed, "those were very happy days. I had almost forgotten."

"And yet," said the voice of the Spirit, sternly, "when your nephew came to welcome you back to your family, you churlishly turned him away."

"Perhaps . . . perhaps I was a little hasty," mumbled Mother.

"It can sometimes be too late to be sorry," said the Spirit. "Now prepare to receive another visitor."

For a minute there was only the glowing mist in the corner of the room, then another face appeared. It was a rather sterner face with a long beard and wearing a crown on its head.

"I am the Spirit of Christmas Present," said the face. "Pay heed, Mother, for we have far to travel."

The next moment the face vanished and Mother found himself looking into a large room bright with laughter and happiness. Children danced around a large Christmas tree and gay paper chains hung from the ceiling. And he recognised Steed and Tara standing by the tree distributing presents.

"Yes," intoned the voice of the Spirit, "Steed and Tara give a party for orphans every year and bring light into the lives of those young children. But look closely and you will see that the party table bears only a frugal covering of food, and the presents the children have are but cheap toys. Steed and Tara could afford no better this year after you had reduced their salaries."

"I was only trying to save money," complained Mother gruffly, because really he was feeling an unpleasant twinge of conscience. "But they still look happy enough," he ended lamely.

"Because Steed and Tara brought the priceless gift of love and affection to the party," said the Spirit. "That is something your stony heart has long since forgotten."

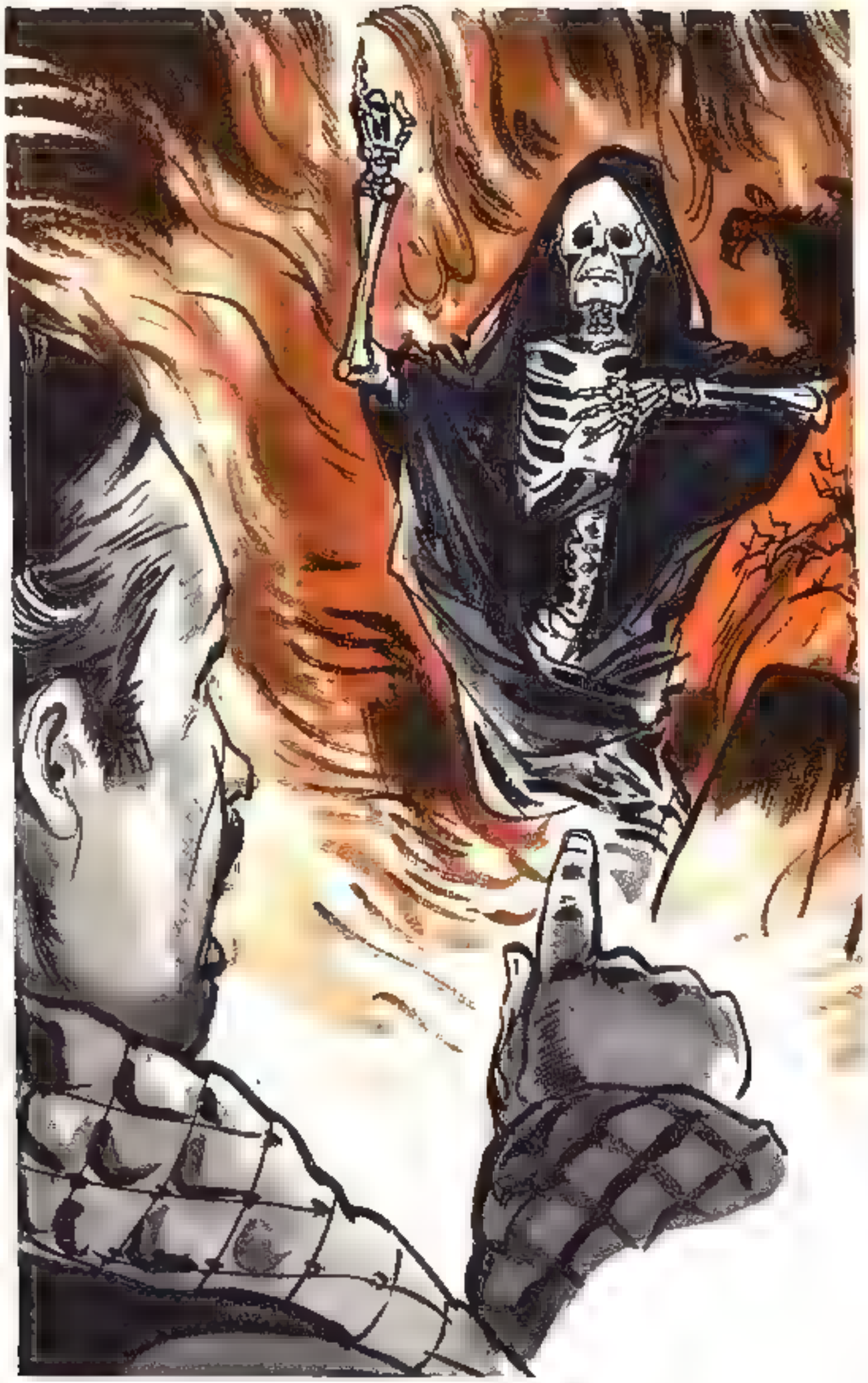
"Oh," said Mother, in a rather small voice.

Then the scene changed abruptly and Mother was looking across a bare, windswept heath where a dreadful figure of a skeleton stood wrapped in a tattered shroud.

"Who . . . who are you?" quavered Mother fearfully.

"I am the Spirit of Christmas Yet-To-Come," said the terrible spectre in a hollow, spine-chilling voice. "Mark well the future that it may yet be changed."

With that, the grim figure vanished, and in its



place came the scene of a wild and satanic gathering. Every villain, knave and conspirator that Mother knew was attending a rogues conclave of wild rejoicing.

"What are those fiends celebrating?" asked Mother, apprehensively.

"The downfall of their arch enemy," said the graveyard voice of the Spirit – "You!"

"A year from now your organisation will have crumbled. Your offices will be deserted. Steed and Tara destitute, and the enemies of England will be triumphant."

"Why?" groaned Mother.

"Because," went on the remorseless voice, "driven by your own misery and gloom, you will have gone to an early grave."

"Dead," moaned Mother, who by this time was very close to tears. "Is there no hope, kind spirit? Have you no word of comfort for me?"

"Make amends at once," came the stony reply, "and perhaps if a little warmth creeps into your cold soul there may yet be a chance for you."

"I will! I will!" cried Mother." Tell me, good, kind, dear spirit that all will be well . . ."

But the glow in the corner was fading fast. It dwindled to a tiny pin-point and then even that went out.

Only then did Mother realise that the hours had slipped by and daylight was showing through chinks in the curtains.

He drew the curtains back and blinked in the bright winter sunshine that came flooding into the room.

Then he looked around; the room was devoid of phantoms and quite normal, except that in the corner stood a large coloured television set with a Christmas present label on it.

"Good gracious," gasped Mother, then he read the label. It said quite simply, 'To Mother, with best wishes for a very Merry Christmas.'

"Bless my soul," he exclaimed, "who could have sent me this? And have I been watching some extraordinary television programme, or . . . or have I been dreaming?"

And as he realised he couldn't answer his own questions he added: "But whatever it was, I won't forget the lessons it taught me . . . Why, I haven't felt as happy as this since I was a schoolboy. My goodness, I'll change my ways . . . People won't know me . . ." Then he beamed with delight at the thought of all the nice things he intended to do for people.

Steed and Tara were just about to turn into the drive to Mother's house when the door of the old house burst open and Mother came charging out as fast as he could propel his wheelchair.

"Hallo there!" he sang out. "Merry Christmas to you both! Steed, do take this, there's a splendid chap, and buy some extra nice presents for little orphans you visit. Tat-ta, can't stop now."

With that, he thrust a bundle of crisp pound notes into Steed's hand and, without waiting to be thanked, set off rapidly down the road.

"I think we'll remove that rather special film we made and the tape-recording from Mother's television set," murmured Steed with a quiet smile. "It seems they've done their work rather well." He looked down the street to where Mother was rapidly disappearing.

"A Merry Christmas, everybody!" Mother was shouting to passers-by. "A happy New Year to all the world!"

"Mother's cured and things will be back to normal now," breathed Tara, contentedly. "It's going to be a wonderful Christmas, Steed, thanks to you and the Spirits of Christmas."

BASIL BRUSH

BY JINGO, CHUMMERS! I'VE BEEN SELECTED TO PLAY FOR THE CAVALIERS - FETCH MY BAT AND PADS THERE'S A GOOD CHAP.

ER - YOU NO LONGER HAVE PADS, GUV. I GAVE 'EM TO THE RAGMAN LAST CHRISTMAS - WE NEEDED THE BALLOONS!

YOU BATTY BUTLER! A GENTLEMAN CAN'T BAT WITHOUT PADS - IT'S UNHEARD OF!

B-BUT, GUV! H'IT WAS YOUR IDEA!

HELP!

OH, LUMME! THE MASTER'S FOUND THE CRICKET BALL!

CRASH!

G-GULP! I'OPE THE GUV'S ALL RIGHT, I'VE SEEN BLOKES BREAK LEGS WIV FALLS LIKE THAT!

BY JIMMINY! THAT'S IT, CHUMMERS! SEND FOR THE DOCTOR IMMEDIATELY AND INFORM HIM THAT I HAVE BROKEN A COUPLE OF LEGS.

ANYTHING YOU SAY, GUV - B-BUT-

ONE HOUR LATER...

WELL, THAT SHOULD DO THE TRICK, SIR, I'LL CALL BACK AGAIN TOMORROW.

THANK YOU, MY GOOD MAN, I SHALL BE ETERNALLY GRATEFUL

SOON -

ARE YOU SURE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING, GUV? I MEAN -

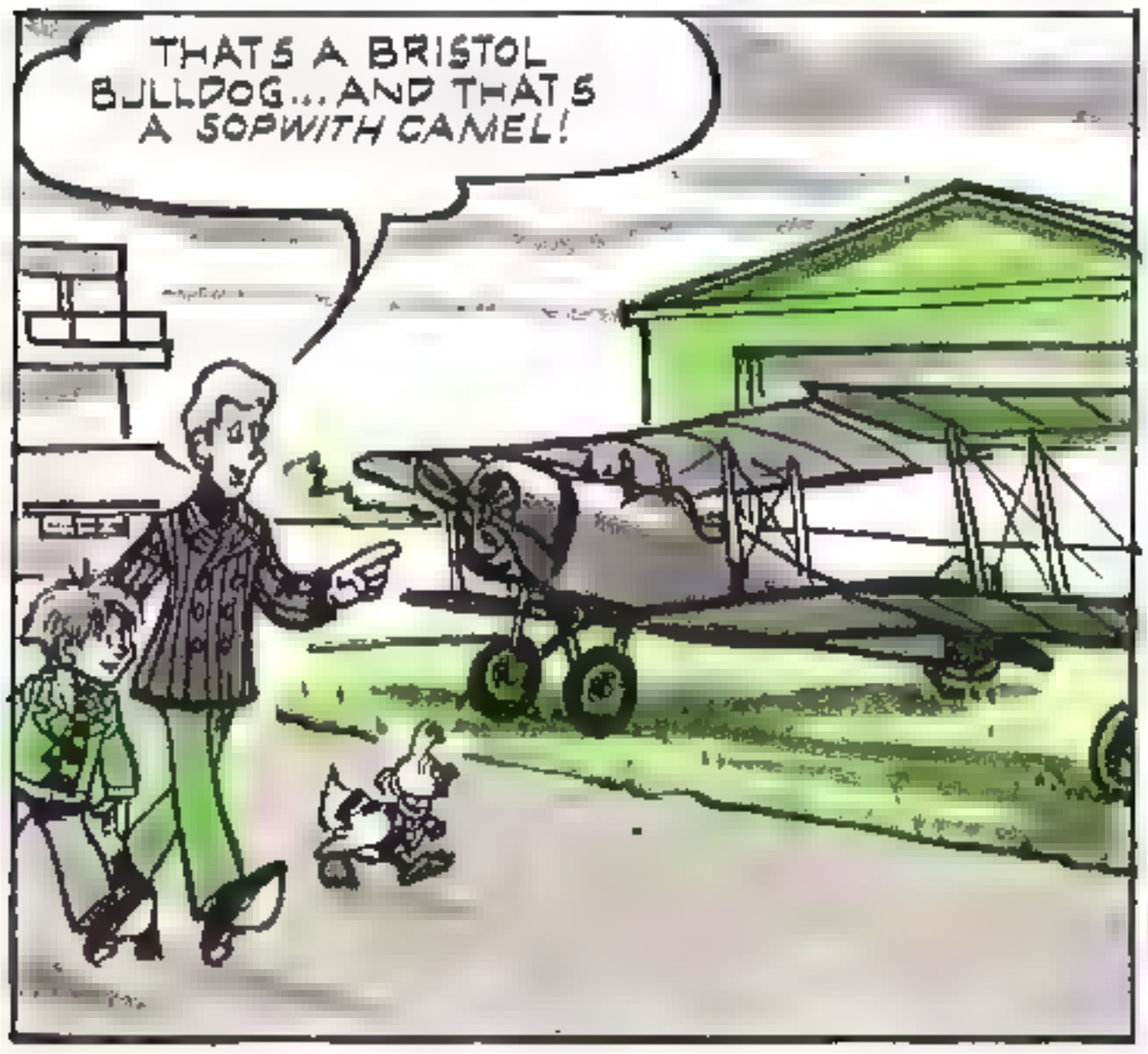
PERFECTLY SURE, CHUMMERS! THEY ARE MOST COMFORTABLE! BE OFF WITH YOU NOW!

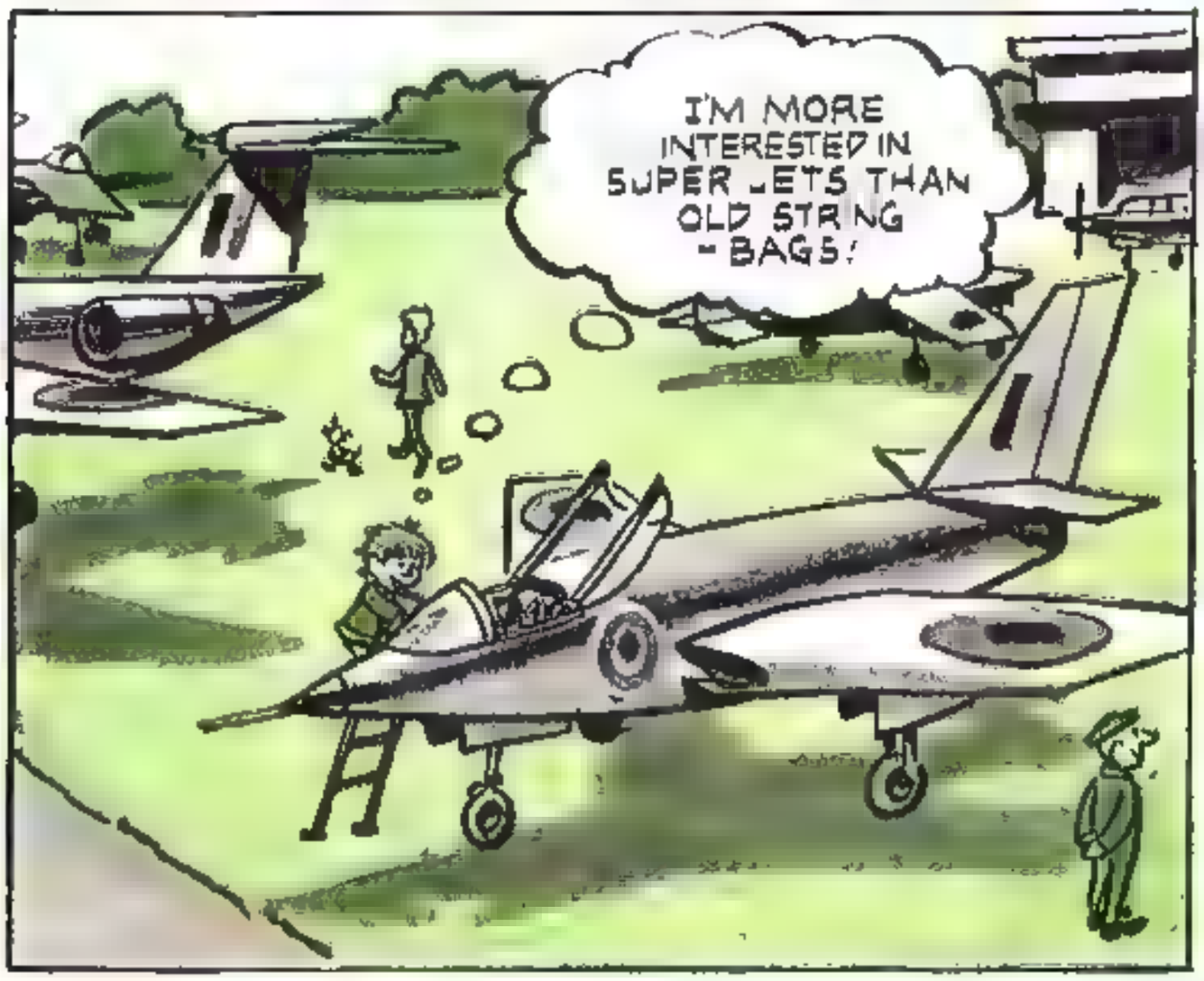
SUFFERING CENTURIES! BASIL'S GOT PLASTER PADS!!

ENOUGH OF THE CHATTER, MY GOOD MAN, TOSS UP THE FIRST BALL I SHALL KNOCK IT FOR SIX!

ONLY BASIL COULD GET AWAY WITH IT!

TICH and QUACKERS





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H-E-L-P!

WOW! TICH IS IN TROUBLE... I'D BETTER DO SOMETHING!

VEROOOOSH!

QUACKERS IS TAKING OFF ON RUNWAY FOUR... HOPE HE CAN HELP POOR OLD TICH!

FLAPPITY!

FLAPPITY

FLAP! FLAP!

PHEW! THANK GOODNESS... QUACKERS HAS COME TO GUIDE ME DOWN!

ALL I HAVE TO DO IS FOLLOW HIM!

WE SEEM TO BE A LONG WAY SHORT OF THE RUNWAY... HOPE QUACKERS KNOWS WHAT HE'S DOING!

YIKE!

SPERLASH!

SPLISH!

YOU'VE LANDED ME ALL RIGHT, QUACKERS... LANDED ME IN TROUBLE! WHY D'D YOU HAVE TO PICK A DUCKPOND?

GRR!

BUT WHERE ELSE WOULD YOU EXPECT A DUCK TO LAND? HA! HA! HA!

OUR POOR PLANE!

GURGLE!

GLUG!

DOCTOR WHO

PAUSING FOR A WHILE FROM REPAIRING THE TARDIS, DR. WHO HAS TAKEN AN INTEREST IN THE FASCINATING SUBJECT OF LEVITATION...

POLICE PUBLIC CALL BOX

A WEIRD FELLOW LENT ME THIS BOOK WHEN I VISITED MARS A FEW HUNDRED YEARS AGO... I'VE BEEN MEANING TO FLIP THROUGH IT!

LEVITATION UNIVERSAL EDITION

HALF AN HOUR LATER...

AMAZING. I REALLY MUST TRY THIS.

IT'S ALL A QUESTION OF MIND OVER BODY... I MERELY HAVE TO CONVINCE MYSELF THAT I CAN FLY AND I SHOULD BE ABLE TO!

THERE! I APPEAR TO HAVE THE MENTAL POWER TO DO IT... HOW EXCITING!

MEANWHILE, THE BRIGADIER IS AFTER A SPY...

BRIGADIER

HE MUSTN'T GET AWAY!

HE'S HIDDEN A TOP SECRET FILE SOMEWHERE... DOUBTLESS TO BE COLLECTED LATER!

© BBC tv 1970

WITH THE NATION'S SECURITY AT STAKE THE BRIGADIER TAKES A DESPERATE MEASURE...

GO THE WRONG WAY AROUND THE ROUND-A-BOUT!

U-H!

WELL DONE!

WE'LL TAKE HIM TO THE INTERROGATION ROOM! WE HAVE TO FIND OUT WHERE THAT FILES HIDDEN.

LATER...

THIS IS A WASTE OF TIME, BRIGADIER; YOU'LL NEVER MAKE ME TALK!

THAT REMAINS TO BE SEEN!

IF YOU DON'T HELP US I'LL SEE TO IT YOU ROT IN A MAXIMUM SECURITY WING FOR THE REST OF YOUR DAYS!

THE SPY MAKES A BREAK...

STOP HIM! THAT WINDOW LEADS OUT ONTO THE ROOF!

MY ONLY CHANCE IS AN ESCAPE ACROSS THE ROOF TOPS.

MEANWHILE...

I MUST VISIT THE U.N.I.T BUILDING AND DEMONSTRATE MY NEW LEVITATION FINDINGS TO THE BRIGADIER

HE'LL NEVER MAKE IT!

UNIT HEADQUA

AH!

C-CAN'T HOLD ON!

IF HE FALLS WE'LL NEVER KNOW WHERE THE FILE IS, OR WHO HAS THEIR HANDS ON IT!

MY EXPERIMENTS WITH LEVITATION ARE AT A VERY EARLY STAGE... BUT I WONDER?

MUST CONCENTRATE: IT'S ABSOLUTELY ESSENTIAL!

WHAT ON EARTH?

GOOD GRIEF!

THE AGENT FINALLY LOSES HIS GRIP...

JUST IN TIME!

HE'S ALL YOURS BRIGADIER!

WHAT IN THE NAME OF SANITY ARE YOU DOING HOVERING IN MID-AIR?

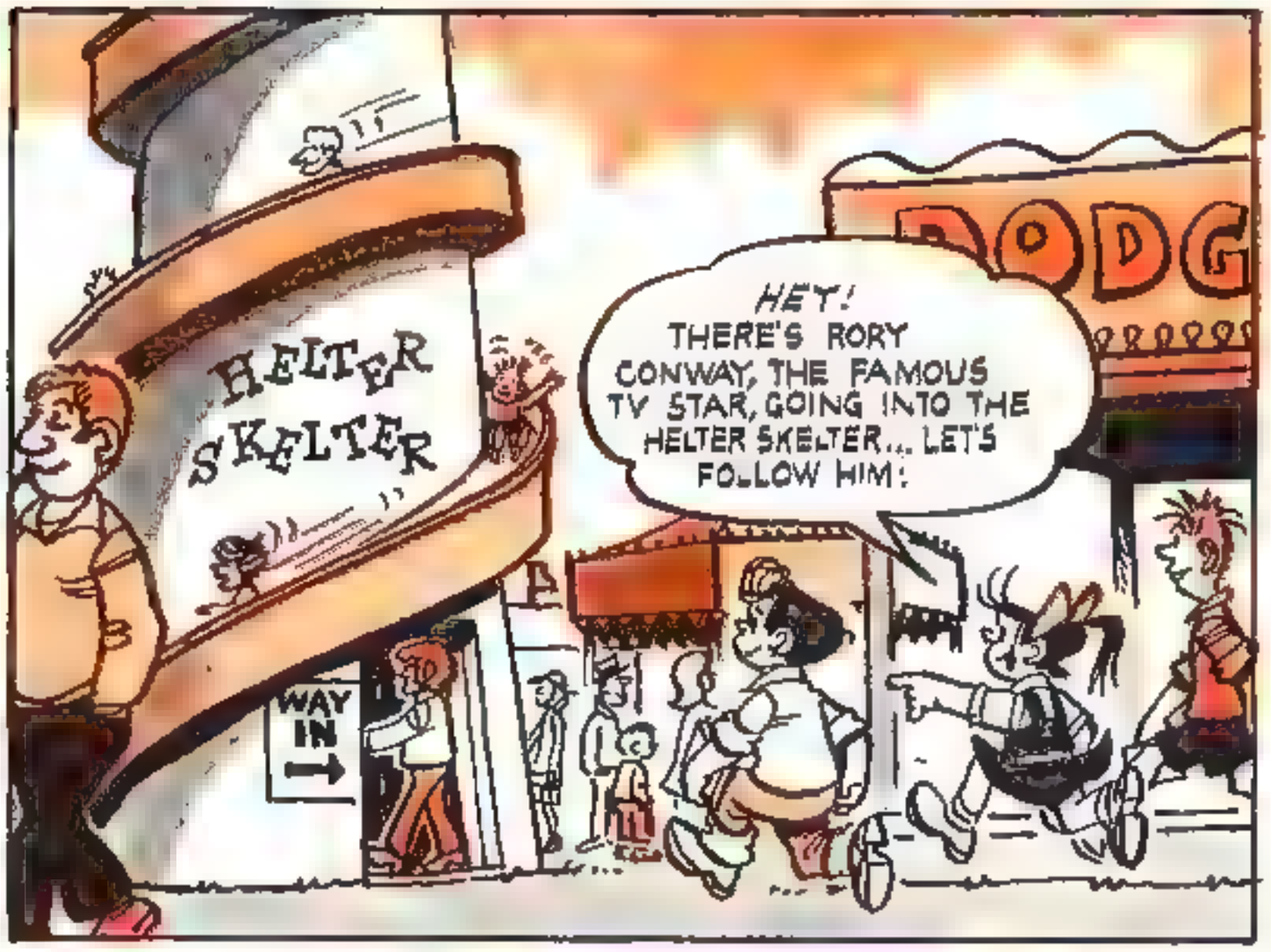
... JUST A SIMPLE MATTER OF MIND OVER BODY...

... IT'S UNLIKELY THAT ORDINARY MEN AND WOMEN COULD DEVELOP THE CONTROL AND CONCENTRATION NEEDED!

... BUT I FIND IT RATHER EASY.

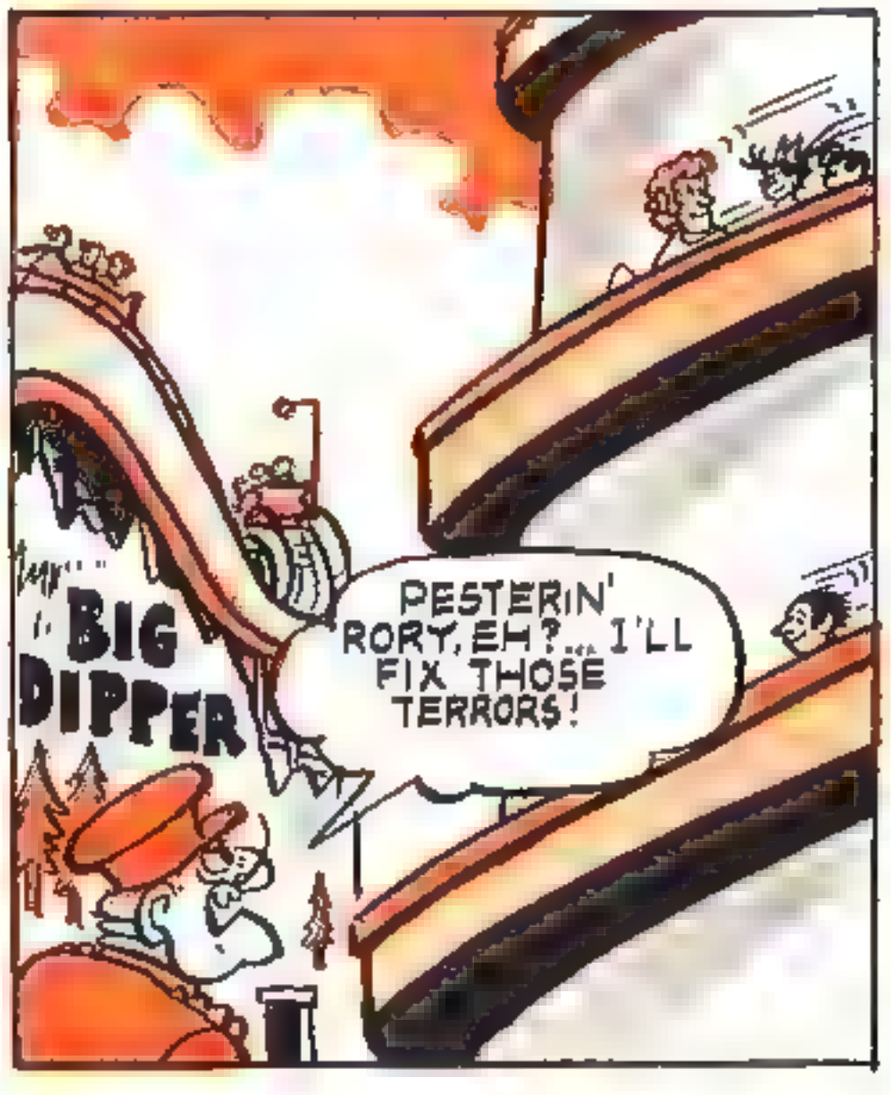
TV TERRORS

ALL THE FUN OF THE FAIR


HELTER SKELTER
WAY IN
HEY! THERE'S RORY CONWAY, THE FAMOUS TV STAR, GOING INTO THE HELTER SKELTER... LET'S FOLLOW HIM!

AND SO...
I'M TOO FRIGHTENED... I'M GOING BACK DOWN THE STAIRS!
SHOOTING
DON'T WORRY, BUTTONS! CUTHBERT AND I WILL GET RORY'S AUTOGRAPH!

MAY WE HAVE YOUR AUTOGRAPH, RORY?
OF COURSE, K.DS!


BIG DIPPER
PESTERIN' RORY, EH?... I'LL FIX THOSE TERRORS!

AND SO...
WOW! HERE COMES HOPPY!... PROBABLY AFTER MONICA AND CUTHBERT!
PUFF! PANT!

BETTER NIP BACK UP TO THE TOP AND HIDE!

YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE THOSE BOOTS OFF, THEY'LL SCRATCH OUR LOVELY SLIPE!
MATS
BAH! VERY WELL, I'LL COLLECT 'EM LATER!

MINUTES LATER...

HEH! HEH! WHILE THE ATTENDANT'S NOT LOOKING... I'LL SEND HOPPIT'S BOOTS DOWN AFTER HIM!

ZOOM!

WAIT 'TIL I GET MY HANDS ON YOU, TERRORS!

YIKE! IT'S HOPPIT!

LOOK!

WHIZZ!

OH, CRUMBS!

NEYAAAH!

BIG DIPPER

WHUMP!

WHOOSH!

OOPH!

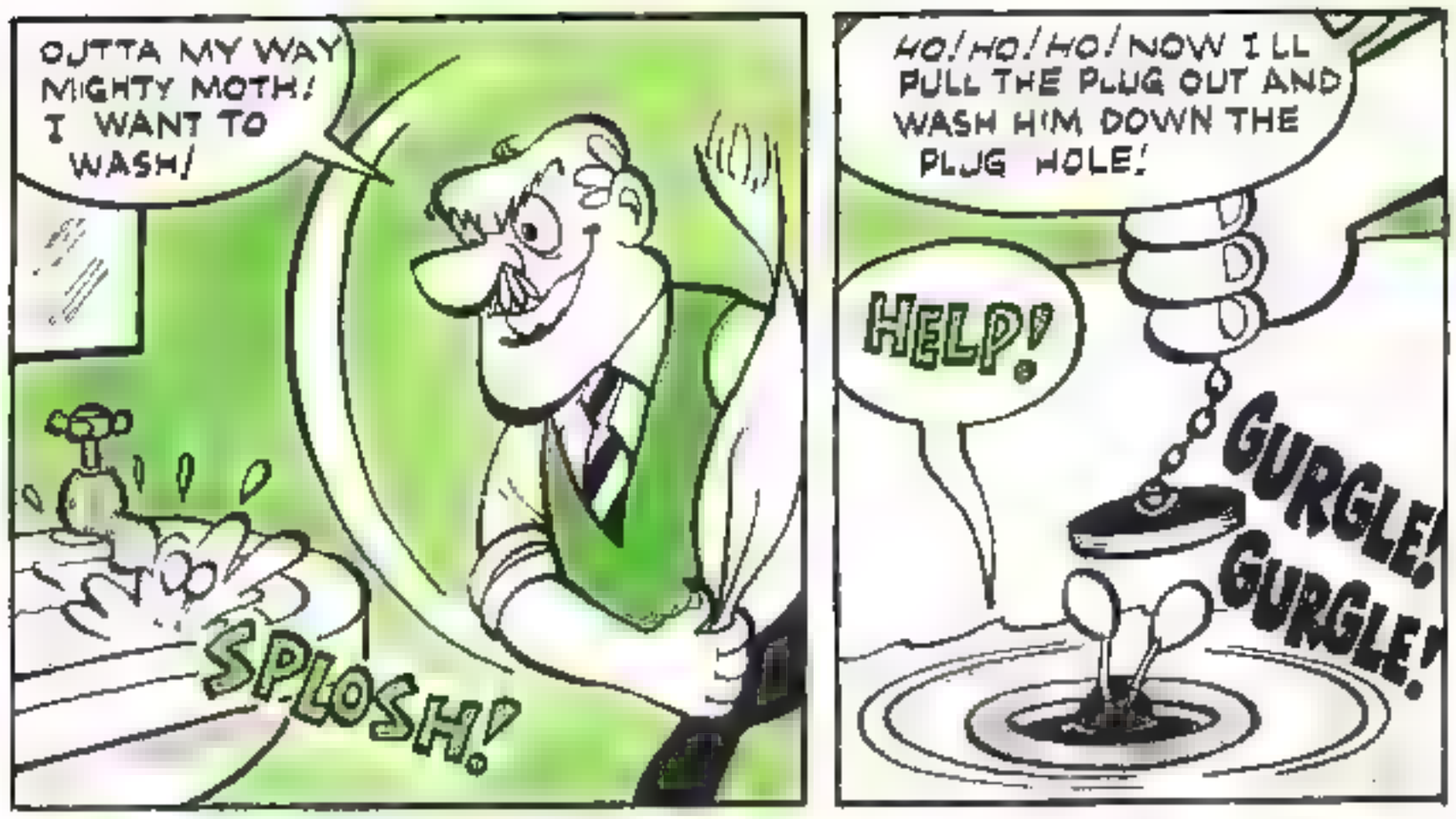
THUMP!

NOW IT'S HOPPIT'S TURN TO BE CHASED!

YOU COULD SAY THE BOOT'S ON THE OTHER FOOT! HAW! HAW! HAW!

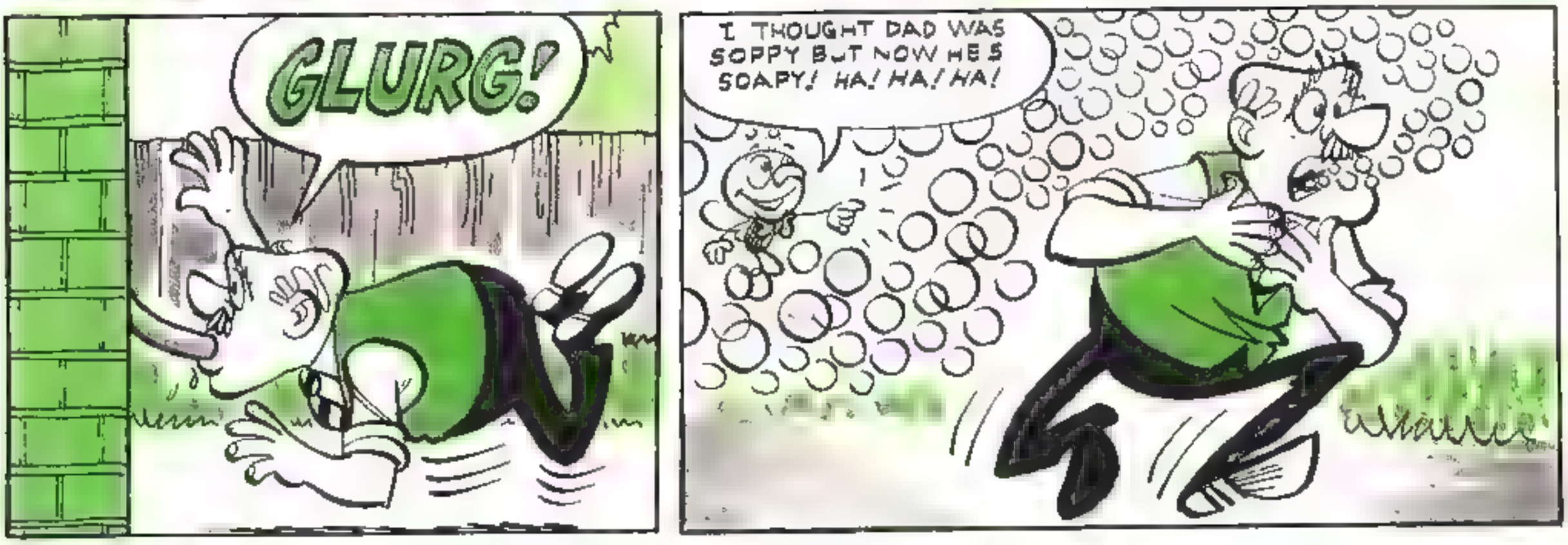
HELP!

MIGHTY MOTH


OUTTA MY WAY MIGHTY MOTH! I WANT TO WASH!
SPLOSH!
HO! HO! HO! NOW I'LL PULL THE PLUG OUT AND WASH HIM DOWN THE PLUG HOLE!
HELP!
GURGLE! GURGLE!

HELP! LET ME OUT, DAD, I'M STUCK IN THE PIPE!
IT'S COLD AND DARK DOWN HERE!
CURSES, HE'S STUCK DOWN THE PIPE! I'LL HAVE TO GET HIM OUT.
THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO DO IT — I'LL HAVE TO BLOW HIM OUT FROM DOWN HERE.

BLOW!
FREE AT LAST!
THWOCK!
DAD DOESN'T KNOW I'M OUT AND HE'S STILL BLOWING. I'LL SEND SOME SOAPY WATER DOWN TO HIM.


GLURG!
I THOUGHT DAD WAS SOPPY BUT NOW HE'S SOAPY! HA! HA! HA!

POPEYE

I HOPE YOU FOLKS W LL ENJOY MY HOLIDAY PHOTOGRAPHS!

WE'RE LOOKING FORWARD TO SEEING THEM!

YEAH! GET ON W TH IT!

AMUSEMENTS

THAT'S ME AMUSING MYSELF AT THE PIER AMUSEMENTS ARCADE!

THAT'S ME BURYING THE BEACH BULLY IN THE SAND!

THAT'S ME WHOOP NG IT UP ON THE PROM!

HEY! IS THAT ONE OF THE FAMOUS HAMMER-HEADED SHARKS, POPEYE?

IT WASN'T UNTIL I H T IT! ARF! ARF! ARF!

F NALLY THAT'S ME THUMP NG THE LIFE OUT OF A TROUBLESOME LIFE GUARD

WELL, DID YER ALL ENJOY ME HOL DAY SLAP-SHOTS? ARF! ARF!

YES!

YES!

RATHER!

No!

CRUNK!

THE LIFE GUARD HAPPENED TO BE MY BROTHER!

I GUESS THAT'S THE *PUNCH LINE*, READERS! ARF! ARF

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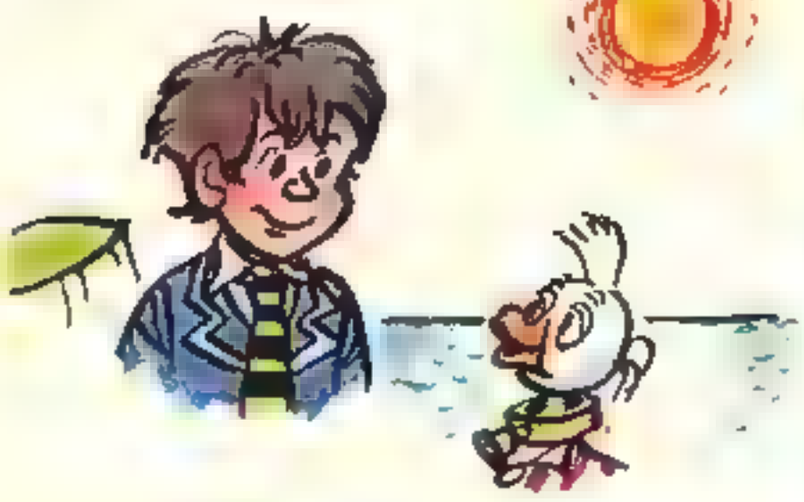
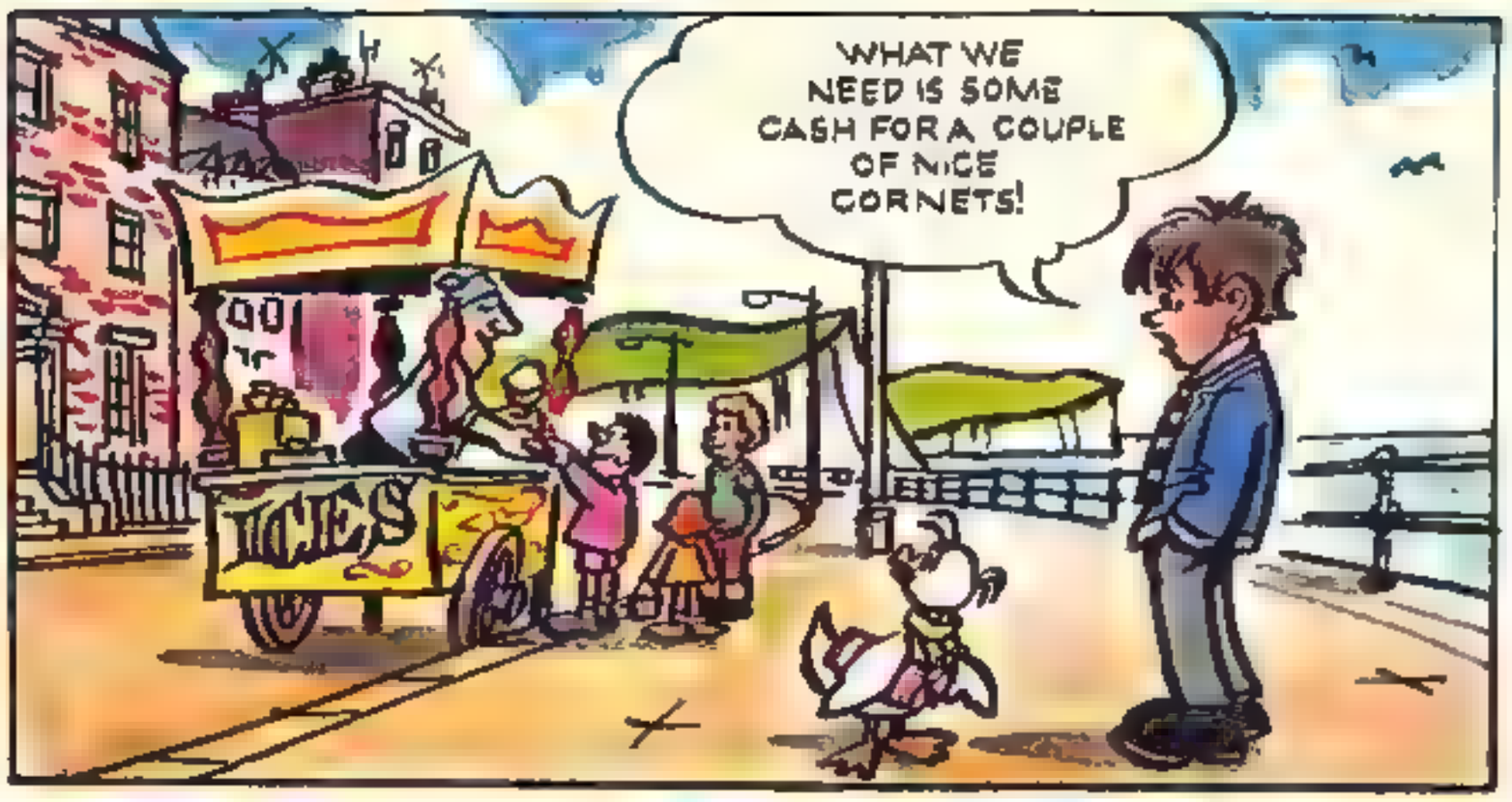
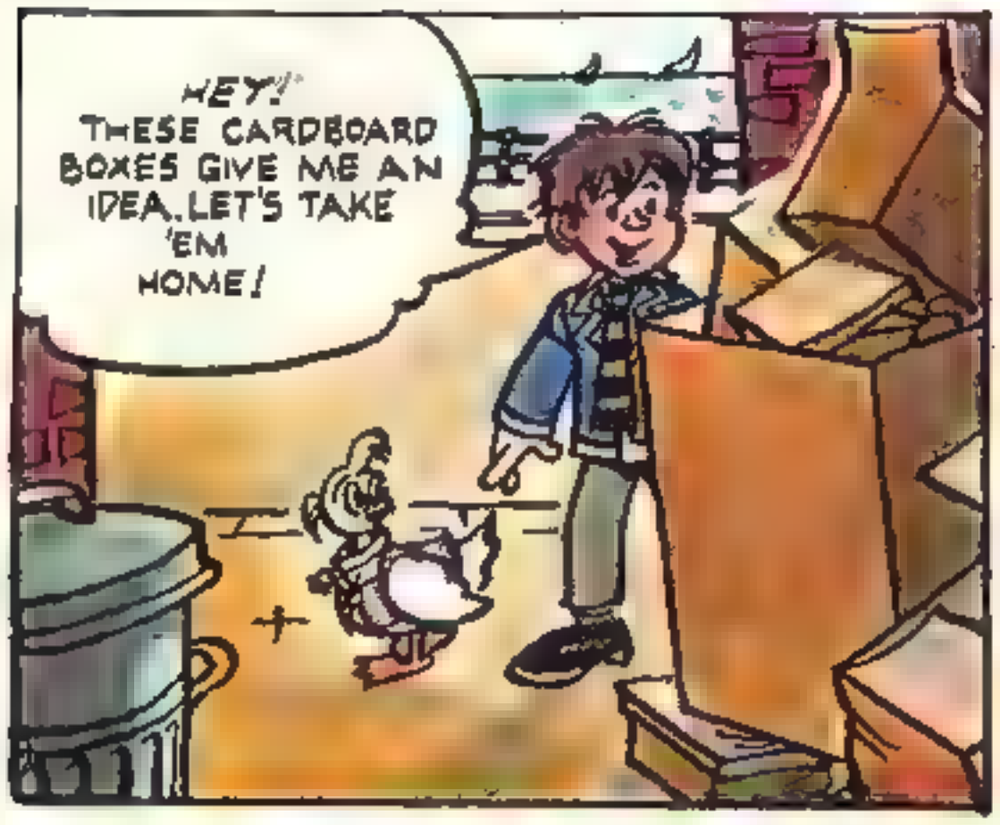
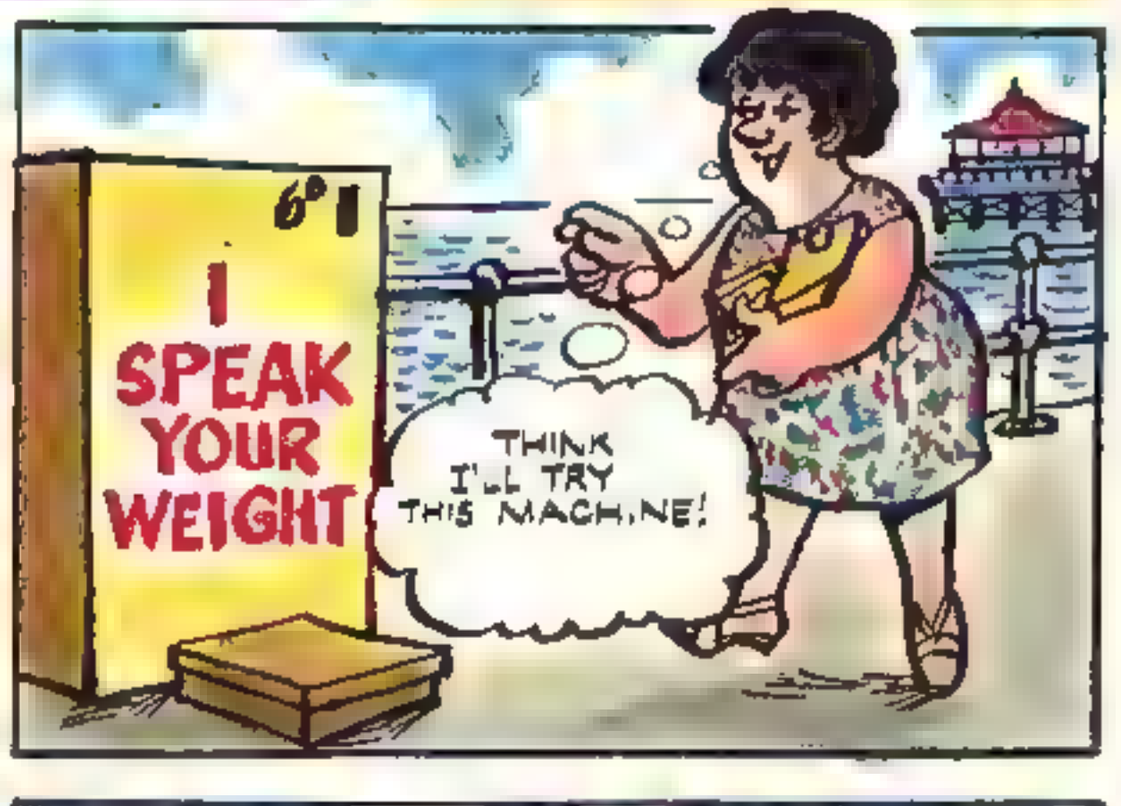
E Comic A

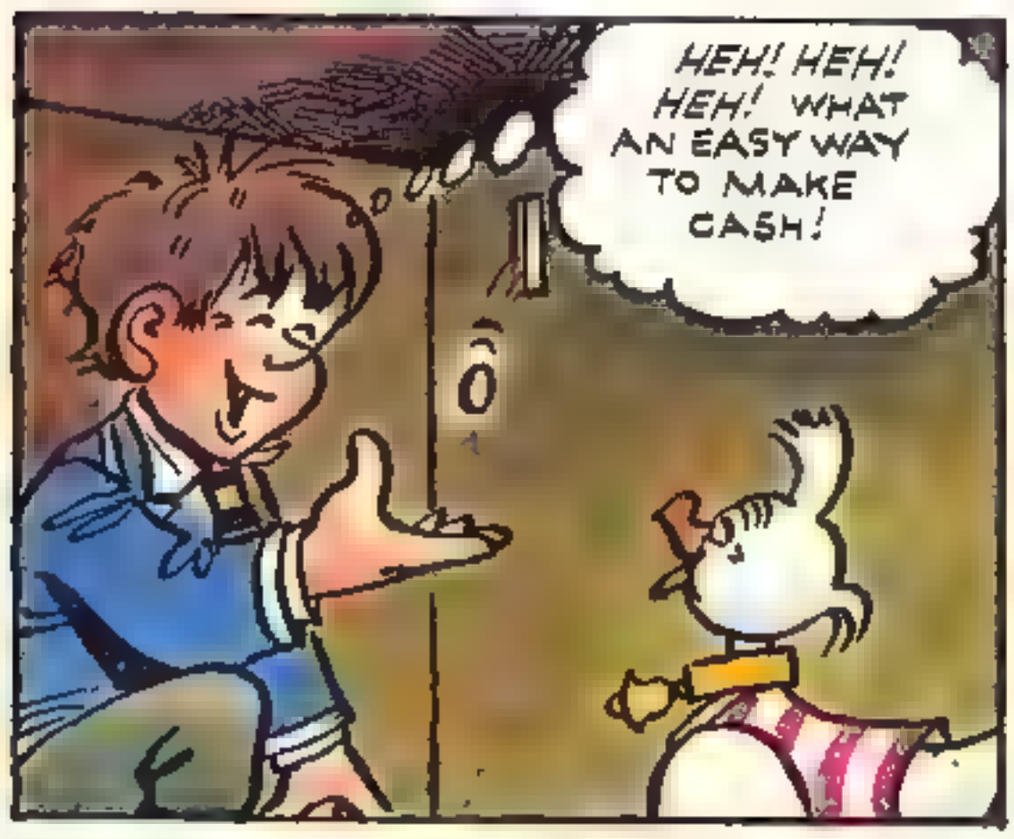
Tich and Quackers

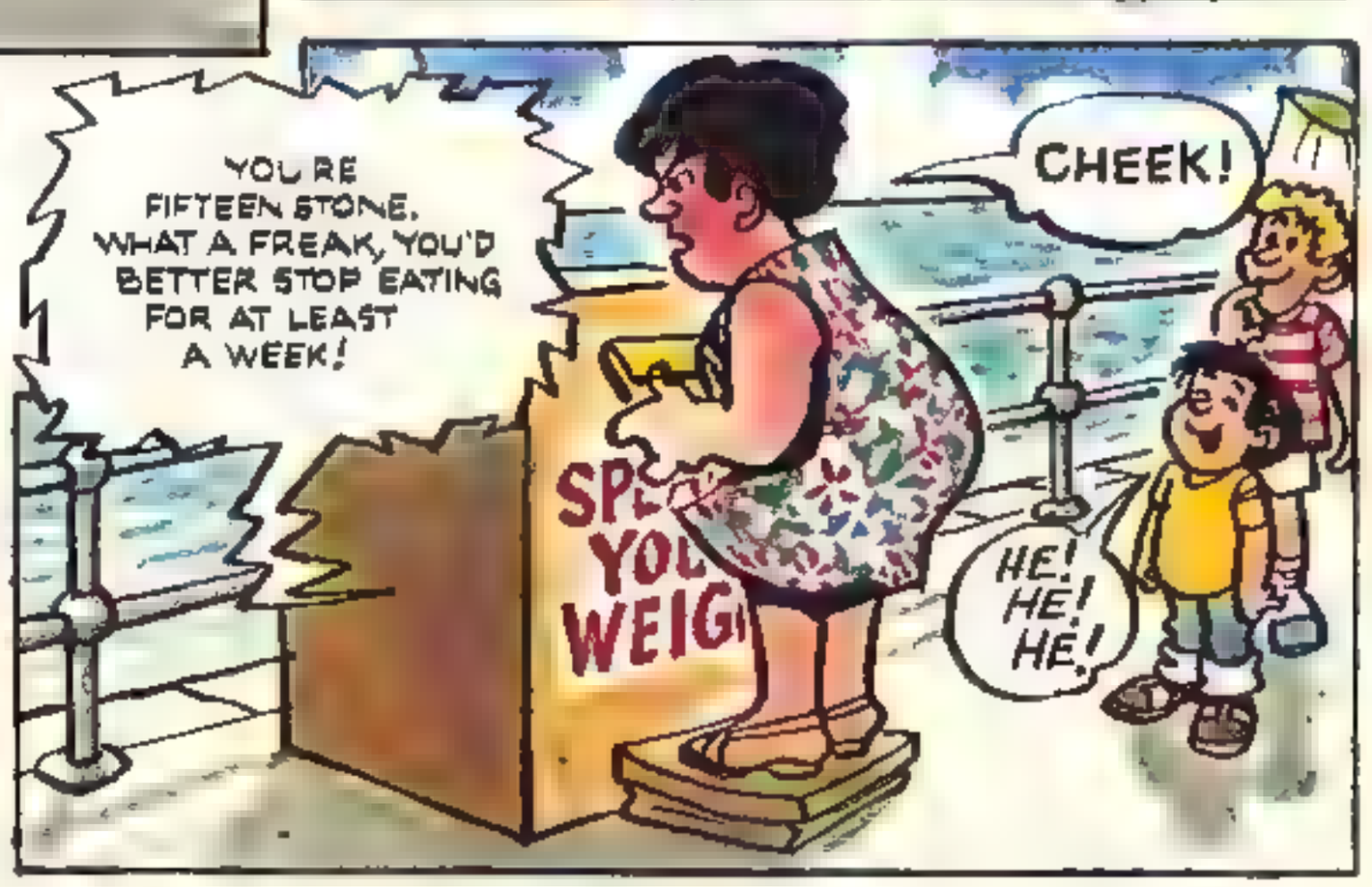












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I'VE BEEN TRYING TO PUT ON WEIGHT FER AGES... WONDER HOW I M DOING!

6D

I SPEAK YOUR WEIGHT

SORRY, CHUM, THIS ISN'T YOUR DAY, YOU'RE TWO STONE AND WASTING AWAY!

OF ALL THE NERVE!

6D

AFTER A WHILE...

HEH! HEH! WE'RE MAKING A FORTUNE... WE'LL SOON HAVE ENOUGH TO BUY A WHOLE TUB OF ICE CREAM.

JUST THEN, RAY COMES ALONG...

HMM! WONDER WHAT IT'LL HAVE TO SAY ABOUT MY PHYSIQUE?

MEANWHILE, IN THE BOX...

YEEEEEEK!

OUCH! ME POOR WEBBED FOOT!

I SPEAK YOUR WEIGHT

6D

WHAT ON EARTH?

SO!

GULP! IT'S RAY!

I SPEAK YOUR WEIGHT

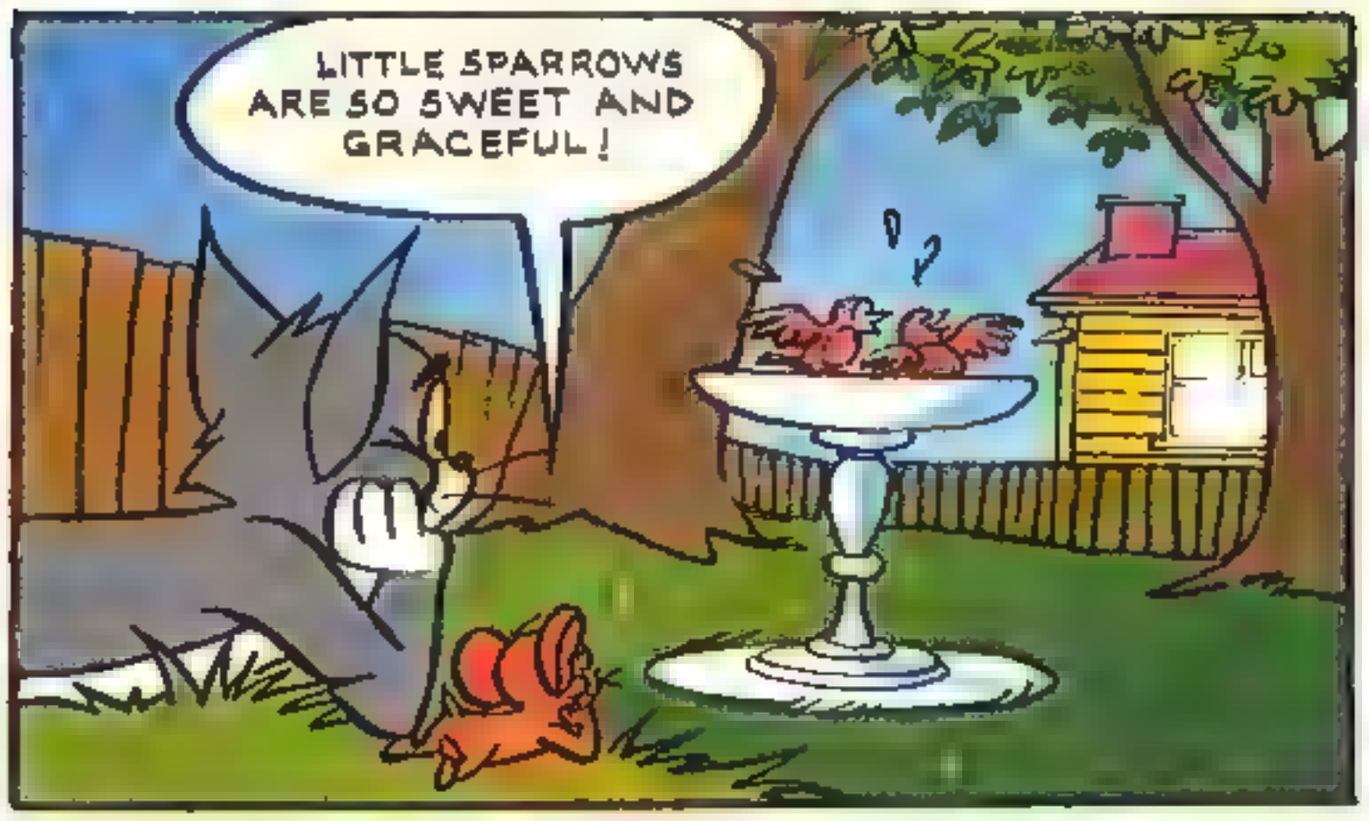
I'LL GIVE YOJ ROTTEN TRICKSTERS SOME HONEST WORK TO DO!

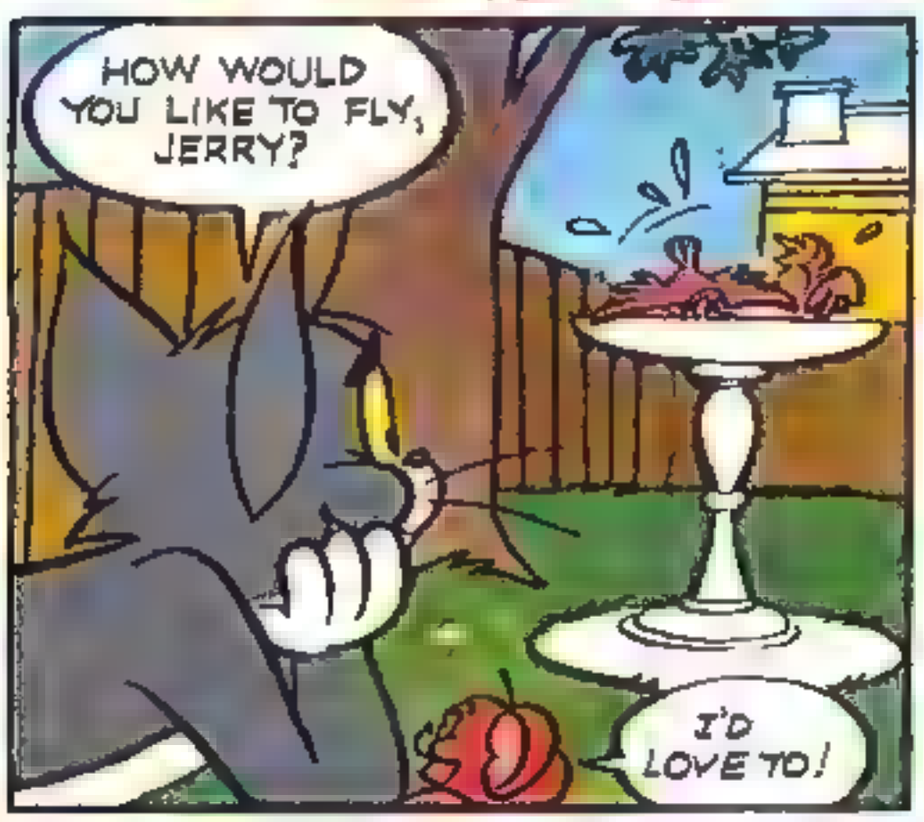
YOU CAN CARRY ALL THOSE DECKCHAIRS TO THE OTHER END OF THE BEACH... I LL BE GIVING AN OPEN-AIR CONCERT IN AN HOUR'S TIME!

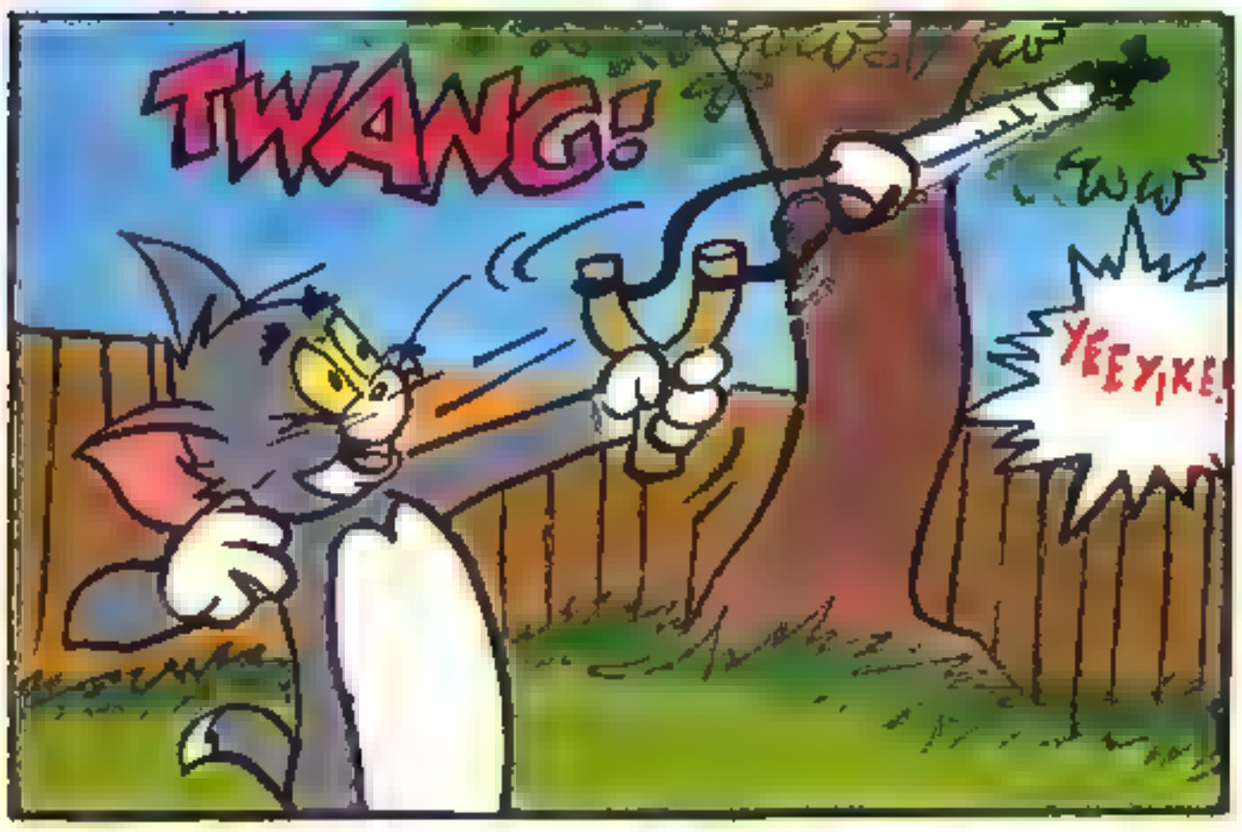
WHAT WOULD YOU SAY TH.S LOT WEIGHS, QUACKERS?

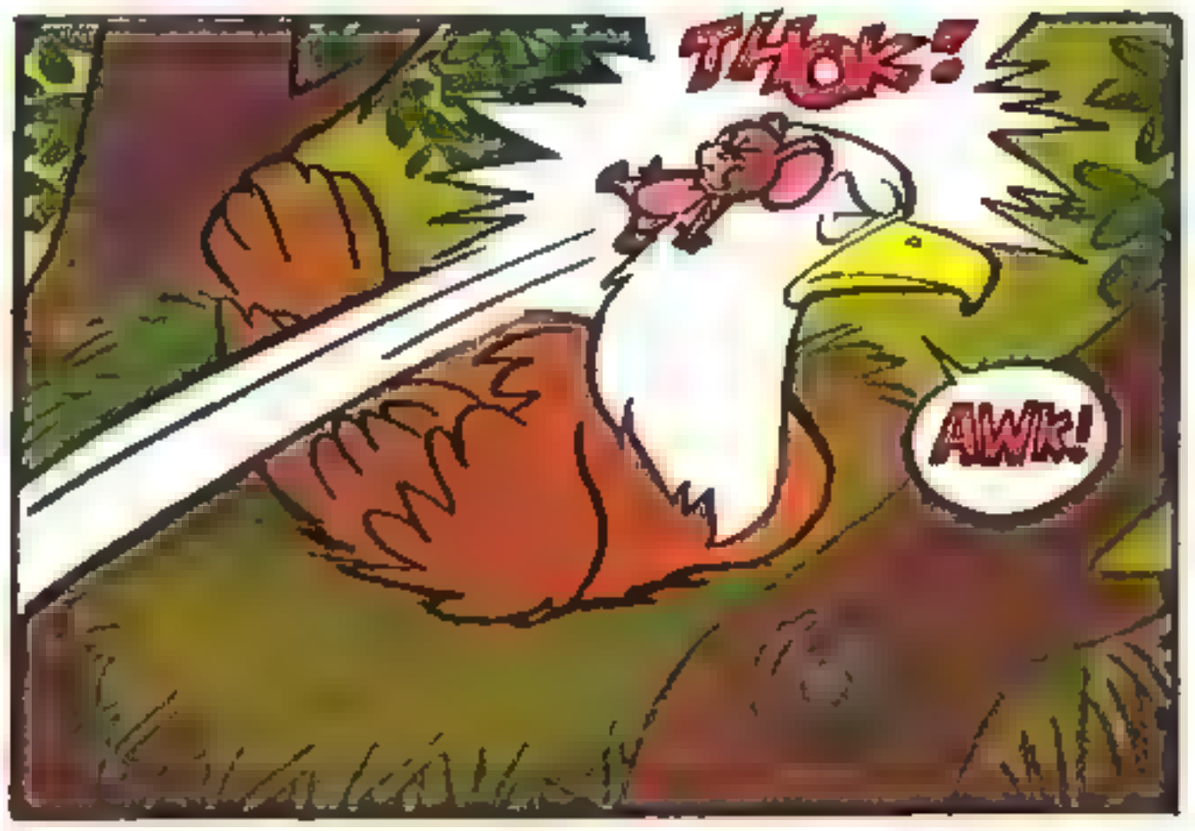
AT LEAST A TON AND THAT'S A LOT. ALL THIS IS YOUR FAULT, YOU SILLY CLOT!

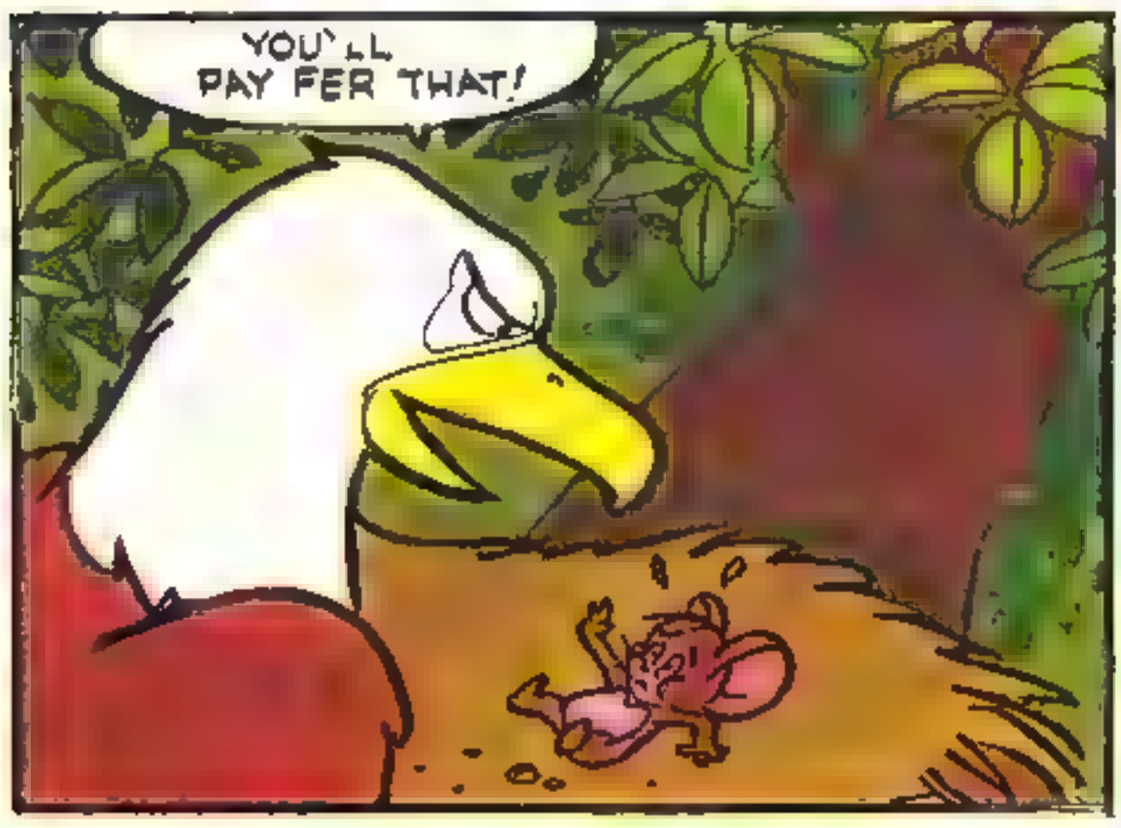
TOM and JERRY

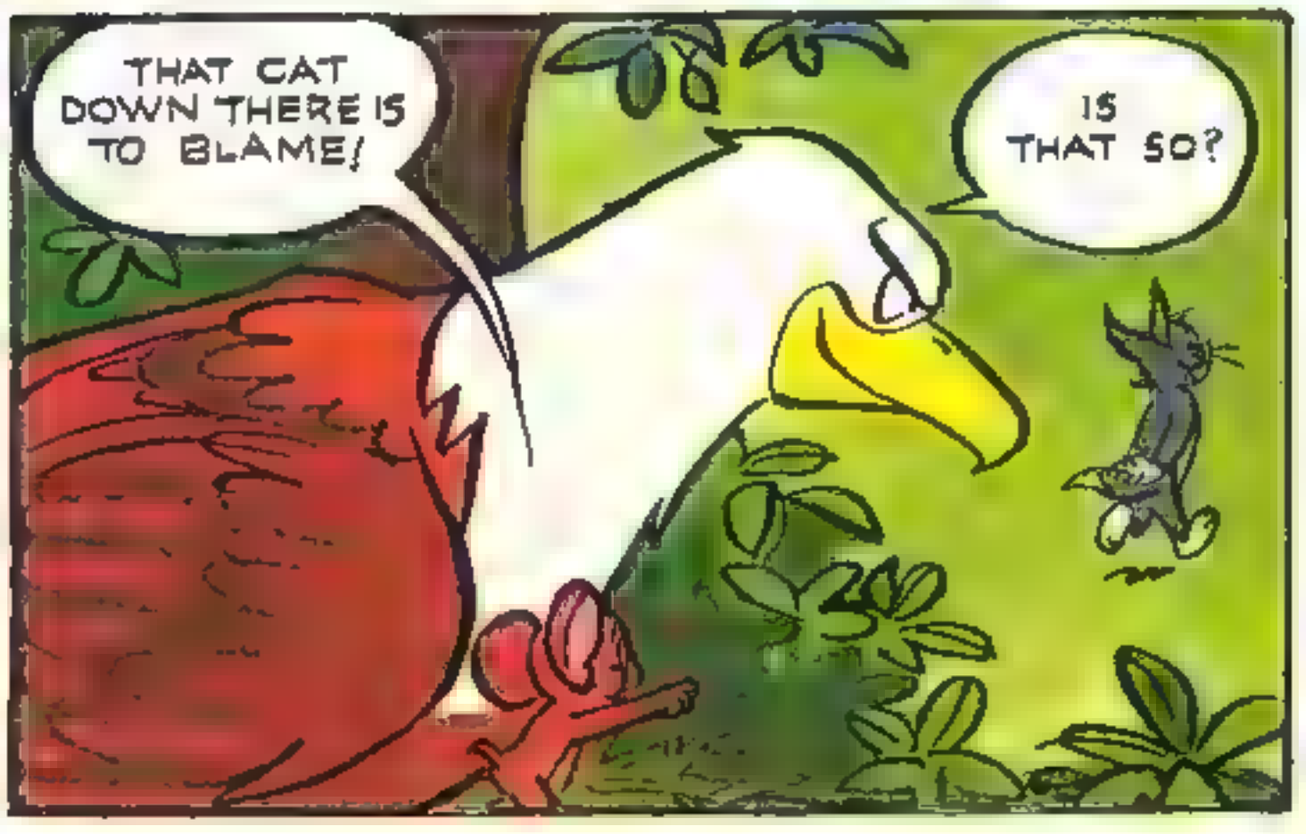












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I'LL MAKE A FUR COAT OUT OF HIM FUR THIS

GULP! THAT FEATHERED FREAK DOESN'T LOOK TOO HAPPY

CLANG!

I'M NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES

HE AIN'T DODGING PUNISHMENT THAT EASILY!

THAT SHOULD GET HIM INTO SOME TROUBLE. HAW! HAW!

KERLANG

SPLUTT!

WHY, YOU CRUMMY CAT, I'LL...

KER BIFF AU!

POW!

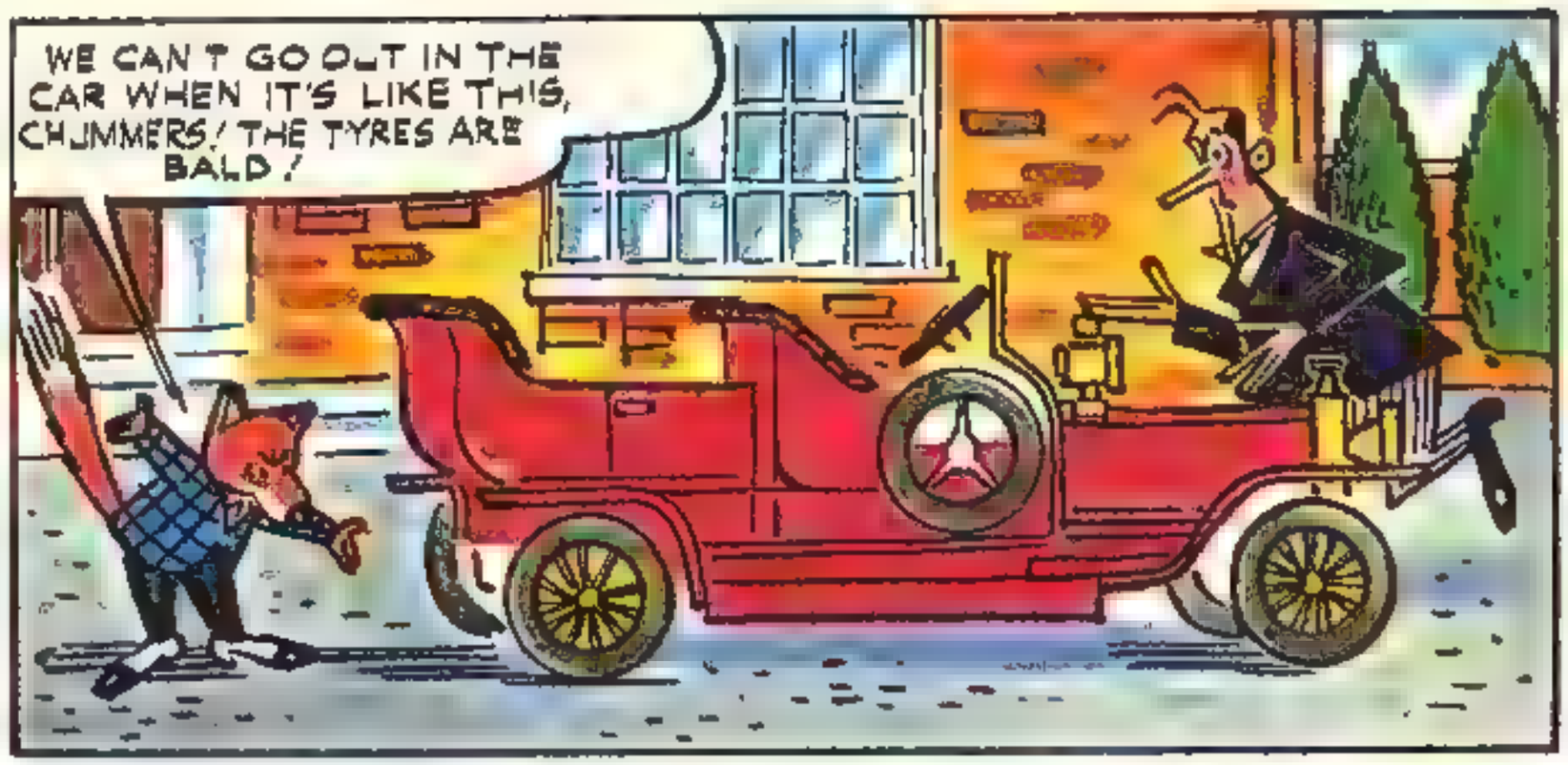
TAKE THAT!

HOW DO YOU LIKE FLYING TOM? HE! HE! HE!

NEEYAARR!

Basil Brush

BRUSH MANOR

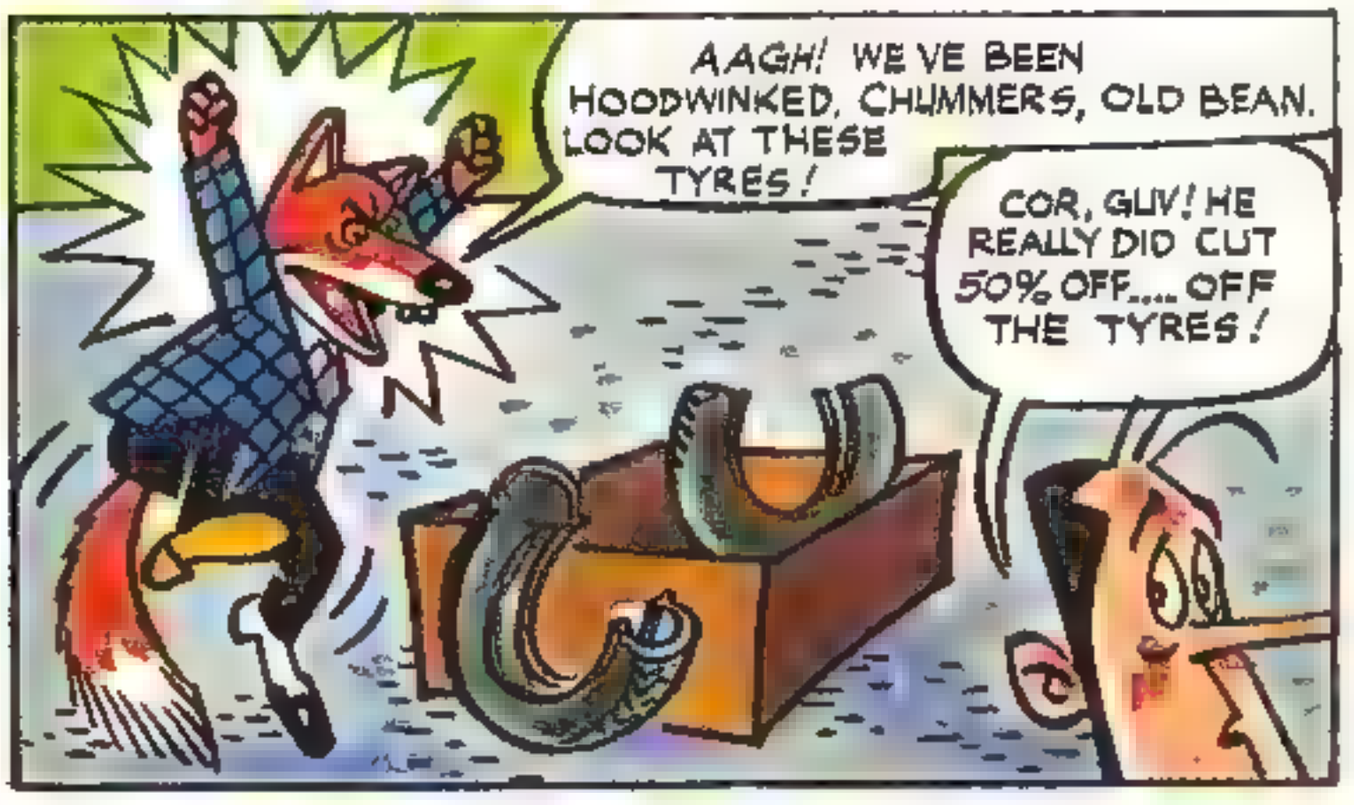

WE CAN'T GO OUT IN THE CAR WHEN IT'S LIKE THIS, CHUMMERS! THE TYRES ARE BALD!

SHALL I GO AND BUY SOME 'AIR RESTORER, GUV?

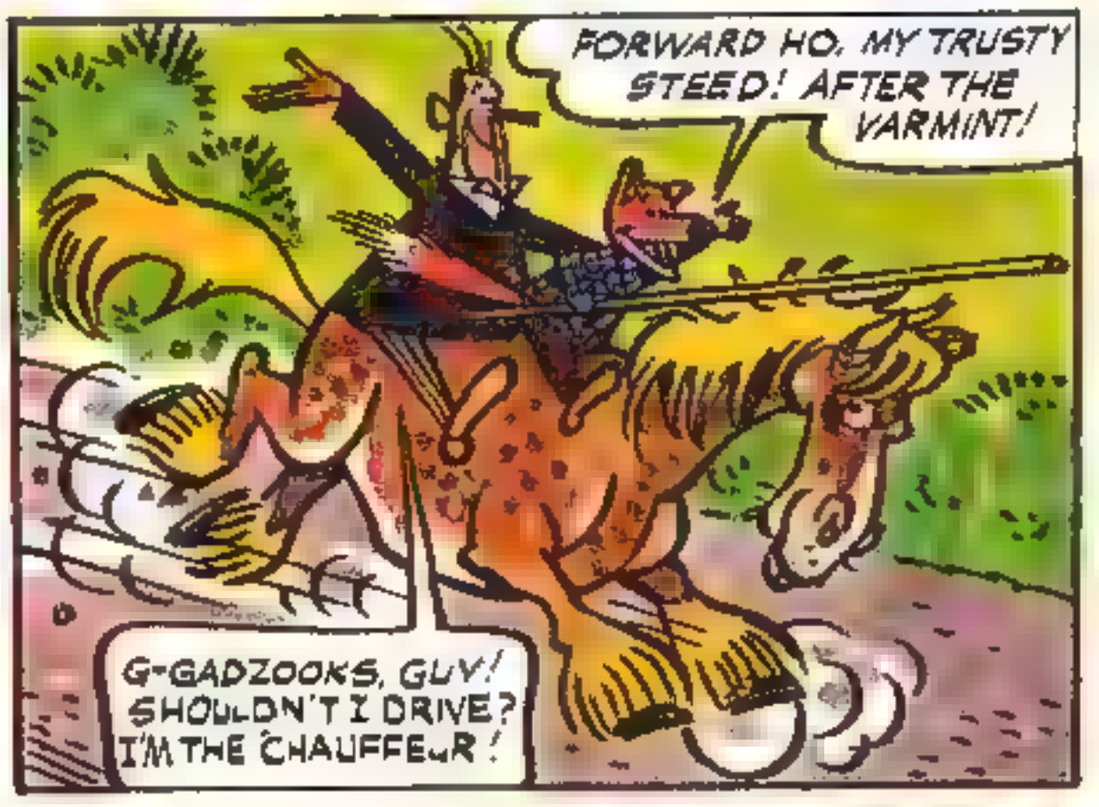
THIS IS NO TIME FOR HILARITY, CHUMMERS! IT IS MOST UNBECOMING FOR A BRUSH TO WALK!
SORRY, GUV! IT JUST SLIPPED OUT!

MORNIN', YOUR LORDSHIP! I HAVE FOUR TYRES WITH ME HERE.... 50% OFF!
BY JINGO, 50% OFF, EH? AN EXCELLENT BARGAIN, INDEED! PAY THE MAN, CHUMMERS!

ALLOW ME, CHUMMERS. I SHALL DO THE HONOURS! I JUST CAN'T WAIT TO SEE OUR BARGAIN!
BE MY GUEST, GUV!


AAGH! WE'VE BEEN HOODWINKED, CHUMMERS, OLD BEAN. LOOK AT THESE TYRES!
COR, GUV! HE REALLY DID CUT 50% OFF.... OFF THE TYRES!

LANCELOT BRUSH WOULD'VE KNOWN WHAT TO DO IN A SITUATION SUCH AS THIS! I THINK WE SHALL TAKE A LEAF FROM HIS BOOK!
IS IT IN THE LIBRARY, GUV?
PROPER WAG TODAY, ISN'T HE!


FORWARD HO, MY TRUSTY STEED! AFTER THE VARMINT!
G-GADZOOKS, GUV! SHOULDN'T I DRIVE? I'M THE CHAUFFEUR!

THAT CLOT UP AT BRUSH MANOR HELPED ME WITH THE DEPOSIT ON THIS CAR! THERE'S ONE BORN EVERY MINUTE!

"FOR SAINT GEORGE AND ENGLAND! C-H-A-R-G-E!

SUFFERING SPIVS! I-I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

WHRRRRUM!

NOT TO WORRY! THAT OLD NAG WILL NEVER KEEP UP WITH THIS SPORTS CAR!

THAT BRUSH-TAILED BABOON WILL BE MILES BEHIND BY NOW. I'M SAFE!

HAVE AT YE, VARLET!

YEE-IKES! THAT NAG MUST BE JET-PROPELLED! IT'S KEEPING UP WITH ME!

GRR! I'LL SHOW 'EM! I'LL GO FLAT OUT!

EEK! THEY'RE STILL UP WITH ME!

JUMPING JONAHS! WHAT NEXT? THE CAR'S CONKING OUT! AND THERE IS PLENTY OF PETROL IN THE TANK!

PHUT! COUGH!

SPLUTTER!

FRIGHTFULLY SORRY, OLD BOY, BUT I'M NOT MUCH COP WITH A LANCE! I AIMED AT YOUR TYRE AND GOT THE LANCE JAMMED UP THE EXHAUST!

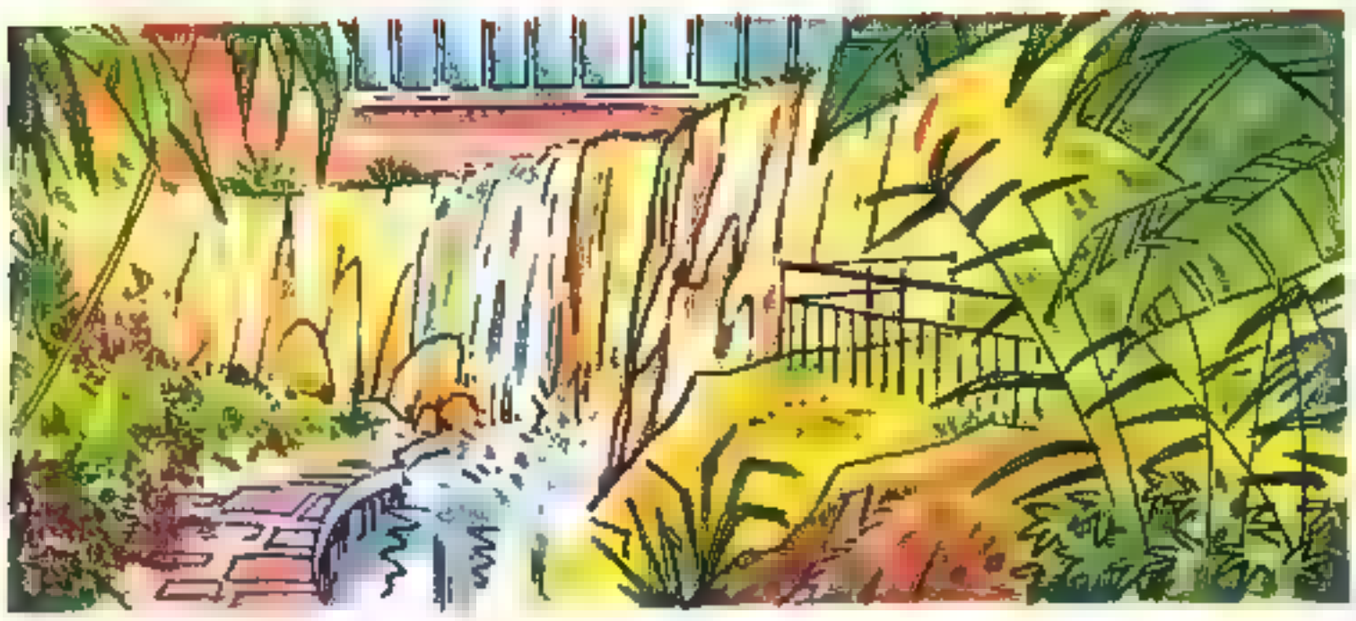
OH, NO!

FAIR'S FAIR, CHUMMERS! AFTER ALL, HE DOES OWE US FOUR TYRES, OLD BOY!

BOO-HOO!

INDEED, GUV! THE SPOILS O' WAR!

ANIMAL MAGIC by Johnny Morris



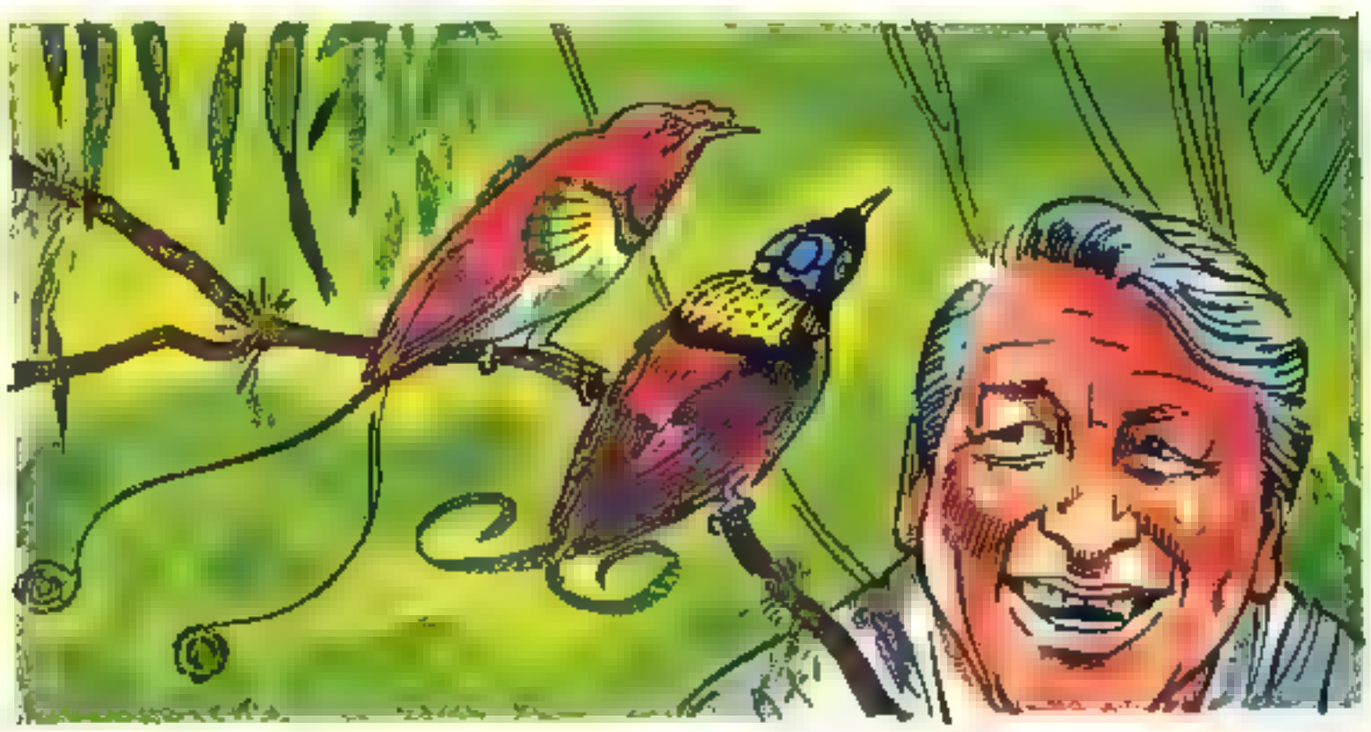
The Tropical House

1. The Tropical House at the Zoo is a very beautiful house. There is a waterfall at one end and palm trees and banana trees grow in the moist warm air.

2. I sometimes go to the tropical house to spray the plants to keep them free of insects. And as I spray, the humming birds and birds of paradise fly around.

3. The birds of paradise have wonderful tails and they perch in the trees and admire one another. They sometimes ask me to admire them too.

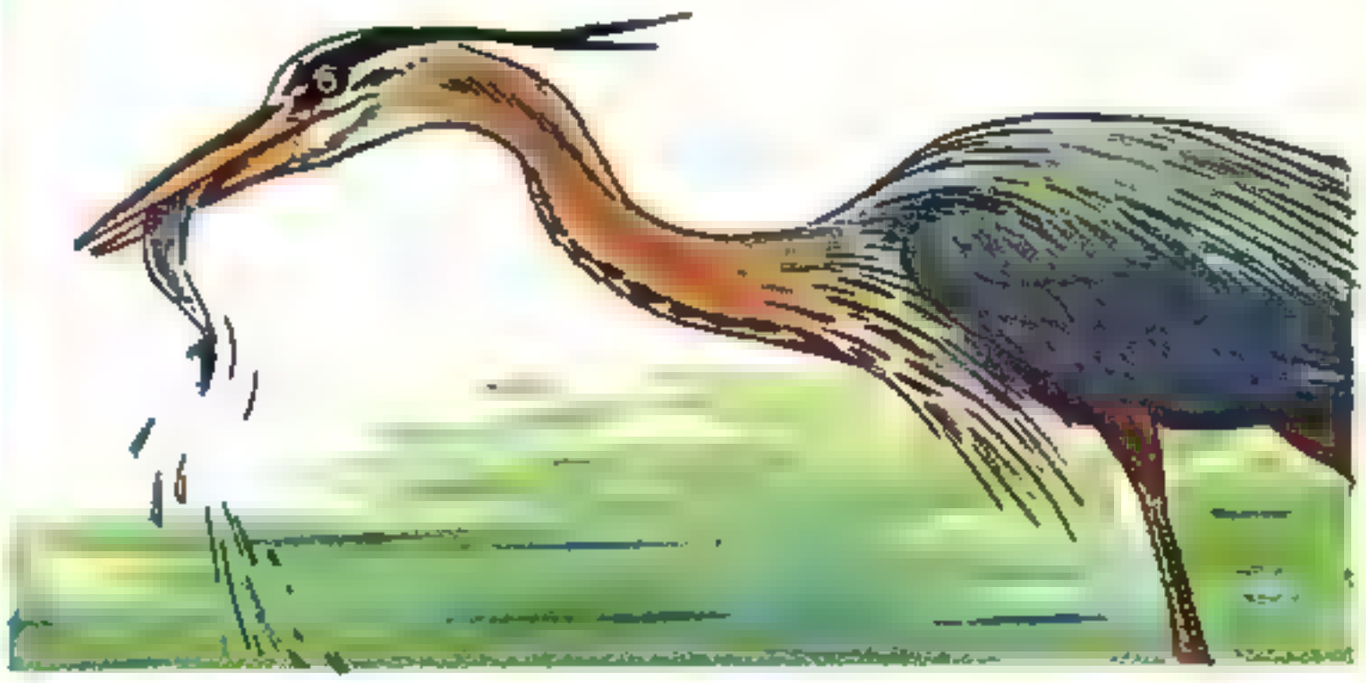
4. I tell them they look wonderful and ask what it's like to be a bird of paradise. And they say, 'It's simply heavenly, dear boy, simply heavenly.'

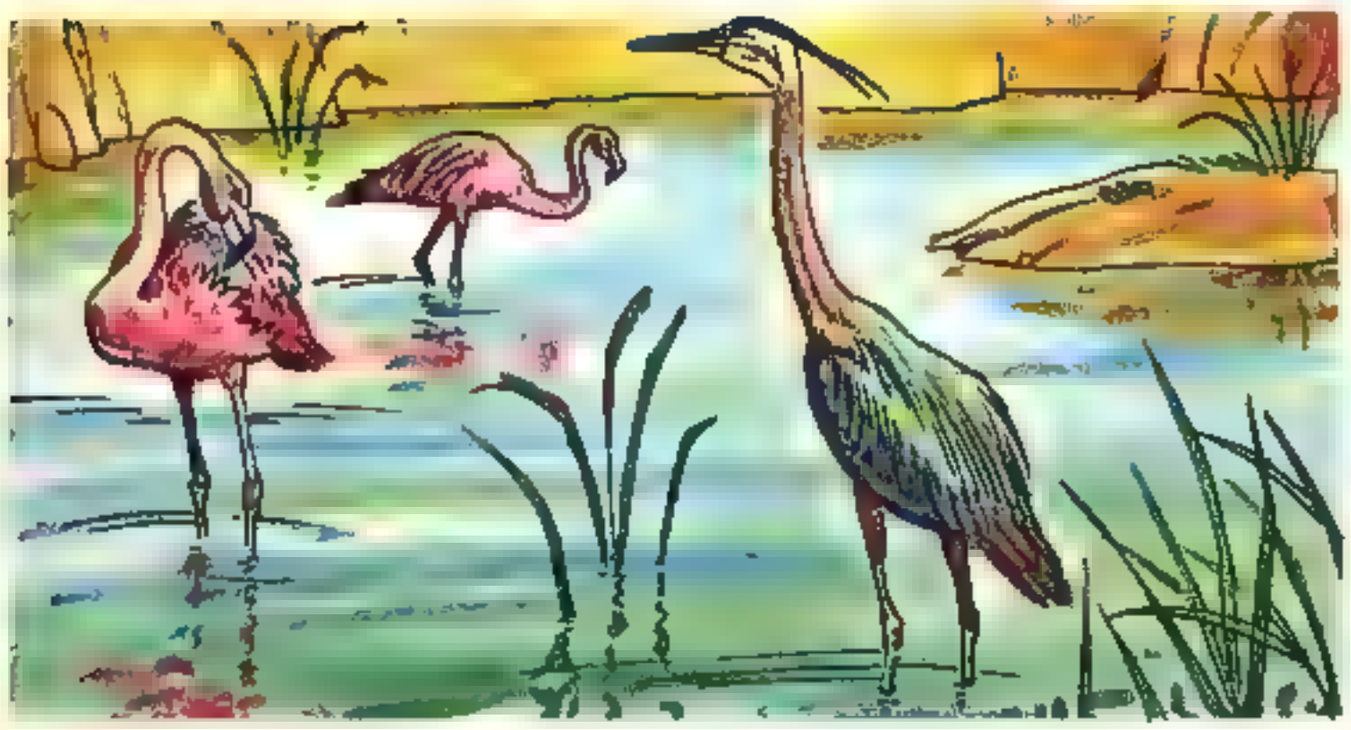


The Heron

1. Herons are very good fishermen and they are very, very patient. You will sometimes see one standing in a shallow river just watching and waiting.

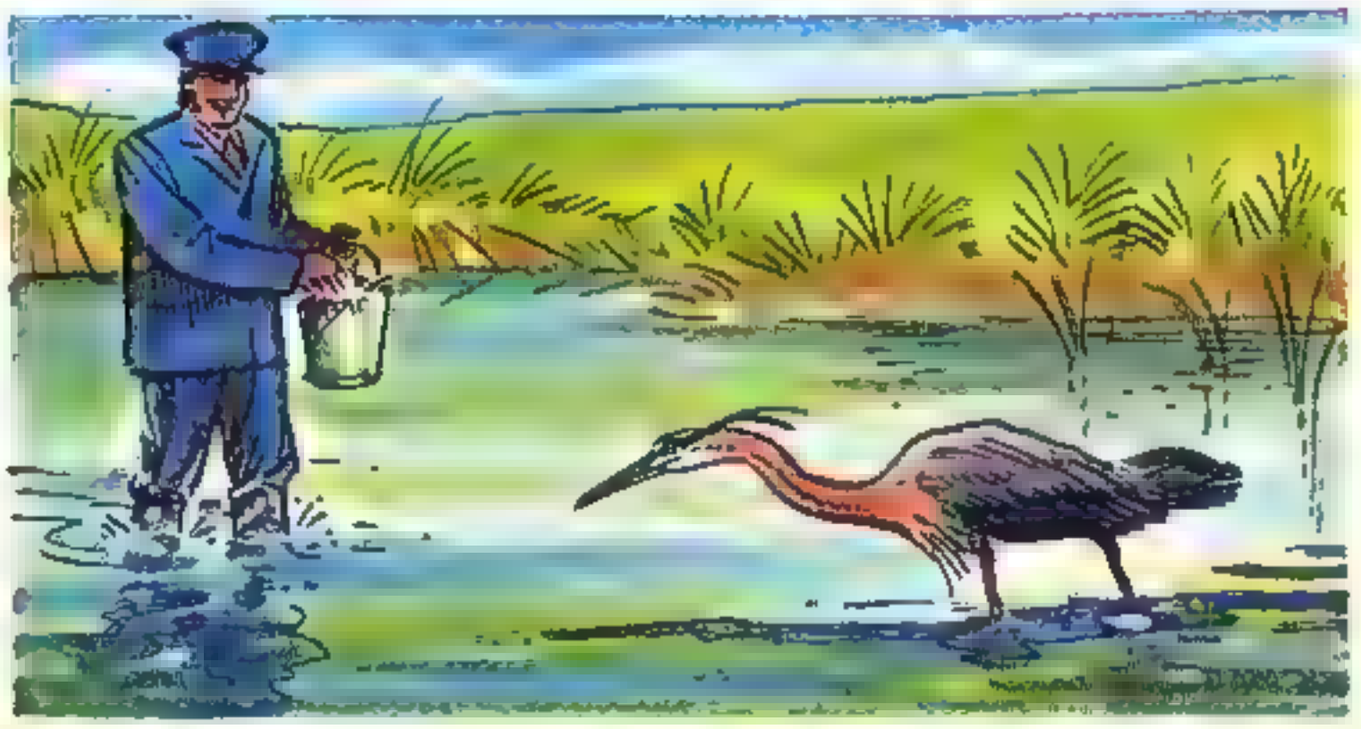
2. He will stand for hours as still as a statue, just waiting for a fish to come along. And when one does the heron catches it in a flash.



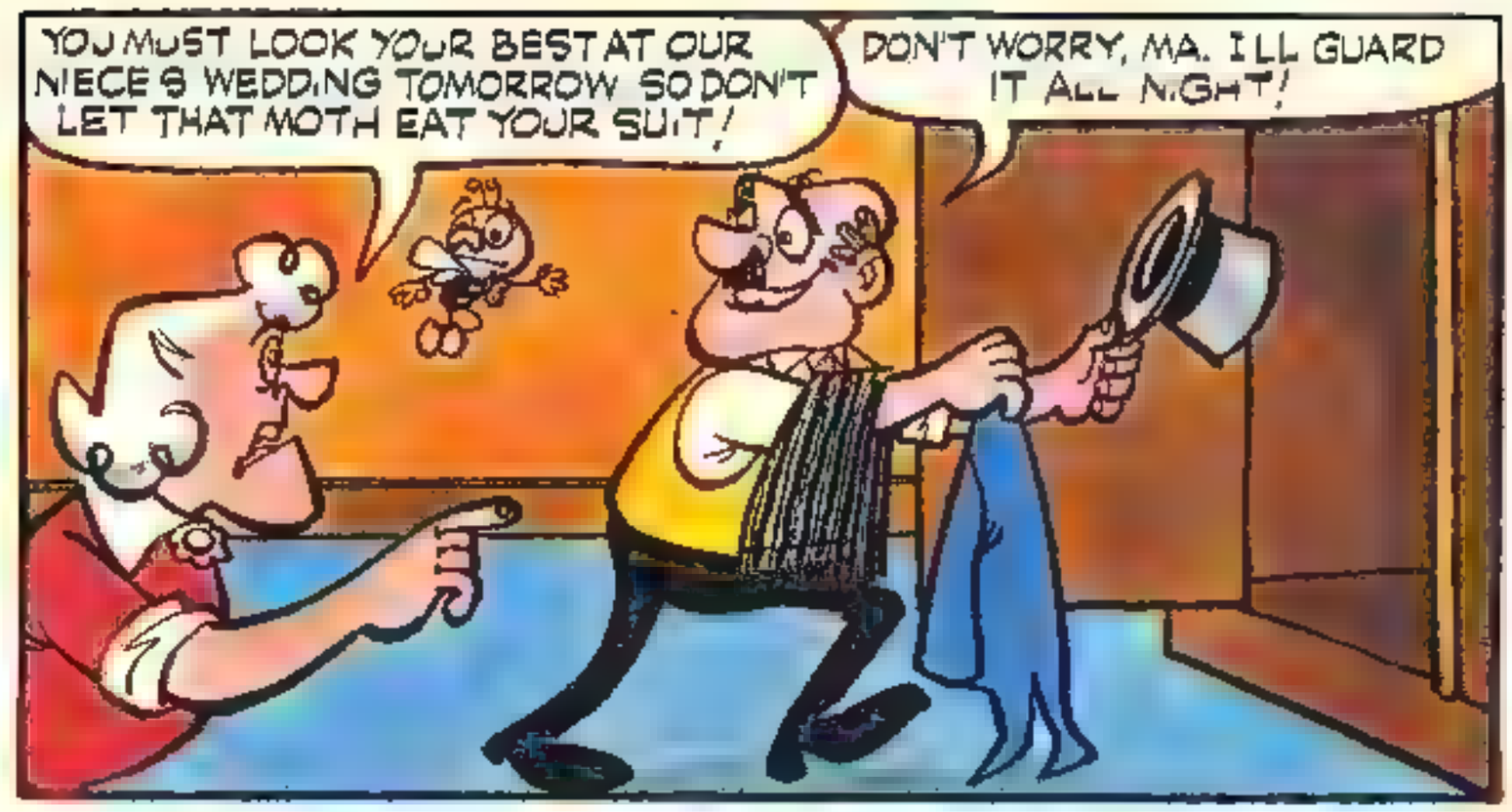


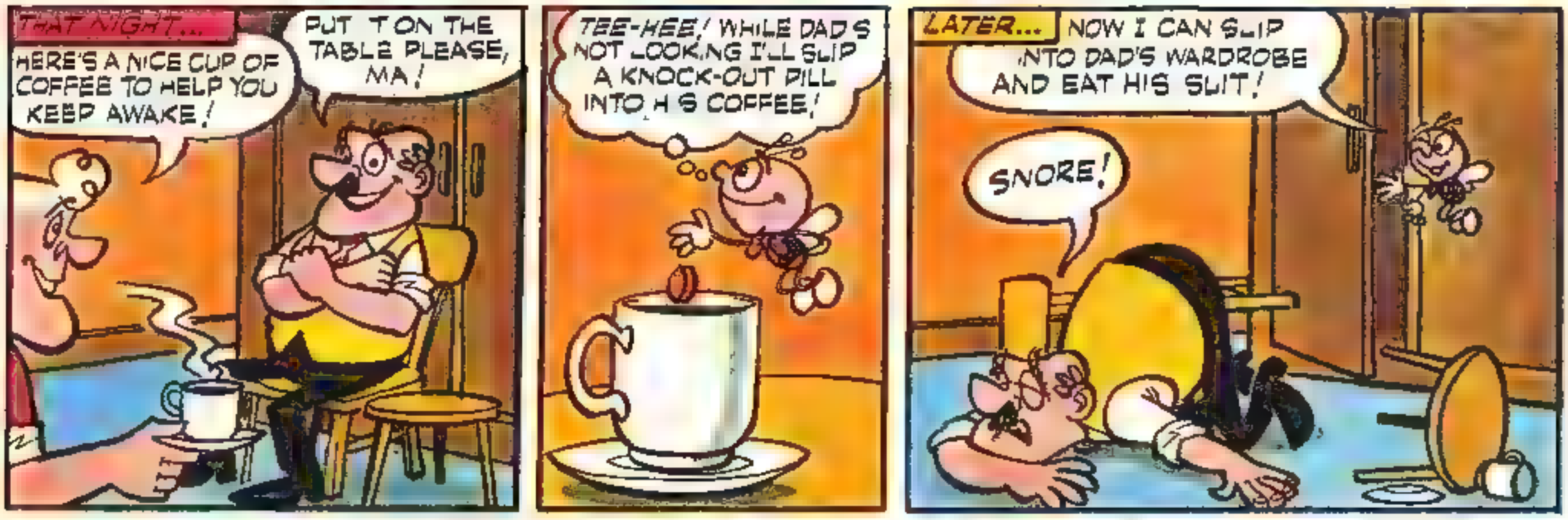
3. The heron at the Zoo stands in the pool where the flamingoes live. And all day long he just watches and waits and hopes that a fish will come along.

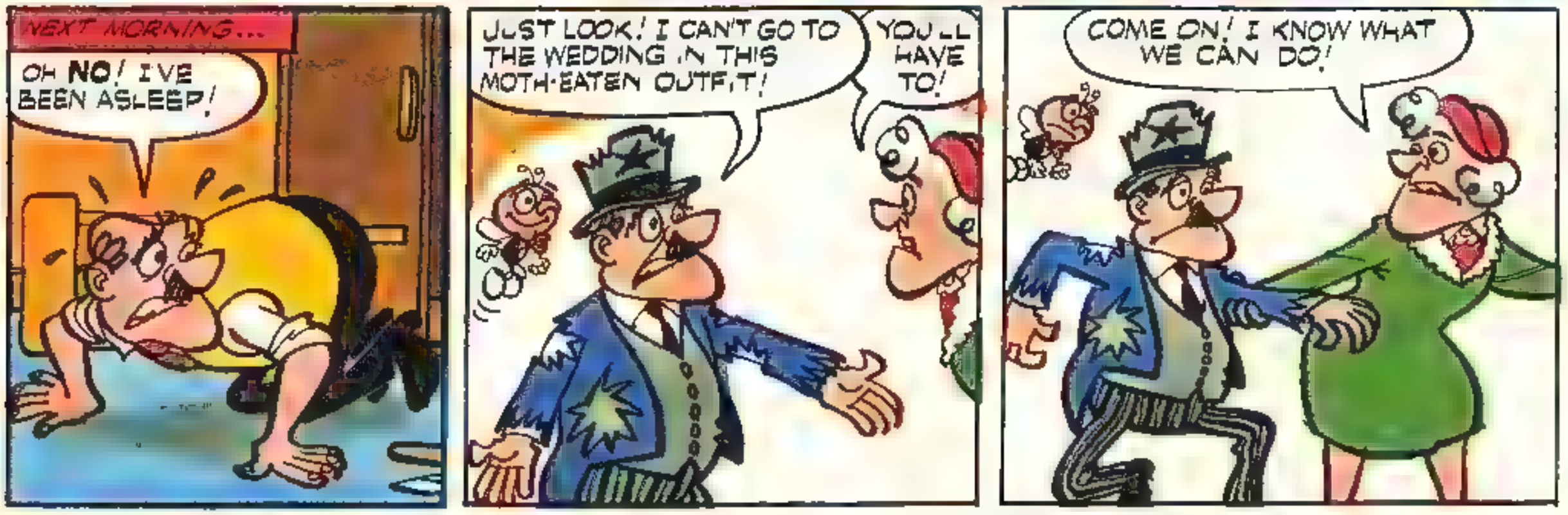
4. I often say to him 'You know there are no fish in that pool, I've got fish for you in this bucket.' And he says 'You never know, one may come along.'



MIGHTY MOTH


YOU MUST LOOK YOUR BEST AT OUR NIECE'S WEDDING TOMORROW SO DON'T LET THAT MOTH EAT YOUR SUIT!
DON'T WORRY, MA. I'LL GUARD IT ALL NIGHT!


THAT NIGHT...
HERE'S A NICE CUP OF COFFEE TO HELP YOU KEEP AWAKE!
PUT IT ON THE TABLE PLEASE, MA!
TEE-HEE! WHILE DAD'S NOT LOOKING I'LL SLIP A KNOCK-OUT PILL INTO HIS COFFEE!
LATER...
NOW I CAN SLIP INTO DAD'S WARDROBE AND EAT HIS SUIT!
SNORE!


NEXT MORNING...
OH NO! I'VE BEEN ASLEEP!
JUST LOOK! I CAN'T GO TO THE WEDDING IN THIS MOTH-EATEN OUTFIT!
YOU'LL HAVE TO!
COME ON! I KNOW WHAT WE CAN DO!

SO...
GRR! I'VE NEVER BEEN SO EMBARRASSED IN ALL MY LIFE!

POPEYE

OH, MYGORSH! WE HAS HIT A ROCK!

KERRUNCH!

WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST! WE IS GOING DOWN!

SORRY FOLKS, BUT AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED... IT'S J. WELLINGTON WIMPY AND HAMBURGERS FIRST!!

BAH! WE'LL JUST HAVE T' SWIM FOR IT!

ZOOM

A LITTLE LATER...

I'LL TRY AND FIND A NICE COSY CLEARING WHERE I CAN ENJOY A SNACK!

BUT...

H-E-L-P CANN BALS!

I CAN ASSURE YOU I WILL TASTE LIKE OLD BOOTS... WHY NOT TRY SOME OF MY DELICIOUS HAMBURGERS INSTEAD?

BUBBLE

OH, MAN, DESE AM DELICOUS!

MUNCH! MUNCH!

MEANWHILE...

I HOPE WIMPY IS OKAY! THIS ISLAND IS CRAWLING WITH CANNIBALS!

HOW TERRIFYING!

MINUTES LATER...

THANKS TO WIMPY, THE CANNIBALS ARE TOO FULL UP TO BE INTERESTED IN US!

MUNCH! MUNCH!

WIMPY'S HAMBURGER STALL

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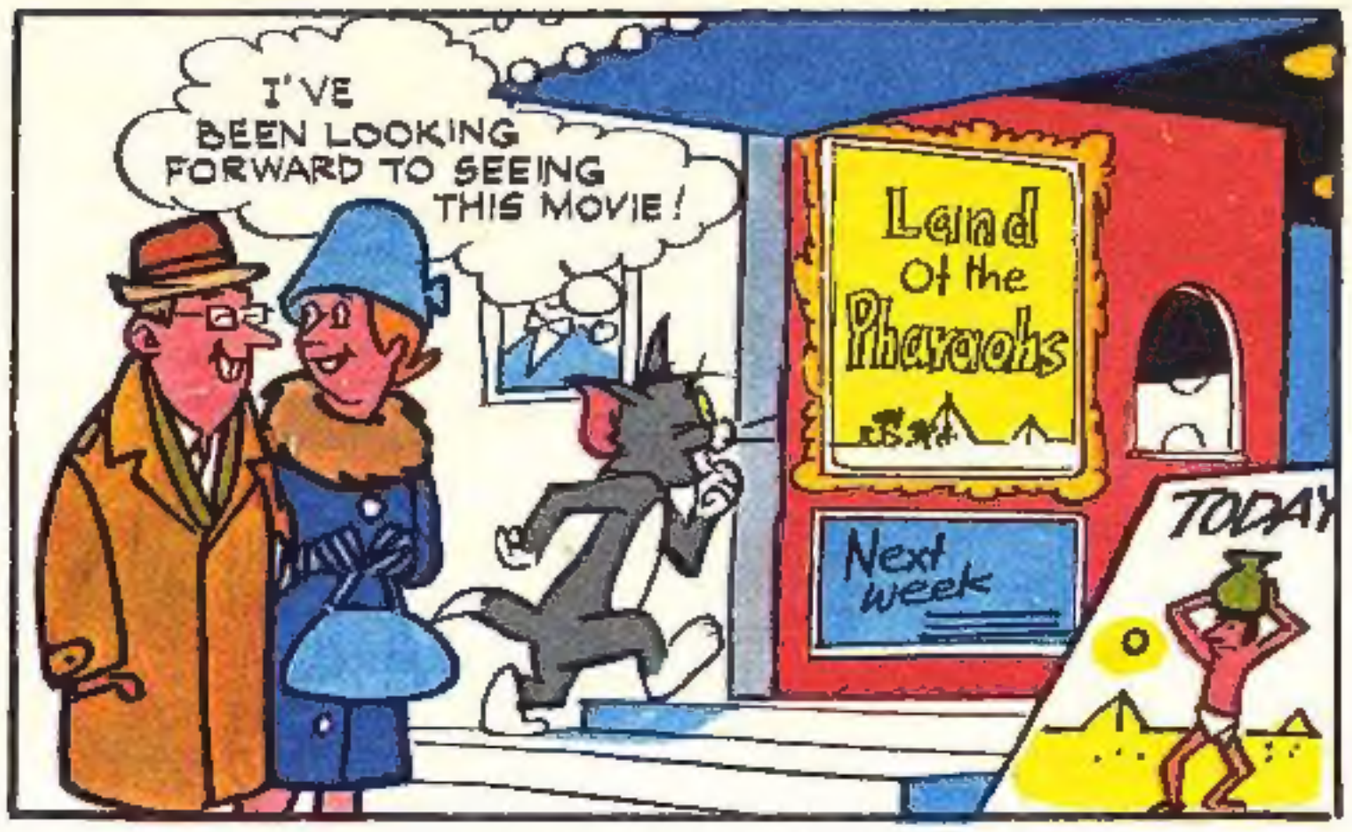
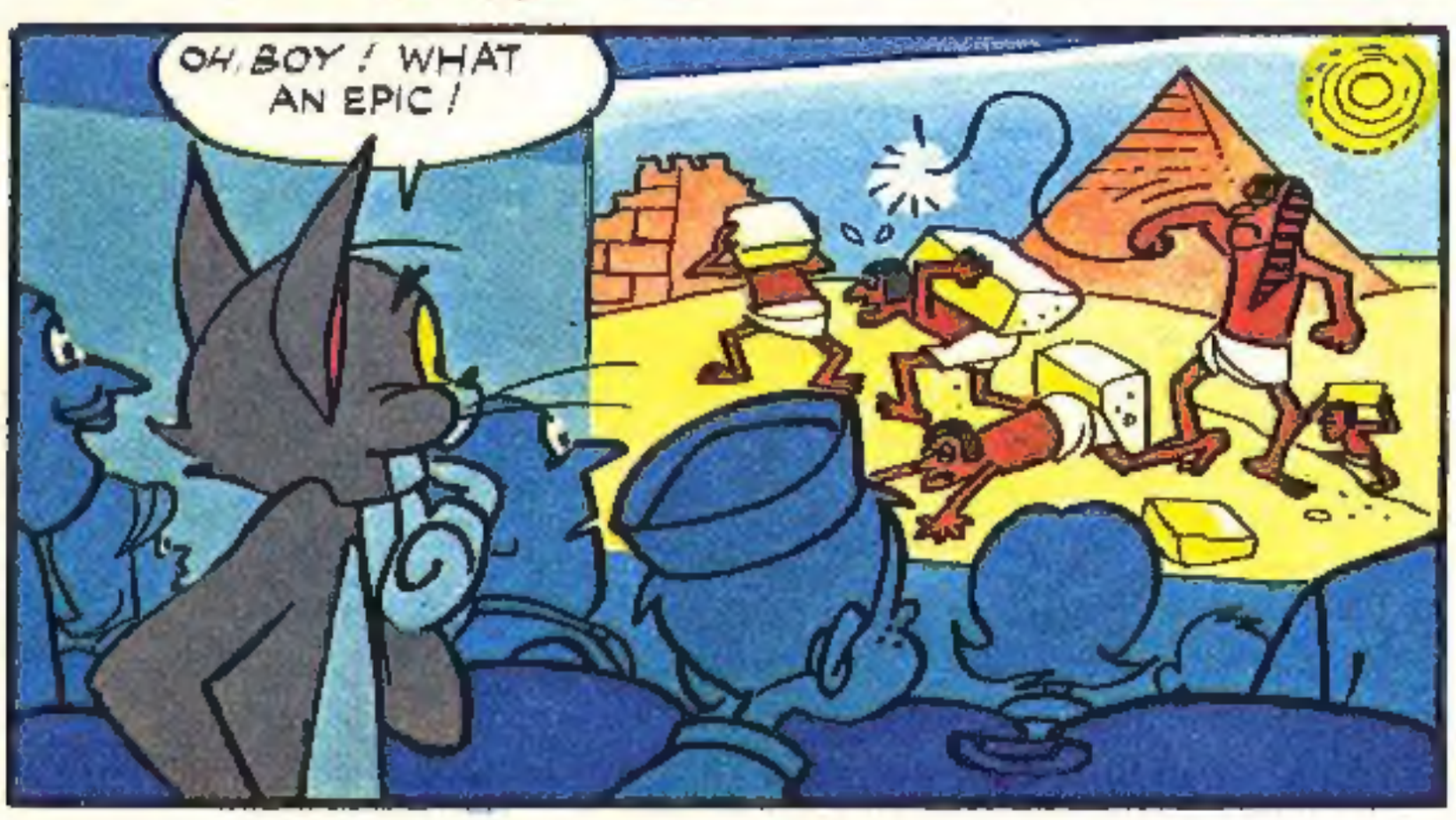
TOM and JERRY





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COME ON! NO FLAGGING THERE! KEEP MOVING! YUK! YUK!

DON'T WORRY! WE'LL GET OUR OWN BACK ON THAT CAT FOR THIS!

NOW ARE YOU LOT SURE YOU'VE CLEARED OUT THAT COALHOUSE?

CHECK FOR YOURSELF IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE US!

I'LL DO JUST THAT!

OH, BOY! HERE COMES THE COALMAN... WHAT A CHANCE FOR REVENGE!

JUST POUR OUR TWO BAGS DOWN THE JOLLY OLD CHUTE AS USUAL, COALMAN!

OKAY, JERRY!

RUMBLE! RUMBL

AARGH!

TE! HE! HE!

THAT'LL TEACH *PHARAOH TOM* TO TREAT US LIKE SLAVES.... HE'S BEEN BURIED IN HIS OWN **PYRAMID!** HAR! HAR! HAR!

MUFFLED CRY FOR HELP!

SHOW JUMPING GAME.

HERE IS AN EXCITING GAME FOR 2 OR MORE PLAYERS. ALL YOU NEED IS A DICE FOR SCORING AND SMALL COUNTERS. EACH PLAYER MUST THROW SIX BEFORE STARTING. ANY PLAYER LANDING ON SQUARE 2 OR 5 MUST START AGAIN.

1

2

3

4

5

JUMPING GOES WELL. ON TO NUMBER 9.

6

7

8

9

REBUILD FENCE. WAIT TILL YOU THROW SIX.

10

11

12

13

FAULTY JUMP. MISS TWO TURNS.

14

15

16

17

18

19

20

CLEAR JUMP ON TO NUMBER 24.

21

22

23

FAILED TO CLEAR WATER-JUMP BACK TO NUMBER 12.

HORSE REFUSES AT LAST FENCE. GO BACK TO NUMBER 11.

25

26

27

FINISH